

CLASSIC REPRINT SERIES


TENNYSON'S THE PRINCESS

Edited With Introduction,
Notes, and Analytic Questions




by
Alfred Tennyson

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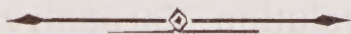
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TENNYSON'S
"THE PRINCESS

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND
ANALYTIC QUESTIONS

BY

L. A. SHERMAN

*Professor of English Literature in the
University of Nebraska*



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1900

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PREFACE

THE purpose of this edition of *The Princess* is not to repeat the labors of former editors, but to assist and as far as possible ensure first-hand knowledge and appropriation of the work.

It is no small accomplishment to have read *The Princess* discerningly and thoroughly; and recent efforts to popularize the poem have apparently not resulted in commending it or its author to wider favor. To force unappreciative study of a work like *The Princess* defeats culture, and weakens the influence and following of all good literature. Correct instruction should achieve the opposite of all such conclusions. Indeed, the future of taste for letters in this country depends largely upon the outcome of present attempts to administer English masterpieces in our academies and schools. The present manual has been prepared in the hope of contributing to the effectiveness of this work, and especially by communicating the chief artistic meanings of *The Princess* without directly affirming them. It would seem pedagogically wrong to tell pupils gratuitously, except here and there as a clue, what they may be put in circumstances to find out for themselves. As a means of such independent study, question outlines, of the kind used in the editor's *Macbeth*, are kept under the eye of the student in connection with the Notes.

Tennyson possessed the gift of interpretative expression, though he seemed scarcely to understand what could be wrought with it, or what was the lack without it. He soberly preserved from the flames poems,—regrettably perpetuated in the *Memoir*, which he apparently believed to involve some sort of merit, but which are manifestly little better than doggerel. Some help has been essayed towards enabling the reader to find the author's best technique, and to distinguish it from perfunctory and uninspired diction. I have attempted to make Tennyson's punctuation, which in different parts of the poem greatly varies, uniform; particularly to avoid showing to American pupils deviations that they are not, at least in student years, to imitate. The spelling of the text is made consistent, as also the elision of final *-ed* syllables. The Notes do not contemplate exhaustive study of the author's language, but are adapted rather to the needs of secondary classes. Pupils will not generally drudge over the sense of literature that does not charm, or even look up uncertain references without compulsion. To aid the learner until he is reached by the message of the poem, dictionary meanings have sometimes not been excluded. The Notes, moreover, are not of a kind convenient or proper to be memorized, but are intended to suggest to the student how to find interpretative equivalents or values for himself. I have endeavored to use as far as possible the work of other editors, and to acknowledge where traceable the source of every aid.

L. A. SHERMAN.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA,

January 30, 1900.

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INTRODUCTION.

TENNYSON'S poem of *The Princess* was published in 1847. The author wrote it in the heart of London, and had at that time reached the age of thirty-eight. A work of such knightly purpose, and such patient and elaborate execution, could hardly have been inspired, one might suspect, except from something beyond the general interest of the theme. Tennyson, as we know from his son's *Memoir*, had as early as 1836 become acquainted with Emily Sellwood, and in 1839 discussed with her the plan of the poem that was to be. In the year following, on account of the poet's insufficient prospects, the lovers had been forbidden to hold communication with each other. *The Princess* was written when Tennyson was looking forward to a renewal of betrothal relations with Miss Sellwood. They were married in 1850, after *In Memoriam* had established its author's literary and social future.

"*The Princess* contains Tennyson's solution of the problem of the true position of woman in society—a profound and vital question, upon the solution of which the future of civilization depends." But at the time of its publication, the surface thought of England was intent solely upon Irish famines, corn-laws, and free-trade. It was only after many years that it became conscious of anything wrong in the position of women. The idea was

not relegated to America, but originated there in the sweet visions of New England transcendentalists; and, long after, began in Old England to take practical shape in various ways, notably in collegiate education for females. No doubt such ideas were at the time 'in the air' in England, but the dominant practical Philistinism scoffed at them as ideas 'banished to America, that refuge for exploded European absurdities.' To these formless ideas Tennyson, in 1847, gave form, and with poetic instinct, discerning the truth, he clothed it with surpassing beauty." ¹

So far as the poem was intended to serve an immediate purpose of this kind it may be considered to have fulfilled its mission. Few readers, at least on this side of the Atlantic, would regard its main teachings as greatly exceeding the standard of the trite. We seem, indeed, in this country to have gone somewhat beyond what the author postulated: we have accomplished the higher education of woman, on a scale equal with man's,—much as his Princess dreamed, yet with no least detriment to her womanliness. But to the literary reader the poem has not lost its charm. If its ultimate meanings are no longer edifying, the artistic forms in which they have been declared to the world will be a delight forever. *The Princess* is the fullest expression of Tennyson's poetic genius, and exhibits, in a more consistent and sustained fashion than any other work, his peculiar inspiration as a poet. But to discern the beauty of the poem the unprepared student must go into training. Those who read poetry merely for the story, or like nothing better than

¹ Dawson's *Study*, pp. 9, 10.

the most straightforward poetic diction, are apt to find *The Princess* tedious. Moreover, people very generally assume that poetry is merely verse, or made up of ornate or high-sounding circumlocutions. They are sometimes taught that prose is the original, fundamental, and solely legitimate form of expression, and that poetry is an expansion, chiefly verbal, of prose meanings. It will be necessary, first, that the reader become better advised upon certain points.

I.

It is possible to cast common prose meanings into perfect metric form. The product in each case will not be poetry in the true sense, but versified prose, prose-poetry merely. Among a great number of possible examples the following might be ventured:—

It rained this afternoon for quite a while.

I have not seen him since he was a boy.

I knew no reason why her eyesight failed.

The days have grown so very long of late,
Street lamps are lighted now at half-past eight.

The first test to which verse of high pretensions should be subjected is the test of major rhythm. In heroic couplets and blank-verse lines, like the ones proposed, the supporting stress of the sense should occur on the fourth, the eighth, and the tenth, or else the sixth and the tenth, syllable. We find the lines in question correct and normal in this regard; the sense-stress conforms to the scheme of four-eight-ten in ll. 2, 3, and of six-ten in the

by no means edifying. We naturally doubt whether lines so bald, so barren of æsthetic quality, could ever find their way into permanent literature. However, a little inspection will show that Chaucer abounds in such. Milton, with all his dignity, is not above admitting the like upon occasion. Shakespeare indubitably writes lines here and there not more select. Wordsworth tolerates them in theory and practice alike. Tennyson even, pronounced finical and effeminate at times, by some critics, for nicety of diction, has many prose-poetic lines and indeed passages, as these examples show:—

I waited for the train at Coventry.

We will be liberal since our rights are won.

But as for her, she stay'd at home,
And on the roof she went,
And down the way you use to come
She look'd with discontent.

She left the novel half-uncut
Upon the rosewood shelf;
She left the new piano shut:
She could not please herself.

Well, you shall have that song which Leonard wrote:
It was last summer on a tour in Wales:
Old Jones was with me.

I'm glad I walk'd. How fresh the meadows look
Above the river, and, but a month ago,
The whole hill-side was redder than a fox.
Is yon plantation where this byway joins
The turnpike?

Yes.

And when does this come by?
The mail? At one o'clock.

It will be interesting to contrast the poetic and prosaic expressions in a couple of continuous passages, which shall be the opening paragraphs of Tennyson's *Princess*, and *Holy Grail*. Prosaic matter is italicized.

Sir Walter Vivian all a summer's day
Gave his broad lawns until the set of sun
Up to the people; thither flock'd at noon
His tenants, wife, and child, and thither half
The neighboring borough with their Institute
Of which he was the patron. I was there
From college, visiting the son,—the son
A Walter too,—with others of our set,
Five others; we were seven at Vivian-place.

From noiseful arms, and acts of prowess done
In tournament or tilt, *Sir Percival*,
Whom Arthur and his knighthood call'd The Pure,
Had pass'd into the silent life of prayer,
Praise, fast, and alms; and leaving for the cowl
The helmet in an abbey far away
From Camelot, *there, and not long after, died.*

II.

There are no meanings so prosaic as not to admit of being couched poetically, or in such a way as to address imagination, and give some degree of pleasure.

Tennyson opens the first canto of his *Princess* with a brief paragraph which, with the last line altered, runs as follows:

A Prince I was, blue-eyed, and fair in face,
Of temper amorous, as the first of May,
With lengths of yellow ringlet, like a girl;
For I had had my birthplace in the North.

The prose meaning to be told in the fourth line is simply, *I was born in the North*. Tennyson, evidently wishing to occasion some incidental delight to the reader's mind, manages to give the line quite an imaginative turn by casting it in this form:—

For on my cradle shone the Northern star.

A little later Tennyson makes the Prince tell of setting out secretly, within a fortnight of his repulse, for the home of the Princess. The allusion to this small interval of waiting might, one could suppose, have been well enough expressed in this way:—

Then, ere two weeks had passed, I stole from court.

But what Tennyson really makes his love-sick hero say, to make known this baldest of prose circumstances, is nothing less (I. 100, 101) than this:—

*Then, ere the silver sickle of that month
Became her golden shield, I stole from court.*

In Canto IV., where the narrative reaches the collapse of the Prince's scheme, another notable illustration occurs. The Prince, having rescued the Princess from drowning, and scaled the palace gates, walks up and down the esplanade some two hours or more. Tennyson makes him measure to us this lapse of time, not in denominations of the clock, but of imagination and of the feelings (IV. 194, 195), thus:—

*I paced the terrace, till the Bear had wheeled
Through a great arc his seven slow suns.*

There are numberless examples of the same thing, in lines and parts of lines, throughout *The Princess* and other specimens of Tennyson's most careful work. There

are illustrations rather neater and perhaps more numerous in Mrs. Browning. Shakespeare, and Milton, and Vergil, we shall remember, are adepts in the same craftsmanship. For more thorough-going evincements, it will be enough to try some rhetorical experiments with the prose-poetic examples ventured under the last head. If a way can be found to indite such utterances edifyingly, the utmost consequences of the principle laid down must be allowed. Nothing surely could seem more hopelessly unæsthetic, or more irremediably barren of spiritual meaning, than a sentence like

It rained this afternoon for quite a while.

But, understanding the line to have had reference, as is true, to a shower in a certain city, where the storm sewers drain the surface water of twenty-four square miles, and bring the river more inflow for the time being than any half-dozen of its head streams, we get a hint of sufficient dignity to rewrite thus:—

The river-sources shifted to our roofs
For thrice an hour.

The second prose-poetic line,

I have not seen him since he was a boy,

though even more devoid of edifying sense, may be approximately redeemed and reinforced after this fashion:—

Enhancing years have lifted up the child,
Through some six feet of stature, to bold looks,
And virile beard, since last we met.

The next example,—

I knew no reason why her eyesight failed,—

is not so easy, but might be retold philosophically, if not poetically, in this way:—

Her eyes were vacant to the sun and stars;
No blighting touch I saw.

Finally, we come to the rhymed lines, cast, as will scarcely have been forgotten, in the orthodox Popëan manner,—

The days nave grown so very long of late,
Street lamps are lighted now at half-past eight.

Even this, in its turn, may be exalted by larger suggestiveness of its ultimate and involved meanings, although the rhyme, which will be little missed, must be given up.

At summer solstice now the sunsets lag,
And streets are twilight-lit till curfew time.

Imagination may be engaged by truths as well as by aspects of beauty, as these examples show. How that may be, and what is the law of its double activity, must be the subjects of the next inquiry.

III.

There are but three things upon which literature may be founded, or of which constructed: Facts, Truths, and Aspects or Experiences of Beauty.

Perhaps it has never occurred to us that literature cannot be compiled or composed out of facts as such. Were that possible, then would a book of logarithms, or *The Nautical Almanac*, be literature pre-eminently. The daily newspaper is made up largely of public happenings, told as annals, and never rises to the rank of literature

because of this fact-preponderance of material. In the editorial and correspondence columns there is matter of a different sort, which sometimes mounts to the dignity and value of true literature. What must editorial writers and correspondents do to impart this permanent quality to their work? "They must write with curious care," says one. But what is it to write with curious care? The critic who is responsible for the answer just quoted is, to be sure, a producer of literature, yet does himself scant justice in professing to be merely an ingenious maker of phrases. Vergil, we may say, wrought literature according to Stopford Brooke's theory, as Dante also did, and Milton and Gray, and Rogers and Tennyson, as also Burke, and Macaulay, and Walter Pater. But Shakespeare, and Bunyan, and Browning, and Carlyle have been literature-makers not less, yet cannot be said to have written with much curious care. If it were insisted that even Browning and Carlyle are not exceptions, then let us take Walt Whitman. Here is a man that will be admitted to have made some literature, but with curious carelessness rather than curious care. Few, probably, will insist that the carelessness is more than incidental, or deny that his success has been due to message, all in spite of rather than in consequence of the formlessness of form. In like manner must it be finally agreed that even curious care never constitutes in itself the message, but is only an incident or an ornament of the vehicle bringing it. There are men who have written with very much of carefulness indeed,—our college students sometimes do that, yet without the least success in making literature, or dis-

That which newspaper editors and correspondents must do to produce what shall be worth reprinting and making permanent in books is precisely what everybody else must do to gain admittance to the noble throng who are making the literature of the world. They must deal with facts as the raw material, the occasion, of their work, but they must do something more than set forth facts brilliantly or glibly. They must accomplish what historians achieve when they transform annals into history, what Emerson and Hawthorne do when they sit down to write,—bring to the surface the underlying significance of the facts. This is nothing less than what is often called Interpretation, which is the process of discovering to consciousness the type-qualities involved in any given happening or object. Facts address the intellect, and are of small significance unless or until interpreted. The quantum of life that men actually live is registered in the sum of their experiences upon this plane. It is only when men find Truth, or Beauty, or facts potential of these, that they are inspired to write. If I draw a triangle, and by nice mechanical measurements ascertain that the sum of its angles equals two right angles, I establish a fact which I am prompted to tell, perhaps, but not to write a book about, or send report of to the papers. But if I chance to discover that the angles of every triangle are always equal to two right angles, I have achieved a Truth, and if it be new,—no matter were I Euclid, and publishing were as difficult and costly as in his day, I cannot but give it to the world. The impulse would be the same if I had discovered a new principle in education, or economics, or sociology. The fact or instance by way of which the

mind.

The same is true in the sphere of Beauty. If I encounter a lank, awkward bucolic lawyer, and observe nothing in him different from others of his type, I have before my mind simply a human fact that I shall perhaps straightway disregard. It is my habit, it is everybody's habit, to ignore things that do not seem to carry any ultimate or proximate spiritual significance. But if I finally interpret out of this man's speech and behavior the character of a Lincoln, I have discovered principles of nobility and heroism that I am moved to set forth. Others, more moved and having ampler means or opportunity of interpretation, will put together books about him. I may be minded to write at least a sketch, an essay, or an oration, to make my individual feelings known. The same is true of whatsoever other principle of Beauty shall have been discovered in God, or Man, or Nature.

We are here reminded of the imperious control exercised over us by the type-forces within that we call the Soul. They seize at once upon a fact, analyze it, and appropriate

generosity, and altruism discerned in a Lincoln are "abstract" principles of The Beautiful, tardily recognized and evaluated by the developing soul, yet existent before human character or society began, or the foundations of the world were laid.

Truths, and aspects of The Beautiful, alone engage and satisfy the soul. Facts have no power except as they evince a Truth, or involve an experience of The Beautiful. A triangle has no spiritual significance as such, but as an exhibition of the "law" that its angles must always equal two right angles, it has power with the soul. This power is evinced by the "high seriousness" which the soul experiences in presence of or on recognition of such truth. Greater truths induce the same sentiment in a proportionately higher degree. This high seriousness involves or occasions a recognition of Truth as One and Unconditioned, in a widened spiritual view which has been styled the Mathematical and the Scientific imagination, but belongs to all departments in the domain of Truth alike.

Aspects and manifestations of The Beautiful occasion subjective experiences of enthusiasm, which are generally known as Idealization. There is always recognition of Unconditioned Beauty, and some subjective uplifting of the beauty discerned towards the unconditioned plane. This is the æsthetic imagination, or Imagination as usually understood. Imagination, however, as psychologists are beginning to conceive it, is only a name of the soul in the act or attitude of recognizing or appropriating the Infinite under the forms of Ultimate (or Primal) Truth and Beauty.

IV.

There are three modes of presenting meaning, answering to the three distinct kinds of meaning to be expressed,—The Fact Way, The Truth Way, and The Idealizing or Beauty Way.

Let us take, as the simplest of possible examples under the first head, the sentence *It was spring again*. In this there is no hint of truths or reasons,—except in *again*, which to most readers will not suggest much of natural law. There is also no indication of any purpose, in the sentence meaning, to engage the feelings. This is the Fact, or Prose, Presentation.

The same idea may be communicated in such a way as not to declare, but merely to imply the fact through the laws or reasons for the fact: ‘The sun climbed north from the solstice, the earth and the air grew warm, and Nature opened again her breasts to flocks and men.’ In other words, the underlying principles of Truth are brought to mind as causes, and left to suggest the fact as their proper and necessary effect. Since the sensibilities are in some measure aroused, and the emotion produced is High Seriousness, the mode of presentation is clearly interpretative, and of the Truth or second kind.

The same idea may be expressed in such a way as not to declare, but merely to imply the fact through sentiments of the Beautiful that the fact occasions: ‘The swallows came back from the south, the wild geese flew, screaming, northwards, and the grass broke green again from the sere fields.’ In other words, the underlying principles of Beauty in nature are brought to mind as

causes, and left to suggest the fact as their proper and necessary effect. Since the sensibilities are aroused, and the emotion produced is one of Idealization or delight, the mode of presentation is again interpretative, but of the Beauty kind.

It is now evident how Tennyson succeeded so easily in keeping the lines quoted from *The Princess* above the plane of prose. In the first example the real sense to be expressed is, "I was of the Northern temperament and type." Hence the explanation, "For I was born in the North," and its prose-poetic paraphrase, "For I had had my birthplace in the North," are really interpretative in the Truth Way, since they each make a cause do duty for one of its effects. But a principle so trite and familiar as this has little potency in arousing imagination, and might almost be mistaken for a statement of plain fact. Evidently the author, if he contemplated such an expression, was dissatisfied, and sought further means. If his mind, like Matthew Arnold's, had inclined to truth-interpretations, he would likely have soon discerned or devised something more potential of high seriousness,—perhaps like this:

For Northern blood and fancies ruled my brain.

But Tennyson is not a truth-poet, so much as Arnold; the great majority of his lines and expressions are conceived in the Beauty Way. So here he communicates his meaning by presenting to imagination the experience of lying in a cradle with the Northern star shining almost directly overhead. Similarly, the other examples are of the third, or Idealizing, kind.

It also becomes clear why the recasting of the prose-poetic lines, attempted under the second topic, was not unsuccessful. They were retold in such a way as to bring to view, quite palpably, certain significant and edifying type-qualities. If we can ensure fresh perceptions and experiences of these, we can make literature by the use or occasion of most obvious and trite prose materials, as Lamb, De Quincey, and so many others do. The famous *Essays of Elia* consist but of the commonest fact meanings told in an interpretative vein. Of course interpretation may be abused, or result in mere phrasing; also, there are much higher literary values than can be produced by resort to interpretative devices. Each of the prose-poetic utterances rewrought above,—except the phrase “till curfew time,” it will perhaps have been noticed, was made over into a paraphrase of the Truth kind. It would have been just as easy to bring to the surface type-meanings of the Beauty sort, and recast the examples in the third presentation, if that had chanced to be the mood.

V.

In Prose, typically, the thing to be known is made to do duty for that which is to be felt. In Poetry, typically, the thing to be felt is made to do duty for that which is to be known.

In prose, typically, all meanings, even poetical, are intellectually discerned and declared; in poetry, typically, all meanings, even poetic, are spiritually discerned and couched. The character of each spoken or written utterance is not to be sought alone in the ideas and lan-

guage composing it, but also in the mood and motives of the speaker or writer. When an author has emotion rather than knowledge to express, he will try to make his readers feel instead of know, he will aim to force upon them some share in his emotion rather than give them information. When we hear a cry of "Murder," we know the object of the person in distress is not so much to declare a fact as to stir feelings of concern. When we have gone to the rescue, we shall most likely find that it is not a case of murder, but of wife-beating, or abuse of children. We are made to feel first, and get definite knowledge later. So far as he may, the poet does the same. He would make us feel, and is not much concerned, if he may succeed, about what happens after. He ignores time and space relations, and gives himself to generic spiritual aspects and meanings only.

It is as necessary to know what prose is, typically, and what it is not, as to be definitively advised as to what is properly poetry, and what is not poetry at all. One of our earliest notions is that whatever is not expressed in verse is prose, and that any one composition cast in unmetric and unrhymed forms is as prosaic as any other lacking the same embellishments. This theory is pretty certain, in due time, to be much shaken. Consciously or unconsciously we become perused of an essential difference between the language of the almanac, or the market-place, and such utterances as we find, for instance, in the Hundred and Fourth Psalm: "Thou art clothed with honor and majesty; who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the

waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind.' ' These sentences are manifestly nowhere in the least a record of facts. They are nothing, barring the solemn style, but plain prose in respect to form, but are unmistakably something vastly beyond plain prose in respect to meaning. A little reflection will discover to us that by no conceivable rhetorical industry could they be reduced to prose, because in this case the overpowering and all-possessing sentiment cannot be made to descend to items or instances of intellectual cognition. The thing to be felt has been made to do duty for what is to be known, and since it cannot be merged in more definite knowledge, remains till the end of the experience wholly unexpanded into knowing. The same must be largely true of all examples in which a seer or poet attempts to impart an experience of the Unconditioned. The sentences just quoted are interpretative, as all efforts to communicate experiences of the Sublime are interpretative, in the second or Truth way. The opening utterance of the Hebrew Scriptures is a yet more potent and significant example: "In the beginning God brought into existence the heavens and the earth." This was originally the product of most potent seership, and must have been indited by its Mesopotamic author, as well as discerned for generations by all truly spiritually minded hearers and readers, in a surpassing experience of mystic awe. But now that experience rounds out, with us, or the most of us, what with the revelations of the telescope and the spectroscope, and what with our nebular and monistic theories, into somewhat of intellectual comprehension. The language of interpreted Truth is always

lofty, of interpreted Beauty always refined and graceful, but in neither case is it always versified. When supreme Beauty or Truth is to be set forth, there will be, as in the verses quoted, a noble simplicity and a noble rhythm. Sometimes the mind that declares such meanings is not content unless there is added the minor rhythm that we call meter; but that is native neither to the Hebrew nor the Anglo-Saxon race.

The philosophy of the three Modes of Presentation thus becomes clearer. The first mode sets forth facts without developing any of the ulterior or "type" meanings involved respectively in the facts themselves. Men use this language of plain fact in business, and whenever for any reason there is no wish to assist or recognize any implied or involved effect upon the feelings. But even the most matter-of-fact and unsentimental of them all will carry over this language of plain fact into the second or the third mode, upon the instant, with very slight occasion. "Your mother died this morning," as the form of a telegram, is declared in a business-like and brutal use of the prose way, which leaves the thing to be known to do duty, without a syllable of consideration or deference, for that which is to be realized or felt. "Your mother passed away this morning" is more nearly what the considerate and high-minded friend would telegraph, since by merely implying and partly obscuring the fact, it makes the mind realize the higher things in the realm of Truth that have caused that fact to be. In other words, by trying to make the thing to be felt do duty so far as may be for what is to be known, the sender of the dispatch spiritualizes what he has to communicate, and lifts it palpably thus above

the earthy plane of fact. The philosophy of the third mode is much the same. "All the earnings of a quarter of a century were swept away in a moment," is the way a man once declared the fact, to a stranger, of his business failure. He was a very plain tradesman, wholly unaccustomed to literature and elegance of speech. Yet he could not avoid trying to help his hearer realize his misfortune, by implying the fact, and expatiating somewhat upon its extent, in the sympathetic or Beauty way. It is a mistake to assume that only men of books and liberal education are "poetic." Everybody uses the second and the third mode, in common speech, many times a day. Whatever treats of facts or of the actual in whatsoever way, without interpretation, is prose. Whatever treats of facts interpretatively, by appeal to our inner type-principles of Truth, is cast in the second way. Whatever treats of things interpretatively, through appeal to our inner type-appetencies of Beauty, the highest instincts and principles of fitness and nobleness and heroism, is cast in the third mode.

There is, then, a poetry of Truth or of the Sublime, as well as a poetry of Beauty proper. We have always known indeed that the Sublime and the Beautiful exist in literature, but have perhaps not realized that where there is not prose, the one or the other of these, or its opposite, must be in evidence to some degree. Again, we may not have recognized, with much clearness, that the Sublime is a name merely that we give to the highest degree of inspiration proceeding from the True. We make practical distinctions here with great confidence and precision. When we say that this or some other person is a man 'of

character,' we mean that he is controlled by principles of Truth. When we say that he is a man 'of worth,' we mean the same. When we say that he is as 'true as steel,' we wish to indicate interpretatively that his character exhibits the highest conceivable evincements of the True. On the other hand, when we say that the given person has a 'generous soul,' shows a 'beautiful spirit,' or exhibits 'great nobility of character,' we are interpreting the man in the Beauty mode. All traits of excellence recognizable in æsthetics are of either the Truth or the Beauty kind.

VI.

The highest poetic diction is æsthetically composed of incidental glimpses of the Beautiful and the True, in which the generic is used for the particular. Thus is the whole of the reader's spiritual lore or culture levied on for the understanding of the smallest specific items.

The ultimate purpose of a literary composition may be reached just as directly by the use of interpretative terms as by employing prosaic and unsuggestive diction. We will select a paragraph that shall illustrate the relation between the simplest units of meaning, and the incidentally interpretative purpose that they serve. The opening lines in Canto VII of *The Princess* are of average richness and strength, and practicable to quote:—

So was their sanctuary violated,
 So their fair college turn'd to hospital;
 At first with all confusion. By and by
 Sweet order liv'd again with other laws.
 A kindlier influence reign'd; and everywhere

Low voices with the ministering hand
Hung round the sick. The maidens came, they talk'd,
They sang, they read : till she not fair began
To gather light, and she that was became
Her former beauty treble ; and to and fro
With books, with flowers, with angel offices,
Like creatures native unto gracious act,
And in their own clear element, they moved.

It is evident that the diction here is provided with that incidental transfiguration which we have recognized as ensured by interpretative modes of utterance. The high seriousness and beauty of the passage make themselves felt. Every paragraph like this is a shining mosaic of spiritual instances, set in substitution for just so much of the trite and moiling groundwork of the world's facts. *Sanctuary* is surely not a good name for a women's college, such as now in question, so far as its architecture, and magnificence, and indeed its purposes, are concerned ; but the author, making shift to indicate all these by the word, compels with it an interpretative recognition of the sacred and extreme exclusiveness which the Princess has ordained and thought to compass here. Thus we feel that "sanctuary" is spiritually precise, and is the best Truth-name of the genus to which the college actually belongs. *Violate* is a word of very different suggestiveness, and throws the darkest and most brutal of masculine shadows upon the idea preceding. It is plainly said antitypally as a "sympathetic" or "beauty" word of degree, to interpret, from the Princess's point of view, what has really happened to her ideals and plan. *Fair*, with like sympathetic purport and purpose, invests this college of violet and daffodil hoods and gowns with such

charm as woman's taste must always give to all things hers. *Turned to hospital* is, of course, not literally true at all; only for the nonce shall wounded knights be nursed and surgeoned here. Yet spiritually is the change as real as if nothing were to be done forever in those rooms and halls but merciful tending upon the hurt and sick. *With all confusion* is an exaggerated "feeling" or sympathetic expression, interpretative of degree; appealing to us imaginatively in the guise of withdrawing all the confusion from the rest of the world, and massing it in this place. *Sweet order lived again* is a Beauty allegory; the muse or genius of Order is conceived to take up her abode here, for there is no outward show of magistracy or authority any more. *With other laws*, namely, than those Draconian ones till now depended on to ensure security. *Laws* is the spiritual Truth-name for the forces that now control. "Laws" they are not, for there is no power in exercise to declare them, and none to execute. The presence of suffering, with the pity and the willingness to help,—such are the things that have in this home now more than the force of law. *A kindlier influence reigned*; not allegory, but a metaphoric interpretation of the Truth kind. *Influence* is a good Truth name of that which now keeps the school-maids tame and respectful and demure. Instead of the truculent, unsexed will of the Princess-Head, who has ruled by threats, and by her oppressive, brow-beating presence, the air is full of a *kindlier* spirit that subdues and softens. *Reigned* is likewise a good Truth name, and puts this government into its right genus. Here is indeed a *reign*, though there is no ruler. *Low voices* (*i.e.*, of nurses tending, speaking to surgeons)

with the ministering hand hung round the sick gives us an impressionistic glimpse, in the sympathetic or Beauty way, of what is being done. The voices do not rise in the room, but seem to hover about the couches; those hands that are always near, smoothing coverlets and adjusting pillows,—they also seem to hover. *The maidens came, they talked, they sang, they read*,—things done put for the motive of the doing, as marks or measures of degree, to make us feel their feelings. There seem none hoydenish or frowzy or froward among the group; all are alike maidenly and idealized by the place, and the presence, and the sentiments they show. *Till she not fair began to gather light*,—to respond, that is, to the nobler sympathies and impulses within, to be transfigured with the marks of an enlarging soul. Here is an appeal to a spiritual Truth-law, put interpretatively for a fact happening in accordance with-it. *And she that was became her former beauty treble*. Here is an interpretative attempt, of the third kind, to measure the increase of beauty wrought in gentle, generous souls by generous, gentle deeds. We often say, crudely, and inexactly, “ten times rather,” “a hundred times more lovely,” or “fortunate,” or “clever,” or that we are not half so sorry for this person as for this other, or that we have not the tenth part of the interest in some certain matter as in some other one. There is no way of measuring a feeling, or the cause of a feeling, quantitatively, but we borrow the suggestion of multiples and ratios, in lieu of better means. Hence, *treble*, which should be a Truth-term, is here used as an interpretative expedient of the sympathetic or Beauty kind. *And to and fro with books, with flowers, with angel offices :*

first, as befits young ladies of refined intelligence, they read to the prostrate sufferers; next, they set flowers so as to be in sight always of the patients,—thus measuring to us the degree of their inspired thoughtfulness; and with a hundred indeterminate little kindnesses, like a mother's to a suffering child, offices such as the presence of angels might procure, not in smoothing pillows, or administering drinks or viands, but inspiring calm and strength and cheer; *like creatures native unto gracious act*,—servitors whose birth endows them to ceaseless acts of graciousness; *and in their own clear element they moved*,—like angels in their purer world, where there is no merchandizing, or bickering, or drudging. The whole palace seemed a world of gentleness and beauty, an ethereal sphere. Only here, and thus, Tennyson would hold, does earth touch the confines of heaven. Woman should never hedge herself from man, or enter into competition with him, but allied with him without fear or presumption, inspire his work and complete his mission, so enlarging her life and ennobling his. This echo of the author's final meaning sounds everywhere in this closing canto of the poem. The whole, to prepared and discerning souls, is an evangel and a prophecy,—by no means obsolete, as some would hold,—of rarest delicacy and power. As a piece of interpretative writing, it is, without gainsaying, unsurpassed in universal literature.

VII.

Interpretation may consist not only in identifying and bringing to consciousness ultimate qualities of the Beautiful and the True, but likewise in evaluating or realizing imaginatively their degree.

One of the chief means of interpretative expression is Figures. In order to understand what figures do, it will be necessary to inquire into the essential elements which make up each as an idea. Let us take examples from the third paragraph of "The Prologue" in this volume:

‘that was old Sir Ralph’s at Ascalon :
A good knight he! We keep a chronicle
With all about him,—which he brought, and I
Dived in a hoard of tales that dealt with knights,
Half-legend, half-historic, counts and kings
Who laid about them at their wills and died ;
And mix’d with these a lady, one that arm’d
Her own fair head, and sallying thro’ the gate
Had beat her foes with slaughter from her walls.

There are three strongly interpretative figures in this passage, "dived," "hoard," and "mixed." To *dive* means to cut one's self off from one environment, and adapt one's self immediately to the exigencies of another. It serves as the name of at least three combined efforts and experiences,—of throwing the body violently and blindly forward, of plunging head foremost, with the arms stretched and hands clasped above, into deep water, and of holding one's breath, of establishing one's balance, and otherwise behaving fish-like, under the water. All who have ever risked the feat recognize emotionally these three

stages in the suggestions of the word. It is not possible to use *dive* as a figure except by borrowing one of the component elements of meaning, and Tennyson here appropriates the second. He represents himself as standing, together with his six Cambridge friends, in the great feudal hall, a hundred, a thousand, objects of distracting interest in view, and a bevy of young ladies expecting their immediate presence, and yet when the book of legends is once put into his hands, becoming straightway oblivious to where he is and what the rest of the company await. The man who throws himself, head first, into the water, is apt pretty completely to disregard the companions left upon the shore, as well as to have considerable ado in meeting the demands of the new element he has entered. Thus *dive* makes us understand, in the second way, the true inwardness of the transaction by which the author ignored, and quite uncivilly, his young host, and his fellow guests, and lost himself in reading. "Hoard," the next figure, interprets to us, in the Beauty mode, how he likes what he has found. The squirrel that happens to come upon the stores that another squirrel has laid up, appropriates them greedily. The spiritual elements in *hoard* are, to prize something as exceedingly covetable, and to secure and conceal against purloiners. The first of these elements is the one borrowed here. Thus we see, if we care to go so far, that *dived* and *hoard* are interpretative as to the degree of the author's fondness for chronicles,—like Sir Thomas Malory's, of heroism and romance.

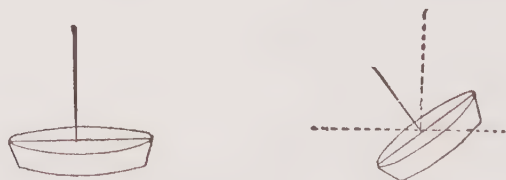
We need perhaps to note, in passing, that the unit of construction and cognition in interpretative writing, which

is always generic, is the whole sentiment, while in component figures like those in hand it is the single term. It is the smallness of the unit in the case in hand that prevents mixed metaphor. Raise the unit, and *dived* into a *hoard* would become both ludicrous and stupid. Examples of this sort are not infrequent in *The Princess*. In *mix*, the last of the three figures, the interpretation intended is of the Truth kind. In "mixing with," all component elements, as it were, touch all, and are touched by all, though without combining. We *mix with* a crowd when we avoid no one, but brush and jostle the man or woman in mean clothing, as well nabobs and great dames, and are brushed and jostled also by them in turn. The word does its work by causing us to realize, through contrast, what it must have meant for this mediæval lady, with all her exclusiveness and delicacy, to come out and make herself a comrade with coarse soldiery. She was no Joan of Arc, evidently, in extraction. But she led no less

nature, or in their intensity. We will now consider figures as a means of spiritual interpretation with respect to kind. To begin with as simple an instance as possible, we choose first the figure in the last of these lines (392-396) from *Elaine*,—where she

Paus'd by the gateway, standing near the shield
In silence, while she watch'd their arms far off
Sparkle, until they dipt below the downs.

If an artist were to paint this scene, he would survey it and search it through and through, to find an axis about which the whole should turn until the meaning, the message, be yielded up to every mind. Tennyson's problem is the same, and the figure here used furnishes him a means to the same end. We recognize that the vital element in *dipt* is the lowering of the perpendicular, making an angle with the ground line less than a right angle. This is, of course, most palpable when we use a basin to take up water: we tilt the plane of the dish, and so draw over the perpendicular that might be erected from it.



As borrowed in the new connection, *dipt* brings to us interpretively the distant view that came to the eyes of Elaine,—how the lances that, as Lavaine and Lancelot have been riding, were wholly vertical, now become aslant while the riders, athwart the background of the kindled south, go over and below the shoulder of the downs.¹

¹ Cf. the interpretative reference in *The Princess* (l. 232-234) to

Again, take these lines from *Sir Galahad*,—

A gentle sound, an awful light !
Three angels bear the Holy Grail :
With *folded* feet, in stoles of white,
On *sleeping* wings they sail.

First, in *folded*, the feet are signified as in the reposeful posture paralleled in “folded arms.” In *sleeping wings* the figure tells us vitally that these members are unemployed quite as much as if separate objects, and possessing and exercising the power of inner slumber. In *they sail* we catch the experience of the spectacle through seeing these angel forms move, passively, like ships, by the effect of some agency beyond and without themselves.

Other suggestive illustrations of figures *in kind* might easily be added. In *wounded soul*, the borrowed element emphasizes the difference between a wound and slighter hurts, in that the former must have treatment, since its injury is within, and remains till healed. In the figurative use of *dandle* we always borrow the element of ‘moving about in the arms for the delectation of the object moved.’ To *dash* signifies to ‘carry along with all one’s energy, then throw.’ Hence the use of this word as interpretative of bodily action will not depend upon the element of casting something by muscular effort of the arms, but of employing the gathered momentum of the whole body. It is the feminine backhand, in which the Prince entered the three fictitious names,—

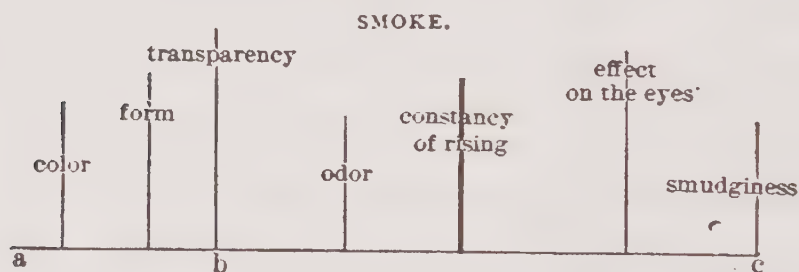
I sat down and wrote
In such a hand as when a field of corn
Bows all its ears before the roaring East.

By the angle, which the author thus visualizes to us, we get the whole effect of the handwriting.

often easy to catch the special element for the sake of which a word like this has been used, without inventorying; yet, for the most part, in the analysis of figures, this had best be done.

As for figures interpretative of the degree or intensity of spiritual quality, a few examples will suffice. We shall quote first (ll. 534-536) from *Geraint and Enid* :—

Another, flying from the wrath of Doorm
Before an ever-fancied arrow, made
The long way *smoke* beneath him in his fear.



It is evident that the borrowed idea or element here is the fifth one recognized in the diagram,—*the continuation of the effect*, after the instantaneous removal of the cause. The figure makes us see the dust above the road for half a mile rising equally over the whole length. It thus measures the intensity of the fear and of the flight.

We will compare this very different figure from (ll. 208-213) *The Holy Grail* :—

. a maiden sprang into the hall
Crying on help : for all her shining hair
Was smear'd with earth, and either *milky arm*
Red-rent with hooks of bramble, and all she wore
Torn as a sail that leaves the rope is torn
In tempest.

Is *milky arm* a logically correct expression? No; for *arm* is not a liquid. When a logically correct classification has been made, the mind experiences satisfaction, because a thing has been made known in certain of its ultimate relations: the Truth-senses, that is, have been gratified in some degree. If the recognition of ultimate relations is enlarged in kind, or intensified in degree, the satisfaction is proportionably enhanced. Poetical or æsthetic figures are a means of enlarging and intensifying such recognition. Here the poetic figure *milky* is highly edifying because the ultimate beauty in the flesh-tint of a maiden's arm is effectually interpreted to us by way of a higher manifestation of the same beauty in another object. The thing that comes nearest the pure principle of ultimate beauty is made to do duty as the representative of the principle, of the beauty itself. The absolute, unconditioned beauty that the flesh-hue in this case postulates, and enables us approximately to experience, exists nowhere in this world in concrete form. So far as we are concerned, it is merely a subjective something, a type-force or "ideal," in the human soul. Under its influence Tennyson borrows *milky* as its nearest material exponent, and by that word aims to produce a like vision and experience within ourselves who read.

Figures depend upon a certain process of spiritual classification. Logical classification is based upon an exterior or fundamental characteristic of some sort; on some fact of structure, or function, or habit that we can see and know continually. Spiritual classification, as exhibited in figures, is based upon a principle of truth or beauty that can be but spiritually discerned. The reason

why man is associated with the bat and the whale, in the class *Mammalia*, everybody understands. We all appreciate likewise the reason for dividing the races of mankind into 'long-skulled' (*dolichocephalous*), and 'short-skulled' (*brachycephalous*), and for the more recent classification into 'smooth-haired' (*lissotriches*), and 'woolly-haired' (*ulotriches*). In such divisions among the lower orders as 'carnivorous,' and 'herbivorous,' we seem to come close upon a higher and unseen principle, since the *herbivora* are in general inoffensive outside their own species, while the *carnivora* are universally and remorselessly destructive. Yet even here the grounds of distinction are not type-differences of inner disposition or endowment, but certain notable and invariable differences in the teeth. Traits of character, which are forms or manifestations of ultimate truth or ultimate beauty, are not much in request when we are determining the foundations or fixing the boundaries in a scientific classification.

In a spiritual classification, on the other hand, the common principle is often unapparent, being sometimes brought to light only at the utterance of the figure, and then as quickly lost from mind. To say that a man stands like a rock is not to insist that any human being bears the slightest exterior or visual resemblance to a rock. It means that we have discerned in the person whose action is characterized an ultimate spiritual principle called *firmness*, and interpret its degree by appealing to the object that exhibits this quality most palpably. The rock resists attack, and is not so much as shaken by all the waves that dash against it. When we see the same strength, physical or moral, in a man, we are minded to

apply to him, not the name of the type-quality so much as of the most vitally conceived object evincing it. We may even say, in a moment of enthusiasm, that the man *is* a rock indeed. To call a man a 'rock' is not to put him definitively in the genus named by that word, but to recognize him as, along with the rock, belonging to a higher class in which the determining quality is the spiritual principle exhibited in both. We cannot identify firmness except by firm things, since it is a quality existent nowhere, at least in this world, unapplied, alone; but we can use one manifestation of it to elucidate another. Hence we employ 'rock' as a very palpable measure of the staunchness, the decision displayed by the man in question. We do not do this because a 'rock' is the highest known manifestation of resistive power, but because, ordinarily, it is the simplest and most familiar of physical examples. But no granite ever was that could not be broken; while men have lived who, though put upon the rack and torn limb from limb, have remained unyielding. If there were need to indicate the degree of stalwartness of this highest moral sort, we should doubtless say, firm as a 'martyr.' So we use interpretative degree-figures according to the loftiness or intensity of the quality discerned rather than the effectiveness or availability of examples at hand.

The reason why we put one thing as the spiritual representative of another, in the mode called metaphor, seems evident. When we have thoroughly mastered a spiritual principle through seeing it in an unmistakable and striking instance, we adopt that instance as a convenient expression for the common spiritual principle in a new

case. We have seen a child perhaps crying over a broken pitcher and spilled milk, or we have at least heard of such a thing. The hopelessness and the folly of it, even in fancy, are so apparent and sensational that we seem to regard the spiritual meaning of the incident more than the incident itself. So when we see a grown-up man half distracted over the loss from signing some note of hand or mortgage unwittingly, or from some like misfortune, we experience a lively sense of the same irreparableness and the same folly. But we do not tell the man how completely we find these type-principles fulfilled. We want him to understand that we feel the irreparableness and the folly in his case very strongly, yet we say merely, "There is no use in crying over spilled milk." And we run not the slightest risk of being misunderstood; for even if the man, by any possibility, have never heard the expression used before, he will know that it is not our purpose to speak of tear-shedding or milk-spilling, but will recognize the principle and get the message more quickly than in any literal way.

A figure interpretative *in kind*, like the one last considered, is a spiritual instance so obvious and transparent as to enforce recognition of its inner meaning, to the disregard of its outer significance as a fact. When the mind has learned to detect truths and traits of beauty in the opener forms, and to do this readily and completely, it will then gradually extend the process to less open manifestations. When we are old enough to recognize modesty and shyness in girls and children, so as almost to take these qualities for granted at sight, we begin to discern the same qualities peering out at us in manifestations

below the human. So we find ourselves seeing and saying, by figures *of kind*, that the lily or the violet is shy, and the poppy bold-faced and brazen. In order to interpret to ourselves and others the type-qualities we see, we shall transfer to the new objects the names of type-qualities met with before. When we discern spiritual qualities first among mankind, we extend our acquaintance with them *downward*, as just illustrated. When we see them first in outside things,—and this happens much more frequently, we extend our acquaintance with them *upward*, as shown by the kind-figures *pure, cold, green, smooth, slippery, stiff, callow, crabbed, crooked, cross, ruffled*, and numberless others. There is much oftener occasion to interpret type-qualities in men from evincements below the human sphere, than the reverse.

Very evidently, as has been said earlier, the first thing to be done in the study of figures is to identify the type-principle that in each case underlies them, and for the sake of revealing or interpreting which they are respectively used. This will always, if the treatise in hand be organic and genuine, disclose the larger interpretative purpose which the figures aid. It is of little moment whether we observe perfunctorily, and from without the idea, that this is a case of simile, and that of metaphor, synecdoche, and the like. Neither is it edifying or correct to imagine that the simile is, in itself, a weaker and less noble figure than metaphor, and to teach men or children so. For the right evaluation of figures depends as much upon the standard to which things are referred as upon the things referable to the standard. When we say “Her face makes me think of the Madonna,” it is evident that we

see in the former some suggestion of the type-quality that is more fully evinced in the second of the objects named. It will do no good to make the observation that what has been said is a variety of the simile, being equivalent to the commoner form with "like." The significant thing is, the object first mentioned looks towards some other object which exhibits the common type-quality more potently or completely. In other words, the face first named is subordinated to the second, which is thereby made the basis or standard of comparison. But, on the other hand, if we find ourselves saying "That face, that woman is the Madonna," it is clear that we subordinate, in our thought, other evincements of the common type-quality to this one, and so make this the basis of comparison. The type-quality seems to us, for the moment, to be here best manifested, and in our enthusiasm at seeing an ideal so nearly actualized we affirm that this *is* the Madonna indeed.

Do we wonder at the inexactness and exaggeration of such emotional judgments? I suppose even the mathematicians are not without sin in their attempts to express like meanings. All spiritual principles are, in relation to material facts or things evincing them, infinities. Material things are shifting and temporary, but spiritual verities and aspects of beauty, unvarying and eternal. Material facts, or things involving spiritual principles or qualities, are like finite coefficients of infinite values. We may represent infinity to our thought as a row of ciphers, preceded by the figure 2, and extending from Washington to New York. If instead of 2 we were to put 2,000 or 2,000,000, we should have as the result, of course, an

infinity a thousand times, or a million times, greater than our first one. Yet, the first conception is really as great, so far as our capacity to estimate is concerned, as either of the others, and is easier to our thought. We may then say, both mathematically and æsthetically, $2\infty = 2,000\infty$, and in our mental operations will use the former as a better expression for the latter. So, when we say to the farmer who has signed away his property, "There's no use crying over spilled milk," we are but substituting a smaller fact or coefficient involving a spiritual principle; for a less practicable fact evincing the same; we are putting 2∞ for $2,000\infty$ just as the mathematicians do. There is no difference between this instance and the one in which we say "This face, this woman *is* the Madonna," except that in the former we assume the spiritual equality of the two manifestations,—while in the latter we affirm it; and we probably in a measure recognize that we are in this case putting as the large coefficient, so to speak, 2,000,000, and not 2,000. Here the first is of course a figure indicative of kind, the latter, of degree.

VIII.

In polite literature, there are higher denominations of value than can be found in the different forms and modes of Interpretative Composition, and there are also lower. The highest literary values belong to sentiments of the Beautiful and the True never experienced or communicated before.

Is Tennyson a great poet, we must sooner or later ask. Some critics and admirers believe that he will live as long

as Shakespeare. Others declare him wanting in intellectual power, and hardly worthy to stand in the second class. Is literary worth determined by the quantum of interpretation, or by the inherent quality of the spiritual meanings which interpretation makes available? Is interpretation the highest service that mind can render mind?

The great bulk of literature issuing from the press now-a-days, and in fact the most of what has been thought and said in writing since the invention of letters, has been of the sort called Interpretative in these pages. When a man sees a principle more clearly than other people, and is able to explain it adequately, he is an interpreter simply. It often happens that some one in a group of friends, or in a parliamentary assembly, serves the whole body in this manner. In general, when a man sees an old truth in a new light, or from a new point of view, or finds a way to present it more clearly or more effectually, and so gives his version to the world, he achieves an act of interpretation. It is of course essential that each mind served have some inkling, some vague but potential glimpse of the common truth or beauty. Thus Tyndall, and Huxley, and Fiske have been interpreters of the doctrine of evolution, and have made the subject clear to many minds that could not otherwise have understood it. But Goethe, and Browning, and Spencer, and Darwin, and others who independently discerned this mode or habit of the First Cause, and published it to the world, were not Interpreters, but Revealers. A revealer is one who makes known new truth, discovered in whatsoever way. When he comes upon it in the manner in which Röntgen

found the X-ray, and in which Pasteur the method of immunity by progressive inoculation, he is a revealer by experimentation. When he *discerns beforehand*, in a purely mental view, the existence or activity of some great principle, he is a revealer by seership. Goethe, who divined evolution with some clearness, was a Seer, as for like reason was also Browning.

The highest service that can be rendered to society is the revelation of new truth. The discovery of a single spiritual principle may revolutionize human thought, and human living; and this we have more than once seen happen within our generation. When the revelation is communicated through the medium of a literary mind, and in the form of a communication to polite letters, we call the service seership. Literature is really evaluated according, first, to the degree of revelatory, and secondly, to the degree of interpretative, quality that is exhibited. Shakespeare is a seer, and often gives utterance to profound spiritual principles, both of Beauty and of Truth, though sometimes but incidentally to other ends. Browning, though to very different purpose and extent, is a seer also. Tennyson writes poetry of seership quality in his *In Memoriam* and some other pieces, but scarcely in *The Princess*. Here he merely interprets into definiteness and conviction an idea, concerning the sphere and influence of woman, that has been long potential to the general mind, but uses, as has been shown, a great deal of incidental interpretative diction to reach his major purpose.

As the highest function of literature is to reveal, so the next highest is to interpret what has been revealed before.

When Emerson says "An institution is but the lengthened shadow of one man," he communicates an original or revelatory idea of the Truth kind. It is wholly comprehensible, and at once engages our minds to realize it. We think of John Harvard, and Elihu Yale, and Ezra Cornell, and of Robert Raikes, and a dozen even better examples. If we should proceed to write down our instances and realizations, for the benefit of others, or if Emerson had gone on to such things himself, the result would have been pre-eminently what we have called Interpretation. To couch trite meanings, as was done under the second topic (p. xi), in fresh and edifying forms, by use of incidental interpretative diction, is a mode of interpretative writing, but one to be distinguished from the higher and typical mode here considered.

The next highest function of literature, after the service of interpreting more practicably what has been revealed before, is to cast trite or commonplace ideas in edifying forms. There is much more literature of this lower interpretative quality than of any other. Whatever of inner difference exists between poetized diction and the involved literal or prosaic meanings is to be accredited to this interpretative mode. Nothing will better serve to illustrate than what we find at the opening of *Paradise Lost*. Expressed baldly, with no least yielding to the interpretative impulse, Milton's first nine lines and a half would have amounted to nothing more than this:—

Concerning man's fall, its cause, and its consequences, up to the redemption wrought by Christ, I propose to write.

Here are three points to be touched upon in the inter-

pretative vein: the Fall; Salvation; and the declaration of a purpose. The first of these is enlarged by the author, in the Truth presentation, thus:—

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden.

The reference to redemption, which is the second point, is couched interpretatively thus:—

till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat.

Then, finally, instead of saying 'I now intend to treat this theme,' he borrows the old classic idea of inspiration through a specific genius or deity, identifying the influence he means by its work in the seership of Moses; and this influence he invokes to indite his strains:—

Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos.

To a Brahmanic or Buddhist reader, no matter how well versed in English speech, unless he chanced to be expert in Christian theology, this opening passage would be unintelligible. Even our native college youths and maidens, themselves well-languaged, and well-instructed in the lore of the catechism, often find the diction of this poem intolerable, and sometimes conclude, after a trial or two, that they have not the brains to read it. The reason is not merely that they lack a certain spiritual or philosophic maturity,—for the literal meanings of *Para-*

Paradise Lost, as of all else of Milton's poetry, are throughout simple, but that they have not yet learned to kindle at the first note of lofty feeling. Unawakened minds must always perhaps regard that master-work as a mass of trite and exploded notions told in tedious circumlocution. On the other hand, there are always book-worms and other lovers of literature for its own sake who prefer neat and finical paraphrasing to straightforward diction. There is possibly, also, another group of readers, with tastes so etherialized as to insist that literal and commonplace things come to view not as upon the solid plane of fact where they belong, but by mirage, solely in the upper air of the spiritual. Neither of these is the class of true readers for whom Milton, and Shakespeare, and Sophocles, and Dante, and Tennyson, and the other masters wrote.

We cannot account for the style and language of the *Paradise Lost* as merely periphrastic, for the sake of elegance, or as ingeniously varied to avoid triteness, *but only as inspired by a generic sentiment of the sublime*. This feeling induced in advance by the transcendental proportions of the theme, by the vast conceptions that from the first had gathered about the plan, forced the author to lay aside his literal or matter-of-fact vocabulary and manner, and admit only such expressions as would befit the loftiness of his purpose.¹ Thus, at the opening of the second paragraph, wishing to ask rhetorically the reason for Adam's and Eve's disloyalty, he goes to considerable interpretative length in expressing it:—

¹ It may be noted that *Paradise Regained* lacks the lofty indirectness of the earlier poem. We shall remember also that the author's inspiration in attempting it was very different.

Say first, what cause
 Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
 Favor'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress his will
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?

Any such circumlocution would be intolerable in prose; yet a more curt or condensed mode of utterance, under these circumstances, would fail of the controlling sentiment in the author's mind. Poetry, whether metrical or not, is sometimes palpably a sort of expanded prose, and amounts to retelling in spiritual terms something already known or assumed to have been already told in the fact way. In primitive and rudimentary literature, as for instance Homer, there is often a double statement, one literal, and one interpretative. We see examples of this perhaps most frequently in the Hebrew psalms:—

When Israel went forth out of Egypt, (Literal)
 The house of Jacob from a people of strange language, (In-
 Judah became his sanctuary, [terp.)
 Israel his dominion.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord, (Literal) (In-
 Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation. [terp.)
 It will thus be found that the supposed parallelisms of the Hebrew Scriptures are often not strictly parallel, or intended to be merely repetitions of single notions, but are rather attempts to express undeveloped residues of inner spiritual meaning.

The literature of mature civilizations is generally too intense to permit a literal statement and an interpretative repetition of the same idea; a single presentation is made to do duty for both clauses. In such a case it is naturally

the fitter that survives; the principle, which is greater than the fact, is put for the principle and the fact together. This presentation will, of course, be either of the second or the third kind. We need but to turn, for illustration, to the opening paragraph already quoted (p. xi) of *The Holy Grail*. It is interesting to note how completely literal or "prose" meanings are evaded, or expressed by implication only. The first part of the passage is essentially equivalent, with the literal and interpretative meanings unmerged, to this:—

From wars, or noiseful arms, and from tournaments or tilts, and acts of real prowess done therein, Sir Percival, whom Arthur and his knights believed to have achieved the ideal of purity to which they were sworn, and whom hence they called The Pure, had entered an abbey, and thus passed into the silent life of prayer, praise, fasting, and alms-soliciting.

The last line of the paragraph, as will have been noted, is not interpretative, but ends the whole, though strongly, in the prosaic way. Camelot, it must be remembered, is not to be taken as merely geographical, but associational of great towers, and marvelous riches and beauty. The sentence, if completed as begun, would have closed doubtless somewhat as thus:—

and leaving for the cowl
The helmet in an abbey far away
From Camelot,—that flower of Arthur's towns,
Built high and strong and wonderful with magic,
There yielded, and not much afterwards, his life.

But there is such a thing as proportion; and interpretative diction consumes more time than the prosaic. Such an ending would have made this opening paragraph too long.

IX.

In literary values, below the interpretative presentations, are to be recognized Conceits, Marinism, and Phrasing.

When a figure is not spiritually true, but used sensationally, the result is generally a Conceit, or Marinism. In either case the matter is in extreme subjection to the manner. Figures are properly used, as has been shown, for interpretative ends; that is, as aids to bring to consciousness inherent type-qualities of Beauty and of the True. Conceits are easily distinguished from interpretation in that they occasion a larger experience from the ingenuity and far-fetched nature of the idea than from the interpretative proceeds of the expression as a whole. Tennyson, because of his imaginative saneness and intensity, seldom admits them to his lines. Perhaps his worst offences, at least in *The Princess*, were committed when he wrote (VI. 349-351)

now and then an echo started up
And shuddering fled from room to room, and died
Of fright in far apartments;

and when, wishing to hit off the fondness of women—as he apparently believed—for ambitious phrases, he allowed himself (II. 355-357) to say

jewels five words long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all Time,
Sparkle forever.

Of course these deliverances really interpret nothing, either in kind or in degree. The strained and perversely intellectual quality of the idea draws away the mind very

palpably from the real matter of the thought to the inorganic manner of the interpretative effort to declare it.

Next below Conceits comes Marinistic diction, which produces effects of a purely sensational character, sometimes with no least trace of ulterior or contributive meaning. We are generally reminded of Dryden's *Upon the Death of Lord Hastings*, or Cowley's *Mistress*, whenever Marinism is mentioned. Conceits border close on Marinism, but are usually distinguishable by their cold and glittering intellectual quality. Young's suggestion of stars as seal rings upon the fingers of the Almighty is properly a conceit, yet from the rank sensationalism of the idea, must be accounted Marinistic. Tennyson is nowhere chargeable with locutions so extravagant.

Some critics and many readers are confused as to the distinction between certain lower forms of interpretative expression, and the lowest of all, which we have called Phrasing. It requires more than ordinary penetration, or at least unusual training, to discriminate immediately and unerringly in such matters. There are men who would denounce "a dressy literature, an exaggerated literature," and "a highly ornamented, not to say a meretricious style,"—meaning almost specifically such work of Tennyson's as exhibits his best interpretative technique, and yet would apparently praise lines like these from Wordsworth (*The Excursion*, Book IV.):—

I have seen
A curious child, *who dwelt upon a tract*
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell.

Here the italic portions are manifestly nothing but phrasing, and phrasing of a pestilently effeminate sort. There

refinements of speech as the dude's *residence* ('rethi-denth') for the good and gloriously adequate Anglo-Saxon *home*. Whatever faults of touch Tennyson may finally be adjudged to have committed, he is certainly never afraid to utter prose with drastic plainness when he has nothing better than prose to say. He could nowhere, even in his callowest days, have written "dwelling on a tract of inland ground," when the meaning was to be merely *inland born* or *reared*. Wordsworth's last line,—

The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell,

is a more endurable instance of phrasing proper, yet carries upon its face sufficient evidence of its inorganic quality. Of course Wordsworth merely wants to indicate to us a particular kind of shell, and not at all what the shell is or means. An extended expression of this kind is legitimate when truly interpretative of some recondite spiritual meaning, but never when the purpose is solely, as here, to identify an object to the reader's mind. We are then reluctantly forced to set Wordsworth's lines just quoted in the lowest rank of phrasing. Not that Wordsworth was puerile, as many of his earliest critics opined and declared. He simply lacked the power of virile conception and of strenuous diction, seen so typically in Browning, hence sometimes, as in *Peter Bell*, wrote deliberately below his level.

The second, and next higher sort of phrasing, is not found much in literature of these days. Now and then we hear a college fledgling talk somewhat in the pedantic

vein. The good sense of the English-speaking race revolted from it betimes. Tennyson frequently shows signs of his classical training, but seldom or never phrases in units so high as the clause or line. Open at random, and we are likely to find minor expressions such as these:—

That clad her like an *April daffodilly*;
Her *maiden-babe, a double April old*;
Thro' stately theatres, *benched crescent-wise*;
Nor those *horn-handed breakers of the glebe*;
Melissa shook her *doubtful curls*.

But, in judging cases of this kind, we must take care to distinguish utterances which do not represent Tennyson, but are put in to characterize some mind or mood of his creating, from such as he himself would use. Thus, the lines some time since quoted from *The Princess*,—

Then, ere the silver sickle of that month
Became her golden shield,

were pretty surely intended to give the hint, along with the ringlets and weird seizures earlier, of the Prince's effeminacy and sentimentalism, — which are arbitrarily altered before Canto VII. is reached,—at the opening of the poem. Again, the Princess's phrasing in

There sinks *the nebulous star* we call the sun,—

is surely not to be taken as other than symptomatic of new and undigested learning, sought after not for itself, but for the sake of the accomplishment and power of its possession.

As an example of Ironical or Burlesque phrasing, Pope's *Song by a Person of Quality* may be instanced. We shall remember that this poem has from the first been conned

soberly, by many readers, without discovery of its mocking purpose. Two stanzas from it will be sufficient here:—

Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart,
I a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

The last two lines, taken in conjunction, should have always betrayed the character of the whole. The 'unit' here is the whole poem; or, more correctly, the first two stanzas comprise one burden of nonsense, and each of the remaining makes up another. To compare with this an effort in which the unit is reduced to the single line, I shall quote the following supreme illustration from I know not what master of literary irony:—

The light resounds across the hills,
The crumbling dew-drops fall,
The rippling rock the moonbeam fills,
The starlight spreads its pall.

Now gleams the ruddy sound afar,
The evening zephyrs glow,
While from the lake a crimson star
Sparkles like summer snow.

The beams of circumambient night
Have wrapped their shadows round,
And deep-toned darkness fills the sight
Of all the world profound.

Very evidently all such masterpieces of burlesque are inspired by the desire to satirize, by exaggeration, the evil

of subordinating and sacrificing sense to sound. Much of the first work of versifiers calls for no less drastic remedy.

There are, then, including the literal or fact mode, eight denominations of literary values; and there seem to be no other generic ones besides these eight. We will leave the discussion of poetic diction here with two observations, either of which is sufficient for another introduction to a poem like *The Princess*. We must have new truth continually, fresh revealments of the Infinite Knowledge, as of the Infinite Beauty that is beyond. Since the world began, the inspiration of seership has not ceased nor the revelation of the Beautiful been denied. We hear men making inquiry of one another whether poetry shall not fail. It will fail when new knowledge ceases to come into the consciousness of men. Without this increase society would perish. We cannot be edified with merely the music, the art, the literature of our fathers. Again, the spiritual life can never consist solely in reading and realizing the revelatory and interpretative ideas of others. We must be ourselves seers and interpreters, in our degree, if we would live indeed. Diligent study of the manner if not the matter of the poem now in hand will contribute not a little to this end.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE STUDY OF THE POEM

It is not the purpose here to provide suggestions with reference to the teaching of English masterpieces at large; few instructors are in search of counsel on general points of methodology. *The Princess* is, however, unlike most other classics in being too intensive for treatment as narrative; there is besides in it no history, and but little of what may be called life; and the plot is of small importance. Hence the unit of inquiry in studying it must be materially reduced, and results had from less condensed poetry must not be looked for. But there are possibilities of other work that may be helpfully considered.

In addition to usual studies of the text much profit may be expected from making it the basis of investigation into the modes and resources of poetic diction. Nowhere else so availably have plain meanings been told by appeal to unifying principles or laws. As a topic closely connected here, the figurative expressions of Tennyson call for the most penetrating study. Some of the metaphors in *The Princess* have been objected to as inorganic and even false, apparently because of the assumption that they could not have been meant to be interpretative otherwise than in kind. It perhaps is true that we use kind-figures prevailingly in life, but it is certain that degree-figures abound in literature. It is often impossible to reach

Tennyson's meanings fully except by analyzing every instance of either sort. Nobody has ever used figures to better dynamic purpose.

There is unusual opportunity in *The Princess* to study poetry of the Sublime, which is too little understood. Many readers take for granted that a work like *The Princess* must be necessarily poetry of the Beautiful, which school folk are too likely to regard as poetry of the Pretty. The first step in the development of taste is the recognition of ideals. While Tennyson is an exquisite interpreter of Beauty, he is demonstrably in *The Princess* very largely a poet of the True. It will be helpful, if time can be found for the work, to transfer a few expressions, in each lesson, from the second to the third interpretative form, and *vice versa*. Nothing will serve better as a rhetorical exercise than to reduce a given paragraph to complete prose, and in turn to raise the prosaic expressions in it to the interpretative level. It is hardly to be expected that teachers will have at command all the time necessary to make an average pupil understand the difference between common prose and æsthetic diction like Tennyson's. But a few lessons will be of life-long value in fixing the boundaries of true poetry as distinguished, on the one hand, from mere verse, and from abnormal and unrepurposeful experiments like *Maud* upon the other. The book has been planned to suit various kinds of intensive study, from the more hasty and superficial secondary reading, to critical college mastery of the whole.

The character-work in *The Princess* is unusually artistic and complete, and is worthy of more attention than is

given ordinarily to this part of the study. Every person named in the poem is conceived and pictured fully both in kind and in degree of traits; and each of these should be brought to the recognition of the learner. Some inadvertent characterization of the author himself, as well as several slips and inconsistencies, will probably be brought incidentally to the student's mind. These of course constitute no legitimate source of interest, yet may be utilized while the class is finding the governing sentiment and inspiration of the whole. Only the more obvious traits and differences of character have been worked into the reach of pupils by the outlines. The vision and condensation of the poem will allow considerable supplemental study, if the teacher is minded to extend the interpretation. For example, take (II. 250-255) this passage:

‘Are you that Psyche,’ Florian ask’d, ‘to whom,
In gentler days, your arrow-wounded fawn
Came flying while you sat beside the well?
The creature laid his muzzle in your lap,
And sobb’d, and you sobb’d with it, and the blood
Was sprinkled on your kirtle, and you wept.’

Such pupils as are ordinarily set to read *The Princess* can compass little more than the prosaic or surface meanings here, and unless helped will forever miss what the lines are meant to picture. Let the instructor reduce the unit by submitting an outline like this: ‘Was this fawn, when it received its hurt, in the primeval forest, or where?’ ‘Was it struck by a poacher?’ ‘Is it hit with an arrow because the time is mediæval, and there are as yet no guns to hunt with?’ ‘What sort of a wound, how deep

must have been the hurt, merely to sprinkle Psyche's gown?' Thus will be brought out, and without harm pedagogically from the aid, that Psyche's pet must have been hit accidentally by the discharge of a toy-weapon in the hands of Florian or one of his companions, while they were playing rather too excitedly at hunting deer. The picture of this idyllic scene in the "lawn" of Florian's father becomes vivid and complete, much as it must have shaped itself in the author's mind. With this comes also a realization of Psyche's domestic and motherly nature, as measured by the sympathy which the fawn has hitherto enjoyed, and flees now to secure. Similarly, among other topics, the eventual fondness between the Princess and the Prince's father, merely touched upon in the outlines, might be brought into reach of the student's discerning powers.

If the question analyses are used, it is strongly recommended that at least occasionally the exercises based on them should be written out, and the potential meanings developed fully by the pupil. It is growing more and more clear that the learner who would become waywise in literature must proceed pen in hand, and work to the bottom of his inchoate impressions. Much good will come from having the questions made the basis of oral work, provided that time can be taken for discussion of the points involved. Finally, in the reviews set upon the work, there should be attention paid to the residues of meaning left just beneath the surface by the outline aids. In all literature teaching, the instructor should see to it that the intuitive faculties, which alone spiritually discern, are kept in exercise and made to grow.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING.

It is probably not well, in most cases, until some direct acquaintance with an author has been reached, to put into the hands of students criticisms or estimates of his work. Young people do not want, and indeed cannot easily appropriate, second-hand impressions of personality. After they have formed conceptions of their own, they are generally glad to have these corrected or re-enforced. What is true of excellence or worth of character in outside life is largely true of the same in the world of books. Some of the most available literature for supplemental study of *The Princess* and of Tennyson should be prescribed in all thorough courses; and every high school where the poem is taught should have, besides a biography of the poet, at least half a dozen of his commentators. A somewhat larger library of reference would include Van Dyke's *Poetry of Tennyson*; Stopford A. Brooke's *Tennyson, his Art and Relation to Modern Life*; J. C. Walters's *Studies of the Life, Work and Teaching of the Poet Laureate*; Mrs. Anne I. Ritchie's *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning*; Elizabeth L. Carey's *Tennyson: his Homes, his Friends, and his Work*; Morton Luce's *Handbook to the Works of Alfred Tennyson*; George Willis Cooke's *Poets and Problems*; E. C. Tainsh's *Study of the Works of Alfred Tennyson*; Edward Dowden's *Studies in Literature*; Charles Kingsley's *Literary Essays*; George Brimley's *Essays*; Edmund Gosse's *Early Victorian Literature*; and E. C. Stedman's *Victorian Poets*.

THE PRINCESS

PROLOGUE.

Sir Walter Vivian all a summer's day
Gave his broad lawns until the set of sun
Up to the people : thither flock'd at noon
His tenants, wife and child, and thither half
The neighboring borough with their Institute 5
Of which he was the patron. I was there
From college, visiting the son,—the son
A Walter too,—with others of our set,
Five others : we were seven at Vivian-place.

And me that morning Walter show'd the house, 10
Greek, set with busts : from vases in the hall
Flowers of all heavens, and lovelier than their names,
Grew side by side ; and on the pavement lay
Carv'd stones of the Abbey-ruin in the park,
Huge Ammonites, and the first bones of Time ; 15
And on the tables every clime and age
Jumbled together ; celts and calumets,
Claymore and snow-shoe, toys in lava, fans
Of sandal, amber, ancient rosaries,
Laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere, 20
The curs'd Malayan crease, and battle-clubs
From the isles of palm : and higher on the walls,

Betwixt the monstrous horns of elk and deer,
His own forefathers' arms and armor hung.

And 'this,' he said, 'was Hugh's at Agincourt ; 25
And that was old Sir Ralph's at Ascalon :
A good knight he ! We keep a chronicle
With all about him,'—which he brought, and I
Dived in a hoard of tales that dealt with knights,
Half-legend, half-historic, counts and kings 30
Who laid about them at their wills and died ;
And mix'd with these a lady, one that arm'd
Her own fair head, and sallying thro' the gate,
Had beat her foes with slaughter from her walls.

'O miracle of women,' said the book, 35
'O noble heart who, being strait-besieg'd
By this wild king to force her to his wish,
Nor bent, nor broke, nor shunn'd a soldier's death,
But now when all was lost or seem'd as lost—
Her stature more than mortal in the burst 40
Of sunrise, her arm lifted, eyes on fire—
Brake with a blast of trumpets from the gate,
And, falling on them like a thunderbolt,
She trampled some beneath her horses' heels,
And some were whelm'd with missiles of the wall, 45
And some were push'd with lances from the rock,
And part were drown'd within the whirling brook :
O miracle of noble womanhood !'

So sang the gallant glorious chronicle ;
And, I all rapt in this, 'Come out,' he said, 50
'To the Abbey: there is Aunt Elizabeth
And sister Lilia with the rest.' We went

(I kept the book and had my finger in it)
Down thro' the park. Strange was the sight to me;
For all the sloping passture murmur'd, sown 55
With happy faces and with holiday.
There mov'd the multitude, a thousand heads:
The patient leaders of their Institute
Taught them with facts. One rear'd a font of stone
And drew, from butts of water on the slope, 60
The fountain of the moment, playing, now
A twisted snake, and now a rain of pearls,
Or steep-up spout whereon the gilded ball
Danc'd like a wisp: and somewhat lower down
A man with knobs and wires and vials fired 65
A cannon; Echo answer'd in her sleep
From hollow fields. And here were telescopes
For azure views; and there a group of girls
In circle waited, whom the electric shock
Dislinked with shrieks and laughter. Round the lake 70
A little clock-work steamer paddling plied
And shook the lilies: perch'd about the knolls,
A dozen angry models jetted steam:
A petty railway ran. A fire-balloon
Rose gem-like up before the dusky groves 75
And dropp'd a fairy parachute and pass'd:
And there thro' twenty posts of telegraph
They flash'd a saucy message to and fro
Between the mimic stations; so that sport
Went hand in hand with science. Otherwhere 80
Pure sport: a herd of boys with clamor bowl'd
And stump'd the wicket; babies roll'd about
Like tumbled fruit in grass; and men and maids
Arrang'd a country dance, and flew thro' light
And shadow, while the twangling violin 85

Struck up with Soldier-laddie, and overhead
The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty lime
Made noise with bees and breeze from end to end.

Strange was the sight and smacking of the time;
And long we gaz'd, but satiated at length 90
Came to the ruins. High-arch'd and ivy-clasp'd,
Of finest Gothic lighter than a fire,
Thro' one wide chasm of time and frost they gave
The park, the crowd, the house; but all within
The sword was trim as any garden lawn. 95
And here we lit on Aunt Elizabeth,
And Lilia with the rest, and lady friends
From neighbor seats; and there was Ralph himself,
A broken statue propp'd against the wall,
As gay as any. Lilia, wild with sport, 100
Half child, half woman as she was, had wound
A scarf of orange round the stony helm,
And robed the shoulders in a rosy silk,
That made the old warrior from his ivied nook
Glow like a sunbeam: near his tomb a feast 105
Shone, silver-set. About it lay the guests,
And there we join'd them: then the maiden Aunt
Took this fair day for text, and from it preach'd
An universal culture for the crowd,
And all things great. But we, unworthier, told 110
Of college: he had climb'd across the spikes,
And he had squeez'd himself betwixt the bars,
And he had breath'd the Proctor's dogs; and one
Discuss'd his tutor, rough to common men,
But honeying at the whisper of a lord; 115
And one the Master, as a rogue in grain
Veneer'd with sanctimonious theory.

But while they talk'd, above their heads I saw
The feudal warrior lady-clad; which brought
My book to mind: and opening this I read 120
Of old Sir Ralph a page or two that rang
With tilt and tourney. Then the tale of her
That drove her foes with slaughter from her walls;
And much I prais'd her nobleness: and 'Where,'
Ask'd Walter, patting Lilia's head (she lay 125
Beside him), 'lives there such a woman now?'

Quick answer'd Lilia, 'There are thousands now
Such women, but convention beats them down.
It is but bringing up; no more than that.
You men have done it. How I hate you all! 130
Ah, were I something great! I wish I were
Some mighty poetess, I would shame you then,
That love to keep us children! O I wish
That I were some great princess! I would build
Far off from men a college like a man's, 135
And I would teach them all that men are taught.
We are twice as quick!' And here she shook aside
The hand that play'd the patron with her curls.

And one said smiling, 'Pretty were the sight
If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt 140
With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
I think they should not wear our rusty gowns,
But move as rich as Emperor-moths, or Ralph
Who shines so in the corner. Yet I fear, 145
If there were many Lilias in the brood,
However deep you might embower the nest,
Some boy would spy it.'

At this upon the sward
She tapp'd her tiny silken-sandal'd foot:
'That's your light way. But I would make it death 150
For any male thing but to peep at us.'

Petulant she spoke, and at herself she laugh'd:
A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she.
But Walter hail'd a score of names upon her, 155
And 'petty Ogress,' and 'ungrateful Puss,'
And swore he long'd at college,—only long'd,
All else was well, for she-society.
They boated and they cricketed; they talk'd
At wine, in clubs, of art, of politics; 160
They lost their weeks; they vex'd the souls of deans;
They rode; they betted; made a hundred friends,
And caught the blossom of the flying terms,
But miss'd the mignonette of Vivian-place,
The little hearth-flower Lilia. Thus he spoke, 165
Part banter, part affection.

'True,' she said,
'We doubt not that. O yes, you miss'd us much.
I'll stake my ruby ring upon it you did.'

She held it out; and as a parrot turns
Up thro' gilt wires a crafty loving eye, 170
And takes a lady's finger with all care,
And bites it for true heart and not for harm,
So he with Lilia's. Daintily she shriek'd
And wrung it. 'Doubt my word again!' he said.
'Come, listen! Here is proof that you were miss'd: 175
We seven stay'd at Christmas up to read;
And there we took one tutor as to read.

The hard-grain'd Muses of the cube and square
Were out of season: never man, I think,
So moulder'd in a sinecure as he. 180
For while our cloisters echo'd frosty feet,
And our long walks were stripp'd as bare as brooms,
We did but talk you over, pledge you all
In wassail; often, like as many girls—
Sick for the hollies and the yews of home— 185
As many little trifling Lilies—play'd
Charades and riddles as at Christmas here,
And *What's my Thought*, and *When and Where and How*,
And often told a tale from mouth to mouth
As here at Christmas.'

She remember'd that. 190
A pleasant game, she thought. She liked it more
Than magic music, forfeits, all the rest.
But these—what kind of tales did men tell men,
She wonder'd, by themselves?

A half-disdain
Perch'd on the pouted blossom of her lips; 195
And Walter nodded at me: '*He* began,
The rest would follow, each in turn; and so
We forg'd a sevenfold story. Kind? what kind?
Chimeras, crotchets, Christmas solecisms,
Seven-headed monsters only made to kill 200
Time by the fire in winter.'

'Kill him now,
The tyrant! kill him in the summer too,'
Said Lilia; 'Why not now?' the maiden Aunt.
'Why not a summer's as a winter's tale?
A tale for summer as befits the time, 205
And something it should be to suit the place,
Heroic, for a hero lies beneath,

Grave, solemn!’

Walter warp’d his mouth at this
 To something so mock-solemn, that I laugh’d
 And Lilia woke with sudden-shrilling mirth 210
 An echo like a ghostly woodpecker,
 Hid in the ruins; till the maiden Aunt
 (A little sense of wrong had touch’d her face
 With color) turn’d to me with ‘As you will;
 Heroic if you will, or what you will, 215
 Or be yourself your hero if you will.’

‘Take Lilia, then, for heroine,’ clamor’d he,
 ‘And make her some great Princess, six feet high,
 Grand, epic, homicidal; and be you
 The Prince to win her!’

‘Then follow me, the Prince,’ 220
 I answer’d, ‘each be hero in his turn!
 Seven and yet one, like shadows in a dream.
 Heroic seems our Princess as required,—
 But something made to suit with time and place,
 A Gothic ruin and a Grecian house, 225
 A talk of college and of ladies’ rights,
 A feudal knight in silken masquerade,
 And, yonder, shrieks and strange experiments
 For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all,—
 This *were* a medley! We should have him back 230
 Who told the “Winter’s Tale” to do it for us.
 No matter: we will say whatever comes.
 And let the ladies sing us, if they will,
 From time to time, some ballad or a song
 To give us breathing-space.’

So I began, 235
 And the rest follow’d; and the women sang

Between the rougher voices of the men,
Like linnets in the pauses of the wind:
And here I give the story and the songs.

I.

A Prince I was, blue-eyed, and fair in face,
Of temper amorous, as the first of May,
With lengths of yellow ringlet, like a girl;
For on my cradle shone the Northern star.

There liv'd an ancient legend in our house. 5
Some sorcerer, whom a far-off grandsire burnt
Because he cast no shadow, had foretold,
Dying, that none of all our blood should know
The shadow from the substance, and that one
Should come to fight with shadows and to fall; 10
For so, my mother said, the story ran.
And, truly, waking dreams were, more or less,
An old and strange affection of the house.
Myself too had weird seizures, Heaven knows what.
On a sudden in the midst of men and day, 15
And while I walk'd and talk'd as heretofore,
I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts,
And feel myself the shadow of a dream.
Our great court-Galen pois'd his gilt-head cane,
And paw'd his beard, and mutter'd 'catalepsy.' 20
My mother pitying made a thousand prayers;
My mother was as mild as any saint,
Half-canoniz'd by all that look'd on her,
So gracious was her tact and tenderness.
But my good father thought a king a king. 25
He car'd not for the affection of the house.

He held his sceptre like a pedant's wand
To lash offence, and with long arms and hands
Reach'd out, and pick'd offenders from the mass
For judgment.

Now it chanc'd that I had been, 30
While life was yet in bud and blade, betroth'd
To one, a neighboring Princess: she to me
Was proxy-wedded with a bootless calf
At eight years old; and still from time to time
Came murmurs of her beauty from the South, 35
And of her brethren, youths of puissance.
And still I wore her picture by my heart,
And one dark tress; and all around them both
Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about their queen.

But when the days drew nigh that I should wed, 40
My father sent ambassadors with furs
And jewels, gifts, to fetch her. These brought back
A present, a great labor of the loom;
And therewithal an answer vague as wind.
Besides, they saw the king; he took the gifts. 45
He said there was a compact; that was true.
But then she had a will: was he to blame?
And maiden fancies; lov'd to live alone
Among her women; certain, would not we.

That morning in the presence room I stood 50
With Cyril and with Florian, my two friends;
The first, a gentleman of broken means
(His father's fault) but given to starts and bursts
Of revel; and the last, my other heart,
And almost my half-self, for still we mov'd 55
Together, twinn'd as horse's ear and eye.

Now, while they spake, I saw my father's face
Grow long and troubled like a rising moon,
Inflamed with wrath. He started on his feet,
Tore the king's letter, snow'd it down, and rent 60
The wonder of the loom thro' warp and woof
From skirt to skirt; and at the last he sware
That he would send a hundred thousand men,
And bring her in a whirlwind. Then he chew'd
The thrice-turn'd cud of wrath, and cook'd his spleen, 65
Communing with his captains of the war.

At last I spoke: 'My father, let me go.
It cannot be but some gross error lies
In this report, this answer of a king,
Whom all men rate as kind and hospitable. 70
Or, maybe, I myself, my bride once seen,
Whate'er my grief to find her less than fame,
May rue the bargain made.' And Florian said:
'I have a sister at the foreign court
Who moves about the Princess; she, you know, 75
Who wedded with a nobleman from thence.
He, dying lately, left her, as I hear,
The lady of three castles in that land.
Thro' her this matter might be sifted clean.'
And Cyril whisper'd, 'Take me with you too.' 80
Then laughing, 'What, if these weird seizures come
Upon you in those lands, and no one near
To point you out the shadow from the truth!
Take me. I'll serve you better in a strait;
I grate on rusty hinges here.' But 'No!' 85
Roar'd the rough king, 'you shall not! We ourself
Will crush her pretty maiden fancies dead
In iron gauntlets. Break the council up.'

But when the council broke, I rose and pass'd
Thro' the wild woods that hung about the town; 90
Found a still place, and pluck'd her likeness out;
Laid it on flowers, and watch'd it lying bathed
In the green gleam of dewy-tassell'd trees.
What were those fancies? Wherefore break her troth?
Proud look'd the lips. But while I meditated, 95
A wind arose and rush'd upon the South,
And shook the songs, the whispers, and the shrieks
Of the wild woods together; and a Voice
Went with it, 'Follow, follow, thou shalt win.'

Then, ere the silver sickle of that month 100
Became her golden shield, I stole from court
With Cyril and with Florian, unperceiv'd,
Cat-footed thro' the town and half in dread
To hear my father's clamor at our backs
With 'Ho!' from some bay-window shake the night. 105
But all was quiet. From the bastion'd walls,
Like threaded spiders, one by one, we dropp'd
And flying reach'd the frontier. Then we cross'd
To a livelier land; and so by tilth and grange,
And vines, and blowing bosks of wilderness, 110
We gain'd the mother-city thick with towers,
And in the imperial palace found the king.

His name was Gama: crack'd and small his voice,
But bland the smile that like a wrinkling wind
On glassy water drove his cheek in lines; 115
A little dry old man, without a star,
Not like a king. Three days he feasted us,
And on the fourth I spake of why we came,
And my betroth'd. 'You do us, Prince,' he said,

Airing a snowy hand and signet gem, 120
 ' All honor. We remember love ourselves
 In our sweet youth. There did a compact pass,
 Long summers back, a kind of ceremony,—
 I think the year in which our olives fail'd.
 I would you had her, Prince, with all my heart, 125
 With my full heart. But there were widows here,
 Two widows, Lady Psyche, Lady Blanche.
 They fed her theories, in and out of place
 Maintaining that with equal husbandry
 The woman were an equal to the man. 130
 They harp'd on this; with this our banquets rang;
 Our dances broke and buzz'd in knots of talk;
 Nothing but this: my very ears were hot
 To hear them. Knowledge, so my daughter held,
 Was all in all. They had but been, she thought, 135
 As children; they must lose the child, assume
 The woman. Then, Sir, awful odes she wrote,
 Too awful, sure, for what they treated of,—
 But all she is and does is awful; odes
 About this losing of the child; and rhymes 140
 And dismal lyrics, prophesying change
 Beyond all reason. These the women sang;
 And they that know such things—I sought but peace;
 No critic I—would call them masterpieces.
 They master'd *me*. At last she begg'd a boon, 145
 A certain summer-palace which I have
 Hard by your father's frontier. I said no,
 Yet being an easy man, gave it; and there,
 All wild to found a University
 For maidens, on the spur she fled. And more 150
 We know not,—only this: they see no men,
 Not even her brother Arac, nor the twins

Her brethren, tho' they love her, look upon her
As on a kind of paragon. And I
(Pardon me saying it) were much loth to breed 155
Dispute betwixt myself and mine. But since
(And I confess with right) you think me bound
In some sort, I can give you letters to her;
And yet, to speak the truth, I rate your chance
Almost at naked nothing.'

Thus the king. 160

And I, tho' nettled that he seem'd to slur
With garrulous ease and oily courtesies
Our formal compact, yet, not less (all frets
But chafing me on fire to find my bride)
Went forth again with both my friends. We rode 165
Many a long league back to the North. At last
From hills, that look'd across a land of hope,
We dropp'd with evening on a rustic town
Set in a gleaming river's crescent-curve,
Close at the boundary of the liberties; 170
There, enter'd an old hostel, call'd mine host
To council, plied him with his richest wines,
And show'd the late-writ letters of the king.

He with a long low sibilation, stared
As blank as death in marble; then exclaim'd, 175
Averring it was clear against all rules
For any man to go. But as his brain
Began to mellow, 'If the king,' he said,
'Had given us letters, was he bound to speak?
The king would bear him out;' and at the last— 180
The summer of the vine in all his veins—
'No doubt that we might make it worth his while.
She once had pass'd that way; he heard her speak.

She scared him. Life! he never saw the like:
She look'd as grand as doomsday and as grave. 185
And he, he reverenc'd his liege-lady there.
He always made a point to post with mares;
His daughter and his housemaid were the boys.
The land, he understood, for miles about
Was till'd by women. All the swine were sows, 190
And all the dogs' —

But while he jested thus,
A thought flash'd thro' me which I clothed in act,
Remembering how we three presented Maid,
Or Nymph, or Goddess, at high tide of feast,
In masque or pageant at my father's court. 195
We sent mine host to purchase female gear.
He brought it, and himself, a sight to shake
The midriff of despair with laughter, help
To lace us up, till each in maiden plumes
We rustled. Him we gave a costly bribe 200
To guerdon silence, mounted our good steeds,
And boldly ventur'd on the liberties.

We follow'd up the river as we rode,
And rode till midnight, when the college lights
Began to glitter firefly-like in copse 205
And linden alley. Then we pass'd an arch,
Whereon a woman-statue rose with wings
From four wing'd horses dark against the stars;
And some inscription ran along the front,
But deep in shadow. Further on we gain'd 210
A little street half garden and half house,
But scarce could hear each other speak for noise
Of clocks and chimes, like silver hammers falling
On silver anvils, and the splash and stir

Of fountains spouted up and showering down 215
In meshes of the jasmine and the rose;
And all about us peal'd the nightingale,
Rapt in her song, and careless of the snare.

There stood a bust of Pallas for a sign,
By two sphere lamps blazon'd like Heaven and Earth 220
With constellation and with continent,
Above an entry. Riding in, we call'd.
A plump-arm'd ostleress and a stable wench
Came running at the call, and help'd us down.
Then stepp'd a buxom hostess forth, and sail'd, 225
Full-blown, before us into rooms which gave
Upon a pillar'd porch, the bases lost
In laurel. Her we ask'd of that and this,
And who were tutors. 'Lady Blanche,' she said,
'And Lady Psyche.' 'Which was prettiest, 230
Best-natur'd?' 'Lady Psyche.' 'Hers are we,'
One voice, we cried; and I sat down and wrote,
In such a hand as when a field of corn
Bows all its ears before the roaring East

'Three ladies of the Northern empire pray 235
Your Highness would enroll them with your own,
As Lady Psyche's pupils.'

This I seal'd:

The seal was Cupid bent above a scroll,
And o'er his head Uranian Venus hung,
And rais'd the blinding bandage from his eyes. 240
I gave the letter to be sent with dawn;
And then to bed, where half in doze I seem'd
To float about a glimmering night, and watch
A full sea glazed with muffled moonlight swell
On some dark shore just seen that it was rich. 245

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

II.

At break of day the College Portress came.
She brought us Academic silks, in hue
The lilac, with a silken hood to each,
And zoned with gold; and now when these were on,
And we as rich as moths from dusk cocoons, 5
She, curtseying her obeisance, let us know
The Princess Ida waited. Out we paced,
I first, and following thro' the porch that sang
All round with laurel, issu'd in a court
Compact of lucid marbles, boss'd with lengths 10
Of classic frieze, with ample awnings gay
Betwixt the pillars, and with great urns of flowers.
The Muses and the Graces, group'd in threes,
Enring'd a billowing fountain in the midst;
And here and there on lattice edges lay 15
Or book or lute. But hastily we pass'd,
And up a flight of stairs into the hall.

There at a board by tome and paper sat,
With two tame leopards couch'd beside her throne,
All beauty compass'd in a female form, 20
The Princess; liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the Sun,
Than our man's earth: such eyes were in her head,
And so much grace and power, breathing down
From over her arch'd brows, with every turn 25
Lived thro' her to the tips of her long hands,
And to her feet. She rose her height, and said:

' We give you welcome. Not without redound
Of use and glory to yourselves ye come,
The first-fruits of the stranger. Aftertime, 30
And that full voice which circles round the grave,
Will rank you nobly, mingled up with me.—
What! are the ladies of your land so tall?'
' We of the court,' said Cyril. ' From the court!'
She answer'd. ' Then ye know the Prince?' And he:
' The climax of his age! As tho' there were 36
One rose in all the world, your Highness that.
He worships your ideal.' She replied:
' We scarcely thought in our own hall to hear
This barren verbiage, current among men, 40
Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.
Your flight from out your bookless wilds would seem
As arguing love of knowledge and of power;
Your language proves you still the child. Indeed,
We dream not of him. When we set our hand 45
To this great work, we purpos'd with ourself
Never to wed. You likewise will do well,
Ladies, in entering here, to cast and fling
The tricks which make us toys of men, that so,

Some future time, if so indeed you will, 50
You may with those self-styl'd our lords ally
Your fortunes, justlier balanc'd, scale with scale.'

At those high words, we, conscious of ourselves,
Perus'd the matting. Then an officer
Rose up, and read the statutes, such as these: 55
Not for three years to correspond with home;
Not for three years to cross the liberties;
Not for three years to speak with any men;
And many more, which hastily subscribed,
We enter'd on the boards. And 'Now,' she cried, 60
'Ye are green wood, see ye warp not. Look, our hall!
Our statues!—Not of those that men desire,
Sleek Odalisques, or oracles of mode,
Nor stunted squaws of West or East; but she
That taught the Sabine how to rule, and she 65
The foundress of the Babylonian wall,
The Carian Artemisia strong in war,
The Rhodope that built the pyramid,
Clelia, Cornelia, with the Palmyrene
That fought Aurelian, and the Roman brows 70
Of Agrippina. Dwell with these, and lose
Convention, since to look on noble forms
Makes noble thro' the sensuous organism
That which is higher. O lift your natures up;
Embrace our aims; work out your freedom. Girls, 75
Knowledge is now no more a fountain seal'd!
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite
And slander, die. Better not be at all
Than not be noble. Leave us; you may go. 80
To-day the Lady Psyche will harangue

The fresh arrivals of the week before;
For they press in from all the provinces,
And fill the hive.'

She spoke, and bowing waved
Dismissal. Back again we cross'd the court 85
To Lady Psyche's. As we enter'd in,
There sat along the forms, like morning doves
That sun their milky bosoms on the thatch,
A patient range of pupils; she herself
Erect behind a desk of satin-wood, 90
A quick brunette, well-moulded, falcon-eyed,
And on the hither side; or so she look'd,
Of twenty summers. At her left, a child,
In shining draperies, headed like a star,
Her maiden babe, a double April old, 95
Aglaïa slept. We sat. The Lady glanced.
Then Florian, but no livelier than the dame
That whisper'd 'Asses' ears' among the sedge,—
'My sister.' 'Comely, too, by all that 's fair,'
Said Cyril. 'O hush, hush!' and she began. 100

'This world was once a fluid haze of light,
Till toward the centre set the starry tides,
And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast
The planets: then the monster, then the man;
Tattoo'd or woaded, winter-clad in skins, 105
Raw from the prime, and crushing down his mate;
As yet we find in barbarous isles, and here
Among the lowest.'

Thereupon she took
A bird's-eye view of all the ungracious past;
Glanc'd at the legendary Amazon 110
As emblematic of a nobler age;

Apprais'd the Lycian custom, spoke of those
That lay at wine with Lar and Lucumo;
Ran down the Persian, Grecian, Roman lines
Of empire, and the woman's state in each, 115
How far from just; till warming with her theme
She fulmin'd out her scorn of laws Salique
And little-footed China, touch'd on Mahomet
With much contempt, and came to chivalry;
When some respect, however slight, was paid 120
To woman, superstition all awry.
However, then commenc'd the dawn: a beam
Had slanted forward, falling in a land
Of promise; fruit would follow. Deep, indeed,
Their debt of thanks to her who first had dared 125
To leap the rotten pales of prejudice,
Disyoke their necks from custom, and assert
None lordlier than themselves but that which made
Woman and man. She had founded; they must build.
Here might they learn whatever men were taught; 130
Let them not fear. Some said their heads were less.
Some men's were small; not they the least of men;
For often fineness compensated size.
Besides the brain was like the hand, and grew
With using; thence the man's, if more was more. 135
He took advantage of his strength to be
First in the field. Some ages had been lost;
But woman ripen'd earlier, and her life
Was longer. And albeit their glorious names
Were fewer, scatter'd stars, yet since in truth 140
The highest is the measure of the man,
And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay,
Nor those horn-handed breakers of the glebe,
But Homer, Plato, Verulam; even so

With woman: and in arts of government 145
Elizabeth and others; arts of war
The peasant Joan and others; arts of grace
Sappho and others vied with any man;
And, last not least, she who had left her place,
And bow'd her state to them, that they might grow 150
To use and power on this Oasis, lapp'd
In the arms of leisure, sacred from the blight
Of ancient influence and scorn.

At last :

She rose upon a wind of prophecy
Dilating on the future: ' Everywhere 155
Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life,
Two plummets dropp'd for one, to sound the abyss
Of science and the secrets of the mind; 160
Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, more;
And everywhere the broad and bounteous Earth
Should bear a double growth of those rare souls,
Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world.'

She ended here, and beckon'd us. The rest 165
Parted; and, glowing full-faced welcome, she
Began to address us, and was moving on
In gratulation, till as when a boat
Tacks and the slacken'd sail flaps, all her voice
Faltering and fluttering in her throat, she cried, 170
' My brother!' ' Well, my sister.' ' O,' she said,
' What do you here? And in this dress? And these?
Why, who are these? A wolf within the fold!
A pack of wolves! The Lord be gracious to me!
A plot, a plot, a plot, to ruin all!' 175

‘ No plot, no plot,’ he answer’d. ‘ Wretched boy,
How saw you not the inscription on the gate,
LET NO MAN ENTER IN ON PAIN OF DEATH ? ’
‘ And if I had,’ he answer’d, ‘ who could think
The softer Adams of your Academe, 180
O sister, Sirens tho’ they be, were such
As chanted on the blanching bones of men ? ’
‘ But you will find it otherwise,’ she said.
‘ You jest: ill jesting with edge-tools! My vow
Binds me to speak, and O that iron will, 185
That axelike edge unturnable, our Head,
The Princess!’ ‘ Well then, Psyche, take my life,
And nail me like a weasel on a grange
For warning. Bury me beside the gate,
And cut this epitaph above my bones: 190
*Here lies a brother by a sister slain,
All for the common good of womankind.*’
‘ Let me die too,’ said Cyril, ‘ having seen
And heard the Lady Psyche.’

I struck in.

‘ Albeit so mask’d, Madam, I love the truth. 195
Receive it; and in me behold the Prince
Your countryman, affianc’d years ago
To the Lady Ida. Here, for here she was,
And thus (what other way was left ?) I came.’
‘ O Sir, O Prince, I have no country, none; 200
If any, this; but none. Whate’er I was
Disrooted, what I am is grafted here.
Affanc’d, Sir ? love-whispers may not breathe
Within this vestal limit, and how should I,
Who am not mine, say, live. The thunderbolt 205
Hangs silent; but prepare. I speak; it falls.’
‘ Yet pause,’ I said. ‘ For that inscription there,

I think no more of deadly lurks therein,
Than in a clapper clapping in a garth,
To scare the fowl from fruit. If more there be, 210
If more and acted on, what follows? War;
Your own work marr'd: for this your Academe,
Whichever side be victor, in the halloo .
Will topple to the trumpet down, and pass
With all fair theories only made to gild 215
A stormless summer.' 'Let the Princess judge
Of that,' she said. 'Farewell, Sir—and to you.
I shudder at the sequel, but I go.'

'Are you that Lady Psyche,' I rejoin'd,
'The fifth in line from that old Florian, 220
Yet hangs his portrait in my father's hall
(The gaunt old baron with his beetle brow
Sun-shaded in the heat of dusty fights)
As he bestrode my grandsire, when he fell,
And all else fled? We point to it, and we say, 225
The loyal warmth of Florian is not cold,
But branches current yet in kindred veins.'
'Are you that Psyche,' Florian added; 'she
With whom I sang about the morning hills,
Flung ball, flew kite, and raced the purple fly, 230
And snared the squirrel of the glen? Are you
That Psyche, wont to bind my throbbing brow,
To smooth my pillow, mix the foaming draught
Of fever, tell me pleasant tales, and read
My sickness down to happy dreams? Are you 235
That brother-sister Psyche, both in one?
You were that Psyche, but what are you now?'
'You are that Psyche,' Cyril said, 'for whom
I would be that forever which I seem,

Woman, if I might sit beside your feet,
And glean your scatter'd sapience.' 240

Then once more,

'Are you that Lady Psyche,' I began,
'That on her bridal morn before she pass'd
From all her old companions, when the king
Kiss'd her pale cheek, declar'd that ancient ties 245
Would still be dear beyond the southern hills;
That were there any of our people there
In want or peril, there was one to hear
And help them? Look! for such are these and I.'
'Are you that Psyche,' Florian ask'd, 'to whom, 250
In gentler days, your arrow-wounded fawn
Came flying while you sat beside the well?
The creature laid his muzzle on your lap,
And sobb'd, and you sobb'd with it, and the blood
Was sprinkled on your kirtle, and you wept. 255
That was fawn's blood, not brother's, yet you wept.
O by the bright head of my little niece,
You were that Psyche, and what are you now?'
'You are that Psyche,' Cyril said again,
'The mother of the sweetest little maid 260
That ever crow'd for kisses.'

'Out upon it!'

She answer'd, 'peace! And why should I not play
The Spartan Mother with emotion, be
The Lucius Junius Brutus of my kind?
Him you call great. He for the common weal, 265
The fading politics of mortal Rome,
As I might slay this child, if good need were,
Slew both his sons: and I, shall I, on whom
The secular emancipation turns
Of half this world, be swerv'd from right to save 270

A prince, a brother? A little will I yield.
Best so, perchance, for us, and well for you.
O hard, when love and duty clash! I fear
My conscience will not count me fleckless; yet—
Hear my conditions: promise (otherwise 275
You perish) as you came, to slip away
To-day, to-morrow, soon. It shall be said,
These women were too barbarous, would not learn;
They fled, who might have shamed us. Promise, all.'

What could we else, we promis'd each; and she, 280
Like some wild creature newly-caged, commenc'd
A to-and-fro, so pacing till she paus'd
By Florian; holding out her lily arms
Took both his hands, and smiling faintly said:
'I knew you at the first. Tho' you have grown 285
You scarce have alter'd. I am sad and glad
To see you, Florian. I give thee to death,
My brother! It was duty spoke, not I.
My needful seeming harshness, pardon it.
Our mother, is she well?'

With that she kiss'd 290
His forehead, then, a moment after, clung
About him, and betwixt them blossom'd up
From out a common vein of memory
Sweet household talk, and phrases of the hearth,
And far allusion, till the gracious dew 295
Began to glisten and to fall. And while
They stood, so rapt, we gazing, came a voice,
'I brought a message here from Lady Blanche.'
Back started she, and turning round we saw
The Lady Blanche's daughter where she stood, 300
Melissa, with her hand upon the lock,

A rosy blonde, and in a college gown,
That clad her like an April daffodilly
(Her mother's color), with her lips apart,
And all her thoughts as fair within her eyes, 305
As bottom agates seen to wave and float
In crystal currents of clear morning seas.

So stood that same fair creature at the door.
Then Lady Psyche, 'Ah—Melissa—you!
You heard us?' And Melissa, 'O pardon me! 310
I heard, I could not help it, did not wish.
But, dearest Lady, pray you fear me not,
Nor think I bear that heart within my breast,
To give three gallant gentlemen to death.'
'I trust you,' said the other, 'for we two 315
Were always friends, none closer, elm and vine;
But yet your mother's jealous temperament—
Let not your prudence, dearest, drowse, or prove
The Danaïd of a leaky vase, for fear
This whole foundation ruin, and I lose 320
My honor, these their lives.' 'Ah, fear me not,'
Replied Melissa; 'no—I would not tell,
No; not for all Aspasia's cleverness,
No, not to answer, Madam, all those hard things
That Sheba came to ask of Solomon.' 325
'Be it so,' the other, 'that we still may lead
The new light up, and culminate in peace,
For Solomon may come to Sheba yet.'
Said Cyril, 'Madam, he the wisest man
Feasted the woman wisest then, in halls 330
Of Lebanonian cedar; nor should you
(Tho' Madam, *you* should answer, *we* would ask)
Less welcome find among us, if you came

Among us, debtors for our lives to you,
Myself for something more.' He said not what, 335
But 'Thanks,' she answer'd, 'go. We have been too long
Together. Keep your hoods about the face;
They do so that affect abstraction here.
Speak little; mix not with the rest; and hold
Your promise. All, I trust, may yet be well.' 340

We turn'd to go, but Cyril took the child,
And held her round the knees against his waist,
And blew the swollen cheek of a trumpeter,
While Psyche watch'd them, smiling, and the child
Push'd her flat hand against his face and laugh'd; 345
And thus our conference closed.

And then we stroll'd
For half the day thro' stately theatres
Bench'd crescent-wise. In each we sat, we heard
The grave Professor. On the lecture slate
The circle rounded under female hands 350
With flawless demonstration. Follow'd then
A classic lecture, rich in sentiment,
With scraps of thunderous epic lilted out
By violet-hooded Doctors, elegies
And quoted odes, and jewels five-words-long 355
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle forever. Then we dipp'd in all
That treats of whatsoever is, the state,
The total chronicles of man, the mind,
The morals, something of the frame, the rock, 360
The star, the bird, the fish, the shell, the flower,
Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest,
And whatsoever can be taught and known;
Till like three horses that have broken fence,

And glutt'd all night long breast-deep in corn, 365
We issu'd gorg'd with knowledge, and I spoke:
'Why, Sirs, they do all this as well as we.'
'They hunt old trails,' said Cyril, 'very well;
But when did woman ever yet invent?'
'Ungracious!' answer'd Florian. 'Have you learn'd 370
No more from Psyche's lecture, you that talk'd
The trash that made me sick, and almost sad?'
'O trash,' he said, 'but with a kernel in it!
Should I not call her wise who made me wise?
And learnt? I learnt more from her in a flash 375
Than if my brainpan were an empty hull,
And every Muse tumbled a science in.
A thousand hearts lie fallow in these halls,
And round these halls a thousand baby loves
Fly twanging headless arrows at the hearts, 380
Whence follows many a vacant pang. But O
With me, Sir, enter'd in the bigger boy,
The head of all the golden-shafted firm,
The long-limb'd lad that had a Psyche too.
He cleft me thro' the stomacher. And now, 385
What think you of it, Florian? Do I chase
The substance or the shadow? Will it hold?
I have no sorcerer's malison on me,
No ghostly hauntings like his Highness. I
Flatter myself that always everywhere 390
I know the substance when I see it. Well,
Are castles shadows? Three of them? Is she
The sweet proprietress a shadow? If not,
Shall those three castles patch my tatter'd coat?
For dear are those three castles to my wants, 395
And dear is sister Psyche to my heart,
And two dear things are one of double worth.

And much I might have said, but that my zone
Unmann'd me. Then the Doctors! O to hear
The Doctors! O to watch the thirsty plants 400
Imbibing! Once or twice I thought to roar,
To break my chain, to shake my mane. But thou
Modulate me, Soul of mincing mimicry!
Make liquid treble of that bassoon, my throat.
Abase those eyes that ever lov'd to meet 405
Star-sisters answering under crescent brows.
Abate the stride which speaks of man, and loose
A flying charm of blushes o'er this cheek,
Where they like swallows coming out of time
Will wonder why they came. But hark the bell 410
For dinner, let us go!'

And in we stream'd
Among the columns, pacing staid and still
By twos and threes, till all from end to end
With beauties every shade of brown and fair
In colors gayer than the morning mist, 415
The long hall glitter'd like a bed of flowers.
How might a man not wander from his wits
Pierc'd thro' with eyes, but that I kept mine own
Intent on her, who rapt in glorious dreams,
The second-sight of some Astræan age, 420
Sat compass'd with professors. They, the while,
Discuss'd a doubt and toss'd it to and fro.
A clamor thicken'd, mix'd with inmost terms
Of art and science. Lady Blanche alone
Of faded form and haughtiest lineaments, 425
With all her autumn tresses falsely brown,
Shot sidelong daggers at us, a tiger-cat
In act to spring.

At last a solemn grace

Concluded, and we sought the gardens. There
One walk'd reciting by herself, and one 430
In this hand held a volume as to read,
And smooth'd a petted peacock down with that.
Some to a low song oar'd a shallop by,
Or under arches of the marble bridge
Hung, shadow'd from the heat. Some hid and sought
In the orange thickets. Others toss'd a ball 436
Above the fountain-jets, and back again
With laughter. Others lay about the lawns,
Of the older sort, and murmur'd that their May
Was passing: what was learning unto them? 440
They wish'd to marry; they could rule a house;
Men hated learned women. But we three
Sat muffled like the Fates; and often came
Melissa hitting all we saw with shafts
Of gentle satire, kin to charity, 445
That harm'd not. Then day droop'd; the chapel bells
Call'd us. We left the walks; we mix'd with those
Six hundred maidens clad in purest white,
Before two streams of light from wall to wall,
While the great organ almost burst his pipes, 450
Groaning for power, and rolling thro' the court
A long melodious thunder to the sound
Of solemn psalms, and silver litanies,
The work of Ida, to call down from Heaven
A blessing on her labors for the world. 455

Sweet and low, sweet and low,

Wind of the western sea,

Low, low, breathe and blow,

Wind of the western sea!

Over the rolling waters go,

Come from the dying moon, and blow,

Blow him again to me ;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon :
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

III.

Morn in the white wake of the morning star
Came furrowing all the orient into gold.
We rose, and each by other dress'd with care,
Descended to the court that lay three parts
In shadow, but the Muses' heads were touch'd 5
Above the darkness from their native East.

There while we stood beside the fount, and watch'd
Or seem'd to watch the dancing bubble, approach'd
Melissa, ting'd with wan from lack of sleep,
Or grief, and glowing round her dewy eyes 10
The circled Iris of a night of tears.
'And fly !' she cried, 'O fly, while yet you may!
My mother knows.' And when I ask'd her 'How,'
'My fault,' she wept, 'my fault! And yet not mine;
Yet mine in part. O hear me, pardon me! 15
My mother, 't is her wont from night to night
To rail at Lady Psyche and her side.
She says the Princess should have been the Head,
Herself and Lady Psyche the two arms;
And so it was agreed when first they came. 20

But Lady-Psyche was the right hand now,
And she the left, or not or seldom used;
Hers more than half the students, all the love.
And so last night she fell to canvass you.
Her countrywomen! She did not envy her. 25
“Who ever saw such wild barbarians?
Girls?—more like men!” And at these words the snake,
My secret, seem’d to stir within my breast.
And O, Sirs, could I help it, but my cheek
Began to burn and burn, and her lynx eye 30
To fix and make me hotter, till she laugh’d.
“O marvellously modest maiden, you!
Men! girls like men! Why, if they had been men
You need not set your thoughts in rubric thus
For wholesale comment.” Pardon, I am shamed 35
That I must needs repeat for my excuse
What looks so little graceful. “Men” (for still
My mother went revolving on the word),
“And so they are,—very like men indeed—
And with that woman closeted for hours!” 40
Then came these dreadful words out one by one,
“Why—these—*are*—men!” I shudder’d “And you
know it!”
“O ask me nothing,” I said. “And she knows too,
And she conceals it.” So my mother clutch’d
The truth at once, but with no word from me. 45
And now thus early risen she goes to inform
The Princess. Lady Psyche will be crush’d.
But you may yet be saved, and therefore fly.
But heal me with your pardon ere you go.’

‘What pardon, sweet Melissa, for a blush?’ 50
Said Cyril. ‘Pale one, blush again. Than wear

Those lilies, better blush our lives away.
Yet let us breathe for one hour more in Heaven,'
He added, 'lest some classic Angel speak
In scorn of us, "They mounted, Ganymedes, 55
To tumble, Vulcans, on the second morn."
But I will melt this marble into wax
To yield us farther furlough.' And he went.

Melissa shook her doubtful curls, and thought
He scarce would prosper. 'Tell us,' Florian ask'd, 60
'How grew this feud betwixt the right and left.'
'O long ago,' she said, 'betwixt these two
Division smoulders hidden. 'Tis my mother,
Too jealous, often fretful as the wind
Pent in a crevice. Much I bear with her. 65
I never knew my father, but she says
(God help her!) she was wedded to a fool.
And still she rail'd against the state of things.
She had the care of Lady Ida's youth,
And from the Queen's decease she brought her up. 70
But when your sister came she won the heart
Of Ida. They were still together, grew
(For so they said themselves) inosculated:
Consonant chords that shiver to one note;
One mind in all things. Yet my mother still 75
Affirms your Psyche thiev'd her theories,
And angled with them for her pupil's love.
She calls her plagiarist; I know not what.
But I must go; I dare not tarry.' And light,
As flies the shadow of a bird, she fled. 80

Then murmur'd Florian, gazing after her,
'An open-hearted maiden, true and pure,

If I could love, why this were she. How pretty
Her blushing was, and how she blush'd again,
As if to close with Cyril's random wish! 85
Not like your Princess cramm'd with erring pride,
Nor like poor Psyche whom she drags in tow '

' The crane,' I said, ' may chatter of the crane,
The dove may murmur of the dove, but I
An eagle clang an eagle to the sphere. 90
My princess, O my princess! true she errs,
But in her own grand way. Being herself
Three times more noble than three score of men,
She sees herself in every woman else,
And so she wears her error like a crown 95
To blind the truth and me. For her, and her,
Hebes are they to hand ambrosia, mix
The nectar. But—ah, she—whene'er she moves
The Samian Herè rises, and she speaks
A Memnon smitten with the morning sun.' 100

So saying from the court we paced, and gain'd
The terrace rang'd along the northern front,
And leaning there on those balusters, high
Above the empurpled champaign, drank the gale
That blown about the foliage underneath, 105
And sated with the innumerable rose,
Beat balm upon our eyelids. Hither came
Cyril, and yawning ' O hard task,' he cried.
' No fighting shadows here! I forc'd a way
Thro' solid opposition crabb'd and gnarl'd. 110
Better to clear prime forests, heave and thump
A league of street in summer solstice down,
Than hammer at this reverend gentlewoman.

I knock'd and, bidden, enter'd; found her there
At point to move, and settled in her eyes 115
The green malignant light of coming storm.
Sir, I was courteous, every phrase well-oil'd,
As man's could be; yet maiden-meek I pray'd
Concealment. She demanded who we were,
And why we came? I fabled nothing fair, 120
But, your example pilot, told her all.
Up went the hush'd amaze of hand and eye.
But when I dwelt upon your old affiance,
She answer'd sharply that I talk'd astray.
I urg'd the fierce inscription on the gate, 125
And our three lives. True—we had limed ourselves
With open eyes, and we must take the chance.
But such extremes, I told her, well might harm
The woman's cause. "Not more than now," she said,
"So puddled as it is with favoritism." 130
I tried the mother's heart. Shame might befall
Melissa, knowing, saying not she knew.
Her answer was, "Leave me to deal with that."
I spoke of war to come and many deaths,
And she replied, her duty was to speak, 135
And duty duty, clear of consequences.
I grew discourag'd, Sir; but since I knew
No rock so hard but that a little wave
May beat admission in a thousand years,
I recommenc'd. "Decide not ere you pause. 140
I find you here but in the second place,
Some say the third—the authentic foundress you.
I offer boldly: we will seat you highest.
Wink at our advent. Help my prince to gain
His rightful bride, and here I promise you 145
Some palace in our land, where you shall reign

The head and heart of all our fair she-world,
And your great name flow on with broadening time
For ever.' Well, she balanc'd this a little,
And told me she would answer us to-day, 150
Meantime be mute. Thus much, nor more I gain'd.'

He ceasing, came a message from the Head.
' That afternoon the Princess rode to take
The dip of certain strata to the North.
Would we go with her? We should find the land 155
Worth seeing; and the river made a fall
Out yonder.' Then she pointed on to where
A double hill ran up his furrowy forks
Beyond the thick-leav'd platans of the vale.

Agreed to, this, the day fled on thro' all 160
Its range of duties to the appointed hour.
Then summon'd to the porch we went. She stood
Among her maidens, higher by the head,
Her back against a pillar, her foot on one
Of those tame leopards. Kittenlike he roll'd 165
And paw'd about her sandal. I drew near;
I gazed. On a sudden my strange seizure came
Upon me, the weird vision of our house.
The Princess Ida seem'd a hollow show,
Her gay-furr'd cats a painted fantasy, 170
Her college and her maidens empty masks,
And I myself the shadow of a dream,
For all things were and were not. Yet I felt
My heart beat thick with passion and with awe.
Then from my breast the involuntary sigh 175
Brake, as she smote me with the light of eyes
That lent my knee desire to kneel, and shook

My pulses, till to horse we got, and so
Went forth in long retinue following up
The river as it narrow'd to the hills. 180

I rode beside her and to me she said:
'O friend, we trust that you esteem'd us not
Too harsh to your companion yesternorn.
Unwillingly we spake.' 'No—not to her,'
I answer'd, 'but to one of whom we spake 185
Your Highness might have seem'd the thing you say.
'Again?' she cried. 'Are you ambassadresses
From him to me? We give you, being strange,
A license. Speak, and let the topic die.'

I stammer'd that I knew him—could have wish'd—
'Our king expects—was there no precontract? 191
There is no truer-hearted—ah, you seem
All he prefigur'd, and he could not see
The bird of passage flying south but long'd
To follow. Surely, if your Highness keep 195
Your purport, you will shock him ev'n to death,
Or baser courses, children of despair.'

'Poor boy!' she said, 'Can he not read—no books?
Quoit, tennis, ball—no games? nor deals in that
Which men delight in, martial exercise? 200
To nurse a blind ideal like a girl,
Methinks he seems no better than a girl,—
As girls were once, as we ourself have been.
We had our dreams. Perhaps he mix'd with them.
We touch on our dead self, nor shun to do it, 205
Being other—since we learn'd our meaning here,
To lift the woman's fall'n divinity
Upon an even pedestal with man.'

She paus'd, and added with a haughtier smile,
'And as to precontracts, we move, my friend, 210
At no man's beck, but know ourself and thee,
O Vashti, noble Vashti! Summon'd out
She kept her state, and left the drunken king
To brawl at Shushan underneath the palms.'

'Alas, your Highness breathes full East,' I said, 215
'On that which leans to you! I know the Prince,
I prize his truth. And then how vast a work
To assail this gray pre-eminence of man!
You grant me license. Might I use it? Think;
Ere half be done perchance your life may fail. 220
Then comes the feebler heiress of your plan,
And takes and ruins all; and thus your pains
May only make that footprint upon sand
Which old-recurring waves of prejudice
Resmooth to nothing. Might I dread that you, 225
With only Fame for spouse and your great deeds
For issue, yet may live in vain, and miss
Meanwhile what every woman counts her due,
Love, children, happiness?'

And she exclaim'd,
'Peace, you young savage of the Northern wild! 230
What! Tho' your Prince's love were like a God's,
Have we not made ourself the sacrifice?
You are bold indeed. We are not talk'd to thus.
Yet will we say for children, would they grew
Like field-flowers everywhere! We like them well. 235
But children die; and let me tell you, girl,
Howe'er you babble, great deeds cannot die.
They with the sun and moon renew their light
For ever, blessing those that look on them.

Children—that men may pluck them from our hearts, 240
Kill us with pity, break us with ourselves—
O—children—there is nothing upon earth
More miserable than she that has a son
And sees him err. Nor would we work for fame;
Tho' she perhaps might reap the applause of Great, 245
Who learns the one row sto whence after-hands
May move the world, tho' she herself effect
But little. Wherefore up and act, nor shrink
For fear our solid aim be dissipated
By frail successors. Would, indeed, we had been, 250
In lieu of many mortal flies, a race
Of giants living each a thousand years,
That we might see our own work out, and watch
The sandy footprint harden into stone.'

I answer'd nothing, doubtful in myself 255
If that strange poet-princess with her grand
Imaginations might at all be won.
And she broke out interpreting my thoughts:

'No doubt we seem a kind of monster to you.
We are us'd to that; for women, up till this 260
Cramp'd under worse than South-sea-isle taboo,
Dwarfs of the gynæceum, fail so far
In high desire, they know not, cannot guess
How much their welfare is a passion to us.
If we could give them surer, quicker proof— 265
O if our end were less achievable
By slow approaches than by single act
Of immolation, any phase of death,
We were as prompt to spring against the pikes,
Or down the fiery gulf as talk of it, 270
To compass our dear sisters' liberties.'

She bow'd as if to veil a noble tear.
And up we came to where the river sloped
To plunge in cataract, shattering on black blocks
A breadth of thunder. O'er it shook the woods, 275
And danc'd the color, and, below, stuck out
The bones of some vast bulk that liv'd and roar'd
Before man was. She gazed awhile and said,
'As these rude bones to us, are we to her
That will be.' 'Dare we dream of that,' I ask'd, 280
'Which brought us, as the workman and his work,
That practice betters?' 'How!' she cried, 'You love
The metaphysics! Read and earn our prize,
A golden brooch: beneath an emerald plane
Sits Diotima, teaching him that died 285
Of hemlock; our device; wrought to the life;
She rapt upon her subject, he on her.
For there are schools for all.' 'And yet,' I said,
'Methinks I have not found among them all
One anatomic.' 'Nay, we thought of that,' 290
She answer'd, 'but it pleas'd us not. In truth
We shudder but to dream our maids should ape
Those monstrous males that carve the living hound,
And cram him with the fragments of the grave,
Or in the dark dissolving human heart, 295
And holy secrets of this microcosm,
Dabbling a shameless hand with shameful jest,
Encarnalize their spirits. Yet we know
Knowledge is knowledge, and this matter hangs.
Howbeit ourself, foreseeing casualty, 300
Nor willing men should come among us, learn'd,
For many weary moons before we came,
This craft of healing. Were you sick, ourself
Would tend upon you. To your question now,

Which touches on the workman and his work. 305
Let there be light and there was light: 't is so;
For was, and is, and will be, are but is;
And all creation is one act at once,
The birth of light. But we that are not all,
As parts, can see but parts, now this, now that, 310
And live, perforce, from thought to thought, and make
One act a phantom of succession. Thus
Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow, Time.
But in the shadow will we work, and mould
The woman to the fuller day.'

She spake 315

With kindled eyes. We rode a league beyond,
And, o'er a bridge of pinewood crossing, came
On flowery levels underneath the crag,
Full of all beauty. 'O how sweet,' I said
(For I was half-oblivious of my mask), 320
'To linger here with one that lov'd us!' 'Yea,'
She answer'd, 'or with fair philosophies
That lift the fancy; for indeed these fields
Are lovely, lovelier not the Elysian lawns,
Where paced the Demigods of old, and saw 325
The soft white vapor streak the crowned towers
Built to the Sun.' Then, turning to her maids,
'Pitch our pavilion here upon the sward.
Lay out the viands.' At the word, they rais'd
A tent of satin, elaborately wrought 330
With fair Corinna's triumph. Here she stood,
Engirt with many a florid maiden-cheek,
The woman-conqueror; woman-conquer'd there
The bearded Victor of ten-thousand hymns,
And all the men mourn'd at his side. But we 335
Set forth to climb. Then, climbing, Cyril kept

With Psyche, with Melissa Florian, I
With mine affianc'd. Many a little hand
Glanc'd like a touch of sunshine on the rocks,
Many a light foot shone like a jewel set 340
In the dark crag. And then we turn'd, we wound
About the cliffs, the copses, out and in,
Hammering and clinking, chattering stony names
Of shale and hornblende, rag and trap and tuff,
Amygdaloid and trachyte, till the sun 345
Grew broader toward his death and fell, and all
The rosy heights came out above the lawns.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story ;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweet and fa: from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river ;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

IV.

‘ There sinks the nebulous star we call the sun,
If that hypothesis of theirs be sound,’
Said Ida. . ‘ Let us down and rest.’ And we
Down from the lean and wrinkled precipices,
By every coppice-feather’d chasm and cleft, 5
Dropp’d thro’ the ambrosial gloom to where below
No bigger than a glow-worm shone the tent
Lamp-lit from the inner. Once she lean’d on me,
Descending; once or twice she lent her hand,
And blissful palpitations in the blood 10
Stirring a sudden transport rose and fell.

But when we planted level feet, and dipp’d
Beneath the satin dome and enter’d in,
There leaning deep in broider’d down we sank
Our elbows. On a tripod in the midst 15
A fragrant flame rose, and before us glow’d
Fruit, blossom, viand, amber wine, and gold.

Then she, ‘ Let some one sing to us; lightlier move
The minutes fledg’d with music.’ And a maid,
Of those beside her, smote her harp and sang. 20

‘ Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more. 25

‘ Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more. 30

‘ Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken’d birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more. ’ 35

‘ Dear as remember’d kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign’d
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.’ 40

She ended with such passion that the tear
She sang of shook and fell, an erring pearl
Lost in her bosom. But with some disdain
Answer’d the Princess, ‘ If indeed there haunt
About the moulder’d lodges of the past 45
So sweet a voice and vague, fatal to men,
Well needs it we should cram our ears with wool
And so pace by. But thine are fancies hatch’d
In silken-folded idleness. Nor is it
Wiser to weep a true occasion lost, 50
But trim our sails, and let old by-gones be,
While down the streams that float us each and all
To the issue, goes, like glittering bergs of ice,
Throne after throne, and molten on the waste
Becomes a cloud: for all things serve their time 55
Toward that great year of equal might and rights.
Nor would I fight with iron laws, in the end
Found golden. Let the past be past; let be
Their cancel’d Babels; tho’ the rough kex break
The starr’d mosaic, and the beard-blown goat 60
Hang on the shaft, and the wild fig-tree split
Their monstrous idols, care not while we hear
A trumpet in the distance pealing news

Of better, and Hope, a poising eagle, burns
Above the unrisen morrow.' Then to me: 65
' Know you no song of your own land,' she said,
' Not such as moans about the retrospect,
But deals with the other distance and the hues
Of promise; not a death's-head at the wine? '

Then I remember'd one myself had made; 70
What time I watch'd the swallow winging south
From mine own land, part made long since, and part
Now while I sang, and maidenlike as far
As I could ape their treble did I sing.

' O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South, 75
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

' O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North. 80

' O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

' O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart 85
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

' Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

' O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown; 90
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

' O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South. 95

‘ O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.’

I ceas'd, and all the ladies, each at each,
Like the Ithacensian suitors in old time, 100
Stared with great eyes, and laugh'd with alien lips,
And knew not what they meant; for still my voice
Rang false. But smiling, ‘ Not for thee,’ she said,
‘ O Bulbul, any rose of Gulistan
Shall burst her veil. Marsh-divers, rather, maid, 105
Shall croak thee sister, or the meadow-crake
Grate her harsh kindred in the grass. And this
A mere love-poem! O for such, my friend,
We hold them slight. They mind us of the time
When we made bricks in Egypt. Knaves are men, 110
That lute and flute fantastic tenderness,
And dress the victim to the offering up,
And paint the gates of Hell with Paradise,
And play the slave to gain the tyranny.
Poor soul! I had a maid of honor once. 115
She wept her true eyes blind for such a one,
A rogue of canzonets and serenades.
I lov'd her. Peace be with her. She is dead.
So they blaspheme the muse! But great is song
Us'd to great ends. Ourselves have often tried 120
Valkyrian hymns, or into rhythm have dash'd
The passion of the prophetess; for song
Is due unto freedom, force and growth
Of spirit, than to junketing and love.
Love is it? Would this same mock-love, and this 125
Mock-Hymen were laid up like winter bats,
Till all men grew to rate us at our worth,
Not vassals to be beat, nor pretty babes

To be dandled, no, but living wills, and sphered
Whole in ourselves and owed to none. Enough! 130
But now to leaven play with profit, you,
Know you no song, the true growth of your soil,
That gives the manners of your countrywomen ?'

She spoke and turn'd her sumptuous head with eyes
Of shining expectation fix'd on mine. 135
Then while I dragg'd my brains for such a song,
Cyril, with whom the bell-mouth'd glass had wrought,
Or master'd by the sense of sport, began
To troll a careless, careless tavern-catch
Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences 140
Unmeet for ladies. Florian nodded at him,
I frowning. Psyche flush'd and wann'd and shook.
The lilylike Melissa droop'd her brows.
'Forbear,' the Princess cried. 'Forbear, Sir,' I;
And heated thro' and thro' with wrath and love, 145
I smote him on the breast. He started up.
There rose a shriek as of a city sack'd.
Melissa clamor'd 'Flee the death.' 'To horse!'
Said Ida; 'home! to horse!' and fled, as flies
A troop of snowy doves athwart the dusk, 150
When some one batters at the dovecote doors,
Disorderly the women. Alone I stood .
With Florian, cursing Cyril, vex'd at heart,
In the pavilion. There like parting hopes
I heard them passing from me: hoof by hoof, 155
And every hoof a knell to my desires,
Clang'd on the bridge; and then another shriek,
'The Head, the Head, the Princess, O the Head!'
For blind with rage she miss'd the plank, and roll'd
In the river. Out I sprang from glow to gloom. 160

There whirl'd her white robe like a blossom'd branch
Rapt to the horrible fall. A glance I gave,
No more; but woman-vested as I was
Plunged; and the flood drew; yet I caught her. Then
Oaring one arm, and bearing in my left 165
The weight of all the hopes of half the world,
Strove to buffet to land in vain. A tree
Was half-disrooted from his place and stoop'd
To drench his dark locks in the gurgling wave
Mid-channel. Right on this we drove and caught, 170
And grasping down the boughs I gain'd the shore.

There stood her maidens glimmeringly group'd
In the hollow bank. One reaching forward drew
My burthen from mine arms. They cried, 'She lives.'
They bore her back into the tent. But I, 175
So much a kind of shame within me wrought,
Not yet endur'd to meet her opening eyes,
Nor found my friends; but push'd alone on foot
(For since her horse was lost I left her mine)
Across the woods, and less from Indian craft 180
Than beelike instinct hiveward, found at length
The garden portals. Two great statues, Art
And Science, Caryatids, lifted up
A weight of emblem, and betwixt were valves
Of open-work in which the hunter ru'd 185
His rash intrusion, manlike, but his brows
Had sprouted, and the branches thereupon
Spread out at top, and grimly spiked the gates.

A little space was left between the horns,
Thro' which I clamber'd o'er at top with pain, 190
Dropp'd on the sward, and up the linden walks,

And toss'd on thoughts that chang'd from hue to hue,
Now poring on the glowworm, now the star,
I paced the terrace, till the Bear had wheel'd
Thro' a great arc his seven slow suns.

A step 195

Of lightest echo, then a loftier form
Than female, moving thro' the uncertain gloom,
Disturb'd me with the doubt 'if this were she,'
But it was Florian. 'Hist, O hist!' he said,
'They seek us. Out so late is out of rules. 200
Moreover, "Seize the strangers" is the cry.
How came you here?' I told him. 'I,' said he,
'Last of the train, a moral leper, I,
To whom none spake, half-sick at heart, return'd.
Arriving all confus'd among the rest 205
With hooded brows I crept into the hall,
And, couch'd behind a Judith, underneath
The head of Holofernes peep'd and saw.
Girl after girl was call'd to trial. Each
Disclaim'd all knowledge of us; last of all, 210
Melissa. Trust me, Sir, I piti'd her.
She, question'd if she knew us men, at first
Was silent; closer press'd denied it not:
And then, demanded if her mother knew,
Or Psyche, she affirm'd not, or denied; 215
From whence the Royal mind, familiar with her,
Easily gather'd either guilt. She sent
For Psyche, but she was not there. She call'd
For Psyche's child to cast it from the doors.
She sent for Blanche to accuse her face to face; 220
And I slipp'd out. But whither will you now?
And where are Psyche, Cyril? Both are fled:
What, if together? That were not so well.

Would rather we had never come! I dread
His wildness, and the chances of the dark.' 225

'And yet,' I said, 'you wrong him more than I
That struck him. This is proper to the clown,
Tho' smock'd, or furr'd and purpled, still the clown,
To harm the thing that trusts him, and to shame
That which he says he loves; for Cyril, howe'er 230
He deal in frolic, as to-night—the song
Might have been worse and sinn'd in grosser lips
Beyond all pardon—as it is, I hold
These flashes on the surface are not he.
He has a solid base of temperament; 235
But as the water-lily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Tho' anchor'd to the bottom, such is he.'

Scarce had I ceas'd when from a tamarisk near
Two Proctors leap'd upon us, crying, 'Names.' 240
He, standing still, was clutch'd; but I began
To thrid the musky-circled mazes, wind
And double in and out the boles, and race
By all the fountains. Fleet I was of foot.
Before me shower'd the rose in flakes; behind 245
I heard the puff'd pursuer; at mine ear
Bubbled the nightingale and heeded not,
And secret laughter tickled all my soul.
At last I hook'd my ankle in a vine,
That clasp'd the feet of a Mnemosyne, 250
And falling on my face was caught and known.

They haled us to the Princess where she sat
High in the hall. Above her droop'd a lamp,

And made the single jewel on her brow
Burn like the mystic fire on a mast-head, 255
Prophet of storm. A handmaid on each side
Bow'd toward her, combing out her long black hair
Damp from the river; and close behind her stood
Eight daughters of the plough, stronger than men,
Huge women blowz'd with health, and wind, and rain,
And labor. Each was like a Druid rock; 261
Or like a spire of land that stands apart
Cleft from the main, and wail'd about with mews.

Then, as we came, the crowd dividing clove
An advent to the throne; and therebeside, 265
Half-naked as if caught at once from bed
And tumbled on the purple footcloth, lay
The lily-shining child; and on the left,
Bow'd on her palms and folded up from wrong,
Her round white shoulder shaken with her sobs, 270
Melissa knelt. But Lady Blanche erect
Stood up and spake, an affluent orator.

' It was not thus, O Princess, in old days.
You prized my counsel, liv'd upon my lips.
I led you then to all the Castalies; 275
I fed you with the milk of every Muse;
I lov'd you like this kneeler, and you me
Your second mother. Those were gracious times.
Then came your new friend: you began to change—
I saw it and griev'd—to slacken and to cool; 280
Till taken with her seeming openness
You turn'd your warmer currents all to her,
To me you froze. This was my meed for all.
Yet I bore up in part from ancient love,

And partly that I hoped to win you back, 285
And partly conscious of my own deserts,
And partly that you were my civil head,
And chiefly you were born for something great,
In which I might your fellow-worker be,
When time should serve; and thus a noble scheme 290
Grew up from seed we two long since had sown;
In us true growth, in her a Jonah's gourd,
Up in one night and due to sudden sun.
We took this palace; but even from the first
You stood in your own light and darken'd mine. 295
What student came but that you planed her path
To Lady Psyche, younger, not so wise,
A foreigner, and I your countrywoman,
I your old friend and tried, she new in all?
But still her lists were swell'd and mine were lean. 300
Yet I bore up in hope she would be known.
Then came these wolves: *they* knew her; *they* endured,
Long-closeted with her the yestermorn,
To tell her what they were, and she to hear.
And me none told. Not less to an eye like mine, 305
A lidless watcher of the public weal,
Last night, their mask was patent, and my foot
Was to you. But I thought again. I fear'd
To meet a cold "We thank you, we shall hear of it
From Lady Psyche:" you had gone to her, 310
She told, perforce; and winning easy grace,
No doubt, for slight delay, remain'd among us
In our young nursery still unknown, the stem
Less grain than touchwood, while my honest heat
Were all miscounted as malignant haste 315
To push my rival out of place and power.
But public use required she should be known;

And since my oath was ta'en for public use,
I broke the letter of it to keep the sense.
I spoke not then at first, but watch'd them well, 320
Saw that they kept apart, no mischief done;
And yet this day (tho' you should hate me for it)
I came to tell you; found that you had gone,
Ridden to the hills, she likewise. Now, I thought,
That surely she will speak; if not, then I. 325
Did she? These monsters blazon'd what they were,
According to the coarseness of their kind,
For thus I hear; and known at last (my work)
And full of cowardice and guilty shame—
I grant in her some sense of shame—she flies; 330
And I remain on whom to wreak your rage,
I, that have lent my life to build up yours,
I, that have wasted here health, wealth, and time,
And talent, I—you know it—I will not boast.
Dismiss me, and I prophesy your plan, 335
Divorc'd from my experience, will be chaff
For every gust of chance, and men will say
We did not know the real light, but chased
The wisp that flickers where no foot can tread.'

She ceas'd. The Princess answer'd coldly: ' Good:
Your oath is broken. We dismiss you; go. 341
For this lost lamb ' (she pointed to the child)
' Our mind is changed; we take it to ourself.'

Thereat the Lady stretch'd a vulture throat,
And shot from crooked lips a haggard smile. 345
' The plan was mine. I built the nest,' she said,
' To hatch the cuckoo. Rise!' and stoop'd to updrag
Melissa. She, half on her mother propp'd

Half-drooping from her, turn'd her face, and cast
A liquid look on Ida, full of prayer, 350
Which melted Florian's fancy as she hung,
A Niobeān daughter, one arm out,
Appealing to the bolts of Heaven. And while
We gazed upon her came a little stir
About the doors, and on a sudden rush'd 355
Among us, out of breath, as one pursu'd,
A woman-post in flying raiment. Fear
Stared in her eyes, and chalk'd her face, and wing'd
Her transit to the throne, whereby she fell
Delivering seal'd dispatches which the Head 360
Took half-amazed, and in her lion's mood
Tore open, silent we with blind surmise
Regarding, while she read, till over brow
And cheek and bosom brake the wrathful bloom
As of some fire against a stormy cloud, 365
When the wild peasant rights himself, the rick
Flames, and his anger reddens in the heavens;
For anger most it seem'd, while now her breast,
Beaten with some great passion at her heart,
Palpitated, her hand shook, and we heard 370
In the dead hush the papers that she held
Rustle. At once the lost lamb at her feet
Sent out a bitter bleating for its dam.
The plaintive cry jarr'd on her ire. She crush'd
The scrolls together, made a sudden turn 375
As if to speak, but, utterance failing her,
She whirl'd them on to me, as who should say
'Read,' and I read—two letters—one her sire's:

'Fair daughter, when we sent the Prince your way
We knew not your ungracious laws, which learn'd, 380

We, conscious of what temper you are built,
Came all in haste to hinder wrong, but fell
Into his father's hand, who has this night,
You lying close upon his territory,
Slipp'd round and in the dark invested you, 385
And here he keeps me hostage for his son.'

The second was my father's running thus:
' You have our son. Touch not a hair of his head.
Render him up unscathed. Give him your hand:
Cleave to your contract: tho' indeed we hear 390
You hold the woman is the better man;
A rampant heresy, such as if it spread
Would make all women kick against their lords
Thro' all the world, and which might well deserve
That we this night should pluck your palace down; 395
And we will do it, unless you send us back
Our son, on the instant, whole.'

So far I read;
And then stood up and spoke impetuously.

' O not to pry and peer on your reserve,
But led by golden wishes, and a hope 400
The child of regal compact, did I break
Your precinct; not a scorner of your sex
But venerator, zealous it should be
All that it might be. Hear me, for I bear,
Tho' man, yet human, whatso'er your wrongs, 405
From the flaxen curl to the gray lock a life
Less mine than yours. My nurse would tell me of you;
I babbled for you, as babies for the moon,
Vague brightness. When a boy, you stoop'd to me
From all high places, liv'd in all fair lights, 410

Came in long breezes rapt from inmost south
And blown to inmost north. At eve and dawn
With *Ida, Ida, Ida*, rang the woods;
The leader wild-swan in among the stars
Would clang it, and lapp'd in wreaths of glowworm light
The mellow breaker murmur'd *Ida*. Now, 416
Because I would have reach'd you, had you been
Sphered up with *Cassiopëia*, or the enthroned
Persephone in *Hadēs*, now at length,
Those winters of abeyance all worn out, 420
A man I came to see you. But, indeed,
Not in this frequency can I lend full tongue,
O noble *Ida*, to those thoughts that wait
On you, their centre. Let me say but this,
That many a famous man and woman, town 425
And landskip, have I heard of, after seen
The dwarfs of presage: tho' when known, there grew
Another kind of beauty in detail
Made them worth knowing. But in you I found
My boyish dream involv'd and dazzled down 430
And master'd, while that after-beauty makes
Such head from act to act, from hour to hour,
Within me, that except you slay me here,
According to your bitter statute-book,
I cannot cease to follow you, as they say 435
The seal does music; who desire you more
Than growing boys their manhood; dying lips,
With many thousand matters left to do,
The breath of life; O more than poor men wealth,
Than sick men health—yours, yours, not mine—but half
Without you; with you, whole; and of those halves 441
You worthiest. And howe'er you block and bar
Your heart with system out from mine, I hold

That it becomes no man to nurse despair,
But in the teeth of clench'd antagonisms 445
To follow up the worthiest till he die.
Yet that I came not all unauthorized
Behold your father's letter.'

On one knee
Kneeling, I gave it, which she caught, and dash'd
Unopen'd at her feet. A tide of fierce 450
Invective seem'd to wait behind her lips,
As waits a river level with the dam
Ready to burst and flood the world with foam.
And so she would have spoken, but there rose
A hubbub in the court of half the maids 455
Gather'd together. From the illumin'd hall
Long lanes of splendor slanted o'er a press
Of snowy shoulders, thick as herded ewes,
And rainbow robes, and gems and gemlike eyes,
And gold and golden heads. They to and fro 460
Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some red, some pale,
All open-mouth'd, all gazing to the light,
Some crying there was an army in the land,
And some that men were in the very walls,
And some they cared not; till a clamor grew 465
As of a new-world Babel, woman-built,
And worse-confounded. High above them stood
The placid marble Muses, looking peace.

Not peace she look'd, the Head; but rising up
Robed in the long night of her deep hair, so 470
To the open window moved, remaining there
Fix'd like a beacon-tower above the waves
Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling eye
Glares ruin, and the wild birds on the light

Dash themselves dead. She stretch'd her arms and call'd
Across the tumult, and the tumult fell. 476

‘What fear ye, brawlers? am not I your Head?
On me, me, me, the storm first breaks. *I* dare
All these male thunderbolts. What is it ye fear?
Peace! There are those to avenge us and they come. 480
If not,—myself were like enough, O girls,
To unfurl the maiden banner of our rights,
And clad in iron burst the ranks of war,
Or, falling, protomartyr of our cause,
Die. Yet I blame you not so much for fear. 485
Six thousand years of fear have made you that
From which I would redeem you. But for those
That stir this hubbub—you and you—I know
Your faces there in the crowd—to-morrow morn
We hold a great convention. Then shall they 490
That love their voices more than duty, learn
With whom they deal, dismiss'd in shame to live
No wiser than their mothers, household stuff,
Live chattels, mincers of each other's fame,
Full of weak poison, turnspits for the clown, 495
The drunkard's football, laughing-stocks of Time,
Whose brains are in their hands and in their heels,
But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to thrum,
To tramp, to scream, to burnish, and to scour,
For ever slaves at home and fools abroad.’ 500

She, ending, waved her hands; thereat the crowd
Muttering, dissolv'd. Then with a smile, that look'd
A stroke of cruel sunshine on the cliff,
When all the glens are drown'd in azure gloom
Of thunder-shower, she floated to us and said: 505

' You have done well and like a gentleman,
And like a prince. You have our thanks for all:
And you look well too in your woman's dress.
Well have you done and like a gentleman.
You saved our life; we owe you bitter thanks. 510
Better have died and spill'd our bones in the flood—
Then men had said—but now—What hinders me
To take such bloody vengeance on you both?—
Yet since our father—Wasps in our good hive,
You would-be quenchers of the light to be, 515
Barbarians, grosser than your native bears—
O would I had his sceptre for one hour!
You that have dared to break our bound, and gull'd
Our servants, wrong'd and lied and thwarted us—
I wed with thee! *I* bound by precontract 520
Your bride, your bondslave! Not tho' all the gold
That veins the world were pack'd to make your crown,
And every spoken tongue should lord you. Sir,
Your falsehood and yourself are hateful to us.
I trample on your offers and on you. 525
Begone. We will not look upon you more.
Here, push them out at gates.'

In wrath she spake.

Then those eight mighty daughters of the plough
Bent their broad faces toward us and address'd
Their motion. Twice I sought to plead my cause, 530
But on my shoulder hung their heavy hands,
The weight of destiny. So from her face
They push'd us, down the steps, and thro' the court,
And with grim laughter thrust us out at gates.

We cross'd the street and gain'd a petty mound 535
Beyond it, whence we saw the lights and heard

The voices murmuring. While I listen'd, came
On a sudden the weird seizure and the doubt.
I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts.
The Princess with her monstrous woman-guard, 540
The jest and earnest working side by side,
The cataract and the tumult and the kings
Were shadows; and the long fantastic night
With all its doings had and had not been,
And all things were and were not.

This went by 545

As strangely as it came, and on my spirits
Settled a gentle cloud of melancholy;
Not long. I shook it off; for spite of doubts
And sudden ghostly shadowings I was one
To whom the touch of all mischance but came 550
As night to him that sitting on a hill
Sees the midsummer, midnight, Norway sun
Set into sunrise. Then we moved away.

INTERLUDE.

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

So Lilia sang: we thought her half-possess'd,
She struck such warbling fury thro' the words.
And, after, feigning pique at what she call'd
The raillery, or grotesque, or false sublime—
Like one that wishes at a dance to change

The music—clapp'd her hands and cried for war,
Or some grand fight to kill and make an end. 15
And he that next inherited the tale,
Half turning to the broken statue, said,
'Sir Ralph has got your colors; if I prove
Your knight, and fight your battle, what for me?'
It chanc'd, her empty glove upon the tomb 20
Lay by her like a model of her hand.
She took it and she flung it. 'Fight,' she said,
'And make us all we would be, great and good.'
He knightlike in his cap instead of casque,
A cap of Tyrol borrow'd from the hall, 25
Arrang'd the favor, and assum'd the Prince.

V.

Now, scarce three paces measur'd from the mound,
We stumbled on a stationary voice,
And 'Stand! Who goes?' 'Two from the palace,' I.
'The second two: they wait,' he said, 'pass on;
His Highness wakes.' And one, that clash'd in arms, 5
By glimmering lanes and walls of canvas led
Threading the soldier-city, till we heard
The drowsy folds of our great ensign shake
From blazon'd lions o'er the imperial tent
Whispers of war.

Entering, the sudden light 10
Dazed me half-blind. I stood and seem'd to hear,
As in a poplar grove when a light wind wakes
A lisping of the innumerable leaf and dies,
Each hissing in his neighbor's ear; and then
A strangled titter, out of which there brake 15
On all sides, clamoring etiquette to death,

Unmeasur'd mirth; while now the two old kings
Began to wag their baldness up and down,
The fresh young captains flash'd their glittering teeth,
The huge bush-bearded barons heav'd and blew, 20
And slain with laughter roll'd the gilded squire.

At length my sire, his rough cheek wet with tears,
Panted from weary sides, 'King, you are free!
We did but keep you surety for our son,
If this be he,—or a draggled mawkin, thou, 25
That tends her bristled grunterns in the sludge;—
For I was drench'd with ooze, and torn with briers,
More crumpled than a poppy from the sheath,
And all one rag, disprinc'd from head to heel.
Then some one sent beneath his vaulted palm 30
A whisper'd jest to some one near him, 'Look,
He has been among his shadows.' 'Satan take
The old women and their shadows!'—thus the King
Roar'd—'make yourself a man to fight with men.
Go: Cyril told us all.'

As boys that slink 35
From ferule and the trespass-chiding eye,
Away we stole, and transient in a trice
From what was left of faded woman-slough
To sheathing splendors and the golden scale
Of harness, issu'd in the sun, that now 40
Leapt from the dewy shoulders of the Earth,
And hit the Northern hills. Here Cyril met us,
A little shy at first, but by and by
We twain, with mutual pardon ask'd and given
For stroke and song, resolder'd peace, whereon 45
Follow'd his tale. Amazed he fled away
Thro' the dark land, and later in the night

Had come on Psyche weeping. Then we fell
 Into your father's hand, and there she lies,
 But will not speak nor stir.'

He show'd a tent 50

A stone-shot off. We enter'd in, and there
 Among piled arms and rough accoutrements,
 Pitiful sight, wrapp'd in a soldier's cloak,
 Like some sweet sculpture draped from head to foot,
 And push'd by rude hands from its pedestal, 55
 All her fair length upon the ground she lay;
 And at her head a follower of the camp,
 A charr'd and wrinkled piece of womanhood,
 Sat watching like a watcher by the dead.

Then Florian knelt, and 'Come,' he whisper'd to her,
 'Lift up your head, sweet sister: lie not thus. 61
 What have you done but right? You could not slay
 Me, nor your prince. Look up: be comforted.
 Sweet is it to have done the thing one ought,
 When fallen in darker ways.' And likewise I: 65
 'Be comforted: have I not lost her too,
 In whose least act abides the nameless charm
 That none has else for me?' She heard, she moved,
 She moan'd, a folded voice; and up she sat,
 And rais'd the cloak from brows as pale and smooth 70
 As those that mourn half-shrouded over death
 In deathless marble. 'Her,' she said, 'my friend—
 Parted from her—betray'd her cause and mine—
 Where shall I breathe? Why kept ye not your faith?
 O base and bad! What comfort? None for me!' 75
 To whom remorseful Cyril, 'Yet I pray
 'Take comfort. Live, dear lady, for your child!'
 At which she lifted up her voice and cried,

‘ Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah, my child,
My one sweet child, whom I shall see no more! 80
For now will cruel Ida keep her back;
And either she will die from want of care,
Or sicken with ill-usage, when they say
The child is hers—for every little fault,
The child is hers. And they will beat my girl 85
Remembering her mother. O my flower!
Or they will take her, they will make her hard,
And she will pass me by in after-life
With some cold reverence worse than were she dead.
Ill mother that I was to leave her there, 90
To lag behind, scared by the cry they made,
The horror of the shame among them all.
But I will go and sit beside the doors,
And make a wild petition night and day,
Until they hate to hear me like a wind 95
Wailing for ever, till they open to me,
And lay my little blossom at my feet,
My babe, my sweet Aglaïa, my one child.
And I will take her up and go my way,
And satisfy my soul with kissing her. 100
Ah! what might that man not deserve of me
Who gave me back my child?’ ‘ Be comforted,’
Said Cyril, ‘ you shall have it.’ But again
She veil’d her brows, and prone she sank, and so,
Like tender things that being caught feign death, 105
Spoke not, nor stirr’d.

By this a murmur ran
Thro’ all the camp, and inward raced the scouts
With rumor of Prince Arac hard at hand.
We left her by the woman, and without
Found the gray kings at parle. And ‘ Look you,’ cried

My father, 'that our compact be fulfill'd. 111
You have spoilt this child; she laughs at you and man.
She wrongs herself, her sex, and me, and him.
But red-faced war has rods of steel and fire.
She yields, or war.'

Then Gama turn'd to me. 115
'We fear, indeed, you spent a stormy time
With our strange girl. And yet they say that still
You love her. Give us, then, your mind at large.
How say you, war or not?'

'Not war, if possible,
O king,' I said, 'lest from the abuse of war, 120
'The desecrated shrine, the trampled year,
The smouldering homestead, and the household flower
Torn from the lintel—all the common wrong—
A smoke go up thro' which I loom to her
Three times a monster. Now she lightens scorn 125
At him that mars her plan, but then would hate
(And every voice she talk'd with ratify it,
And every face she look'd on justify it)
The general foe. More soluble is this knot
By gentleness than war. I want her love. 130
What were I nigher this altho' we dash'd
Your cities into shards with catapults?
She would not love;—or brought her chain'd, a slave,
The lifting of whose eyelash is my lord?
Not ever would she love, but brooding turn 135
The book of scorn, till all my flitting chance
Were caught within the record of her wrongs
And crush'd to death. And rather, Sire, than this
I would the old God of war himself were dead,
Forgotten, rusting on his iron hills, 140
Rotting on some wild shore with ribs of wreck,

Or like an old-world mammoth bulk'd in ice,
Not to be molten out.'

And roughly spake
My father, 'Tut, you know them not, the girls.
Boy, when I hear you prate I almost think 145
That idiot legend credible. Look you, Sir!
Man is the hunter; woman is his game.
The sleek and shining creatures of the chase,
We hunt them for the beauty of their skins.
They love us for it, and we ride them down. 150
Wheedling and siding with them! Out! for shame!
Boy, there's no rose that's half so dear to them
As he that does the thing they dare not do,
Breathing and sounding beauteous battle, comes
With the air of the trumpet round him, and leaps in 155
Among the women, snares them by the score
Flatter'd and fluster'd, wins, tho' dash'd with death
He reddens what he kisses. Thus I won
Your mother, a good mother, a good wife,
Worth winning. But this firebrand—gentleness 160
To such as her! If Cyril spake her true,
To catch a dragon in a cherry net,
To trip a tigress with a gossamer,
Were wisdom to it.'

'Yea, but, Sire,' I cried,
'Wild natures need wise curbs. The soldier? No. 165
What dares not Ida do that she should prize
The soldier? I beheld her, when she rose
The yesternight, and storming in extremes
Stood for her cause, and flung defiance down
Gagelike to man, and had not shunn'd the death, 170
No, not the soldier's. Yet I hold her, king,
True woman; but you clash them all in one,

That have as many differences as we.
 The violet varies from the lily as far
 As oak from elm. One loves the soldier, one 175
 The silken priest of peace, one this, one that,
 And some unworthily ; their sinless faith,
 A maiden moon that sparkles on a sty,
 Glorifying clown and satyr ; whence they need
 More breadth of culture. Is not Ida right ? 180
 They worth it ? Truer to the law within ?
 Severer in the logic of a life ?
 Twice as magnetic to sweet influences
 Of earth and heaven ? And she of whom you speak,
 My mother, looks as whole as some serene 185
 Creation minted in the golden moods
 Of sovereign artists ; not a thought, a touch,
 But pure as lines of green that streak the white .
 Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves ; I say,
 Not like the piebald miscellany, man, 190
 Bursts of great heart and slips in sensual mire,
 But whole and one. And take them all-in-all,
 Were we ourselves but half as good, as kind,
 As truthful, much that Ida claims as right
 Had ne'er been mooted, but as frankly theirs 195
 As dues of Nature. To our point : not war ;
 Lest I lose all.'

' Nay, nay, you spake but sense,'
 Said Gama. ' We remember love ourself
 In our sweet youth. We did not rate him then
 This red-hot iron to be shaped with blows. 200
 You talk almost like Ida. *She* can talk ;
 And there is something in it as you say.
 But you talk kindlier. We esteem you for it.—
 He seems a gracious and a gallant Prince,

I would he had our daughter. For the rest, 205
Our own detention, why, the causes weigh'd,
Fatherly fears—you us'd us courteously—
We would do much to gratify your Prince—
We pardon it ; and for your ingress here
Upon the skirt and fringe of our fair land, 210
You did but come as goblins in the night,
Nor in the furrow broke the ploughman's head,
Nor burnt the grange, nor buss'd the milking-maid,
Nor robb'd the farmer of his bowl of cream.
But let your Prince (our royal word upon it, 215
He comes back safe) ride with us to our lines,
And speak with Arac. Arac's word is thrice
As ours with Ida : something may be done —
I know not what—and ours shall see us friends.
You, likewise, our late guests, if so you will, 220
Follow us : who knows? We four may build some plan
Foursquare to opposition.'

Here he reach'd

White hands of farewell to my sire, who growl'd
An answer which, half-muffled in his beard,
Let so much out as gave us leave to go. 225

Then rode we with the old king across the lawns
Beneath huge trees, a thousand rings of Spring
In every bole, a song on every spray
Of birds that piped their Valentines, and woke
Desire in me to infuse my tale of love 230
In the old king's ears, who promis'd help, and ooz'd
All o'er with honey'd answer as we rode ;
And blossom-fragrant slipp'd the heavy dews
Gather'd by night and peace, with each light air
On our mail'd heads. But other thoughts than peace 235

Burn'd in us, when we saw the embattled squares
And squadrons of the Prince, trampling the flowers
With clamor: for among them rose a cry
As if to greet the king. They made a halt;
The horses yell'd; they clash'd their arms; the drum 240
Beat; merrily-blowing shrill'd the martial fife;
And in the blast and bray of the long horn
And serpent-throated bugle, undulated
The banner. Anon to meet us lightly pranc'd
Three captains out; nor ever had I seen 245
Such thews of men. The midmost and the highest
Was Arac. All about his motion clung
The shadow of his sister, as the beam
Of the East, that play'd upon them, made them glance
Like those three stars of the airy Giant's zone, 250
That glitter burnish'd by the frosty dark;
And as the fiery Sirius alters hue,
And bickers into red and emerald, shone
Their morions, wash'd with morning, as they came.

And I that prated peace, when first I heard 255
War-music, felt the blind wild-beast of force,
Whose home is in the sinews of a man,
Stir in me as to strike. Then took the king
His three broad sons; with now a wandering hand
And now a pointed finger, told them all. 260
A common light of smiles at our disguise
Broke from their lips, and, ere the windy jest
Had labor'd down within his ample lungs,
The genial giant, Arac, roll'd himself
Thrice in the saddle, then burst out in words: 265

‘Our land invaded, ’sdeath! and he himself
Your captive, yet my father wills not war.

And, 'sdeath ! myself, what care I, war or no ?
But then this question of your troth remains.
And there 's a downright honest meaning in her. 270
She flies too high, she flies too high ! And yet
She ask'd but space and fair-play for her scheme.
She press'd and press'd it on me—I myself,
What know I of these things ? But, life and soul !
I thought her half-right talking of her wrongs. 275
I say she flies too high, 'sdeath ! what of that ?
I take her for the flower of womankind,
And so I often told her, right or wrong.
And, Prince, she can be sweet to those she loves,
And, right or wrong, I care not. This is all : 280
I stand upon her side. She made me swear it—
'Sdeath !—and with solemn rites by candle-light—
Swear by Saint something—I forget her name—
Her that talk'd down the fifty wisest men ;
She was a princess too. And so I swore. 285
Come, this is all ; she will not. Waive your claim.
If not, the foughten field, what else, at once
Decides it, 'sdeath ! against my father's will.'

I lagg'd in answer, loth to render up
My precontract, and loth by brainless war 290
To cleave the rift of difference deeper yet ;
Till one of those two brothers, half aside
And fingering at the hair about his lip,
To prick us on to combat, ' Like to like !
The woman's garment hid the woman's heart.' 295
A taunt that clench'd his purpose like a blow !
For fiery-short was Cyril's counter-scoff,
And sharp I answer'd, touch'd upon the point

Where idle boys are cowards to their shame,—
'Decide it here: why not? We are three to three.' 300

Then spake the third, 'But three to three? no more?
No more, and in our noble sister's cause?
More, more, for honor! Every captain waits
Hungry for honor, angry for his king.
More, more, some fifty on a side, that each 305
May breathe himself, and quick, by overthrow
Of these or those, the question settled die.'

'Yea,' answer'd I, 'for this wild wreath of air,
This flake of rainbow flying on the highest
Foam of men's deeds—this honor, if ye will. 310
It needs must be for honor if at all.
Since, what decision? If we fail, we fail,
And if we win, we fail. She would not keep
Her compact.' 'Sdeath! but we will send to her,'
Said Arac, 'worthy reasons why she should 315
Bide by this issue. Let our missive thro',
And you shall have her answer by the word.'

'Boys!' shriek'd the old king, but vainlier than a hen
To her false daughters in the pool; for none
Regarded. Neither seem'd there more to say. 320
Back rode we to my father's camp, and found
He thrice had sent a herald to the gates,
To learn if Ida yet would cede our claim,
Or by denial flush her babbling wells
With her own people's life. Three times he went. 325
The first, he blew and blew, but none appear'd.
He batter'd at the doors; none came. The next,
An awful voice within had warn'd him thence.

The third, and those eight daughters of the plough
Came sallying thro' the gates, and caught his hair, 330
And so belabor'd him on rib and cheek
They made him wild. Not less one glance he caught
Thro' open doors of Ida station'd there
Unshaken, clinging to her purpose, firm
Tho' compass'd by two armies and the noise 335
Of arms; and standing like a stately pine
Set in a cataract on an island-crag,
When storm is on the heights, and right and left
Suck'd from the dark heart of the long hills roll
The torrents, dash'd to the vale. And yet her will 340
Bred will in me to overcome it or fall.

But when I told the king that I was pledg'd
To fight in tourney for my bride, he clash'd
His iron palms together with a cry:
Himself would tilt it out among the lads. 345
But overborne by all his bearded lords
With reasons drawn from age and state, perforce
He yielded, wroth and red, with fierce demur;
And many a bold knight started up in heat,
And sware to combat for my claim till death. 350

All on this side the palace ran the field
Flat on the garden-wall; and likewise here,
Above the garden's glowing blossom-belts,
A column'd entry shone and marble stairs,
And great bronze valves, emboss'd with Tomyris 355
And what she did to Cyrus after fight,
But now fast barr'd. So here upon the flat
All that long morn the lists were hammer'd up,
And all that morn the heralds to and fro,

With message and defiance, went and came ; 360
Last, Ida's answer, in a royal hand,
But shaken here and there, and rolling words
Oration-like. I kiss'd it and I read :

‘ O brother, you have known the pangs we felt,
What heats of indignation when we heard 365
Of those that iron-cramp'd their women's feet ;
Of lands in which at the altar the poor bride
Gives her harsh groom for bridal-gift a scourge ;
Of living hearts that crack within the fire
Where smoulder their dead despots ; and of those,— 370
Mothers,—that, all prophetic pity, fling
Their pretty maids in the running flood, and swoops
The vulture, beak and talon, at the heart
Made for all noble motion. And I saw
That equal baseness liv'd in sleeker times 375
With smother men : the old leaven leaven'd all.
Millions of throats would bawl for civil rights,
No woman named. Therefore I set my face
Against all men, and liv'd but for mine own.
Far off from men I built a fold for them. 380
I stored it full of rich memorial ;
I fenc'd it round with gallant institutes,
And biting laws to scare the beasts of prey,
And prosper'd ; till a rout of saucy boys
Brake on us at our books, and marr'd our peace, 385
Mask'd like our maids, blustering I know not what
Of insolence and love, some pretext held
Of baby troth, invalid, since my will
Seal'd not the bond—the striplings !—for their sport — !
I tamed my leopards : shall I not tame these ? 390
Or you ? or I ? for since you think me touch'd

In honor—what ! I would not aught of false—
Is not our cause pure ? And whereas I know
Your prowess, Arac, and what mother's blood
You draw from, fight. You failing, I abide 395
What end soever. Fail you will not. Still,
Take not his life ; he risk'd it for my own.
His mother lives. Yet whatsoe'er you do,
Fight and fight well ; strike and strike home. O dear
Brothers, the woman's Angel guards you, you 400
The sole men to be mingled with our cause,
The sole men we shall prize in the after-time,
Your very armor hallow'd, and your statues
Rear'd, sung to, when, this gadfly brush'd aside,
We plant a solid foot into the Time, 405
And mould a generation strong to move
With claim on claim from right to right, till she
Whose name is yoked with children's, know herself ;
And Knowledge in our own land make her free,
And, ever following those two crowned twins, 410
Commerce and Conquest, shower the fiery grain
Of freedom broadcast over all that orbs
Between the Northern and the Southern morn.'

Then came a postscript dash'd across the rest.
' See that there be no traitors in your camp. 415
We seem a nest of traitors—none to trust
Since our arms fail'd—this Egypt-plague of men !
Almost our maids were better at their homes,
Than thus man-girdled here. Indeed I think
Our chiefest comfort is the little child 420
Of one unworthy mother ; which she left.
She shall not have it back ; the child shall grow
To prize the authentic mother of her mind.

I took it for an hour in mine own bed
 This morning. There the tender orphan hands 425
 Felt at my heart, and seem'd to charm from thence
 The wrath I nurs'd against the world. Farewell.'

I ceas'd ; he said, ' Stubborn, but she may sit
 Upon a king's right hand in thunder-storms,
 And breed up warriors ! See now, tho' yourself 430
 Be dazzled by the wildfire Love to sloughs
 That swallow common sense, the spindling king,
 This Gama swamp'd in lazy tolerance.
 When the man wants weight, the woman takes it up,
 And topples down the scales. But this is fix'd 345
 As are the roots of earth and base of all :
 Man for the field and woman for the hearth ;
 Man for the sword and for the needle she ;
 Man with the head and woman with the heart ;
 Man to command and woman to obey ; 440
 All else confusion. Look you ! The gray mare
 Is ill to live with, when her whinny shrills
 From tile to scullery, and her small goodman
 Shrinks in his arm-chair while the fires of hell
 Mix with his hearth. But you — she 's yet a colt — 445
 Take, break her. Strongly groom'd and straitly curb'd
 She might not rank with those detestable
 That let the bantling scald at home, and brawl
 Their rights or wrongs like potherbs in the street.
 They say she 's comely ; there 's the fairer chance. 450
 I like her none the less for rating at her !
 Besides, the woman wed is not as we,
 But suffers change of frame. A lusty brace
 Of twins may weed her of her folly. Boy,
 The bearing and the training of a child 455

Is woman's wisdom.'

Thus the hard old king.

I took my leave, for it was nearly noon.

I pored upon her letter which I held,

And on the little clause, 'take not his life;'

I mus'd on that wild morning in the woods, 460

And on the 'Follow, follow, thou shalt win.'

I thought on all the wrathful king had said,

And how the strange betrothment was to end.

Then I remember'd that burnt sorcerer's curse

That one should fight with shadows and should fall; 465

And like a flash the weird affection came.

King, camp, and college turn'd to hollow shows;

I seem'd to move in old memorial tilts,

And doing battle with forgotten ghosts,

To dream myself the shadow of a dream; 470

And ere I woke it was the point of noon,

The lists were ready. Empanopli'd and plum'd

We enter'd in, and waited, fifty there

Opposed to fifty, till the trumpet blared

At the barrier like a wild horn in a land 475

Of echoes, and a moment, and once more

The trumpet, and again; at which the storm

Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of spears

And riders front to front, until they closed

In conflict with the crash of shivering points, 480

And thunder. Yet it seem'd a dream, I dream'd

Of fighting. On his haunches rose the steed,

And into fiery splinters leapt the lance,

And out of stricken helmets sprang the fire.

Part sat like rocks; part reel'd but kept their seats; 485

Part roll'd on the earth and rose again and drew;

Part stumbled mix'd with floundering horses. Down

From those two bulks at Arac's side, and down
From Arac's arm, as from a giant's flail,
The large blows rain'd, as here and everywhere 490
He rode the mellay, lord of the ringing lists,
And all the plain,—brand, mace, and shaft, and shield—
Shock'd, like an iron-clanging anvil bang'd
With hammers; till I thought, can this be he
From Gama's dwarfish loins? If this be so, 495
'The mother makes us most—and in my dream
I glanc'd aside, and saw the palace-front
Alive with fluttering scarfs and ladies' eyes,
And highest, among the statues, statuelike,
Between a cymbal'd Miriam and a Jael, 500
With Psyche's babe, was Ida watching us,
A single band of gold about her hair,
Like a Saint's glory up in heaven; but she
No saint—inexorable—no tenderness—
Too hard, too cruel. Yet she sees me fight, 505
Yea, let her see me fall! With that I drave
Among the thickest and bore down a Prince,
And Cyril one. Yea, let me make my dream
All that I would. But that large-moulded man,
His visage all agrin as at a wake, 510
Made at me thro' the press, and, staggering back
With stroke on stroke the horse and horseman, came
As comes a pillar of electric cloud,
Flaying the roofs and sucking up the drains,
And shadowing down the champaign till it strikes 515
On a wood, and takes, and breaks, and cracks, and splits,
And twists the grain with such a roar that Earth
Reels, and the herdsman cry; for everything
Gave way before him. Only Florian, he
That lov'd me closer than his own right eye, 520

Thrust in between. But Arac rode him down :
And Cyril seeing it, push'd against the Prince,
With Psyche's color round his helmet, tough,
Strong, supple, sinew-corded, apt at arms ;
But tougher, heavier, stronger, he that smote 525
And threw him. Last I spurr'd ; I felt my veins
Stretch with fierce heat. A moment hand to hand,
And sword to sword, and horse to horse we hung,
Till I struck out and shouted. The blade glanc'd,
I did but shear a feather, and dream and truth 530
Flow'd from me. Darkness closed me ; and I fell.

Home they brought her warrior dead ;
She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry :
All her maidens, watching, said,
' She must weep or she will die.'

Then they prais'd him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe ;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face ;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
' Sweet my child, I live for thee.'

VI.

My dream had never died or liv'd again.
As in some mystic middle state I lay.
Seeing I saw not, hearing not I heard ;
Tho', if I saw not, yet they told me all
So often that I speak as having seen.

5

For so it seem'd, or so they said to me,
That all things grew more tragic and more strange ;
That when our side was vanquish'd and my cause
For ever lost, there went up a great cry,
'The Prince is slain.' My father heard and ran
In on the lists, and there unlaced my casque
And grovell'd on my body, and after him
Came Psyche, sorrowing for Aglaïa.

10

But high upon the palace Ida stood
With Psyche's babe in arm ; there on the roofs
Like that great dame of Lapidoth she sang.

15

'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen : the seed,
The little seed they laugh'd at in the dark,
Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side
A thousand arms and rushes to the sun.

20

'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen. They came ;
The leaves were wet with women's tears ; they heard
A noise of songs they would not understand ;
They mark'd it with the red cross to the fall,
And would have strown it, and are fallen themselves.

25

‘Our enemies have fallen, have fallen. They came,
The woodmen with their axes : lo the tree !
But we will make it faggots for the hearth,
And shape it plank and beam for roof and floor, 30
And boats and bridges for the use of men.

‘Our enemies have fall’n, have fall’n. They struck ;
With their own blows they hurt themselves, nor knew
There dwelt an iron nature in the grain.
The glittering axe was broken in their arms, 35
Their arms were shatter’d to the shoulder blade.

‘Our enemies have fall’n, but this shall grow
A night of Summer from the heat, a breadth
Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power ; and roll’d
With music in the growing breeze of Time, 40
The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs
Shall move the stony bases of the world.

‘And now, O maids, behold our sanctuary
Is violate, our laws broken. Fear we not
To break them more in their behoof, whose arms 45
Champion’d our cause and won it with a day
Blanch’d in our annals, and perpetual feast,
When dames and heroines of the golden year
Shall strip a hundred hollows bare of Spring,
To rain an April of ovation round 50
Their statues, borne aloft, the three. But come,
We will be liberal, since our rights are won.
Let them not lie in the tents with coarse mankind,
Ill nurses ; but descend, and proffer these
The brethren of our blood and cause, that there 55
Lie bruis’d and maim’d, the tender ministries
Of female hands and hospitality.’

She spoke, and with the babe yet in her arms,
Descending, burst the great bronze valves, and led
A hundred maids in train across the park. 60
Some cowl'd, and some bare-headed, on they came,
Their feet in flowers, her loveliest. By them went
The enamor'd air sighing, and on their curls
From the high tree the blossom wavering fell,
And over them the tremulous isles of light 65
Slided, they moving under shade; but Blanche
At distance follow'd: so they came. Anon
Thro' open field into the lists they wound
Timorously; and as the leader of the herd
That holds a stately fretwork to the sun, 70
And follow'd up by a hundred airy does,
Steps with a tender foot, light as on air,
The lovely, lordly creature floated on
To where her wounded brethren lay: there stay'd;
Knelt on one knee,—the child on one,—and press'd 75
Their hands, and call'd them dear deliverers,
And happy warriors, and immortal names,
And said, 'You shall not lie in the tents but here,
And nurs'd by those for whom you fought, and serv'd
With female hands and hospitality.' 80

Then, whether moved by this, or was it chance,
She pass'd my way. Up started from my side
The old lion, glaring with his whelpless eye,
Silent. But when she saw me lying stark,
Dishelm'd and mute, and motionlessly pale, 85
Cold ev'n to her, she sigh'd; and when she saw
The haggard father's face and reverend beard
Of grisly twine, all dabbled with the blood
Of his own son, shudder'd, a twitch of pain

Tortur'd her mouth, and o'er her forehead pass'd 90
A shadow, and her hue chang'd, and she said :
' He saved my life ; my brother slew him for it ;'
No more ; at which the king in bitter scorn
Drew from my neck the painting and the tress,
And held them up. She saw them, and a day 95
Rose from the distance on her memory,
When the good queen, her mother, shore the tress
With kisses, ere the days of Lady Blanche.
And then once more she look'd at my pale face :
Till understanding all the foolish work 100
Of Fancy, and the bitter close of all,
Her iron will was broken in her mind ;
Her noble heart was molten in her breast.
She bow'd, she set the child on the earth ; she laid
A feeling finger on my brows, and presently 105
' O Sire,' she said, ' he lives ; he is not dead.
O let me have him with my brethren here
In our own palace. We will tend on him
Like one of these ; if so, by any means,
To lighten this great clog of thanks, that make 110
Our progress falter to the woman's goal.'

She said : but at the happy word ' he lives '
My father stoop'd, re-father'd o'er my wounds.
So those two foes above my fallen life,
With brow to brow like night and evening mix'd 115
Their dark and gray, while Psyche ever stole
A little nearer, till the babe that by us,
Half-lapp'd in glowing gauze and golden brede,
Lay like a new-fallen meteor on the grass,
Uncared for, spied its mother and began 120
A blind and babbling laughter, and to dance

Its body, and reach its fatling innocent arms
And lazy lingering fingers. She the appeal
Brook'd not, but clamoring out ' Mine—mine—not yours ;
It is not yours, but mine. Give me the child ! ' 125
Ceas'd all on tremble. Piteous was the cry.
So stood the unhappy mother open-mouth'd,
And turn'd each face her way. Wan was her cheek
With hollow watch, her blooming mantle torn,
Red grief and mother's hunger in her eye, 130
And down dead-heavy sank her curls, and half
The sacred mother's bosom, panting, burst
The laces toward her babe. But she nor cared
Nor knew it, clamoring on, till Ida heard,
Look'd up, and rising slowly from me, stood 135
Erect and silent, striking with her glance
The mother, me, the child. But he that lay
Beside us, Cyril, batter'd as he was,
Trail'd himself up on one knee. Then he drew
Her robe to meet his lips, and down she look'd 140
At the arm'd man sideways, pitying as it seem'd,
Or self-involv'd. But when she learn'd his face,
Remembering his ill-omen'd song, arose
Once more thro' all her height, and o'er him grew
Tall as a figure lengthen'd on the sand 145
When the tide ebbs in sunshine, and he said :

' O fair and strong and terrible ! Lioness
That with your long locks play the lion's mane !
But Love and Nature, these are two more terrible
And stronger. See, your foot is on our necks, 150
We vanquish'd, you the victor of your will.
What would you more ? Give her the child ! Remain
Orb'd in your isolation. He is dead,

Or all as dead. Henceforth we let you be.
Win you the hearts of women ; and beware 155
Lest, where you seek the common love of these,
The common hate with the revolving wheel
Should drag you down, and some great Nemesis
Break from a darken'd future, crown'd with fire,
And tread you out for ever. But howsoe'er 160
Fix'd in yourself, never in your own arms
To hold your own, deny not hers to her,
Give her the child ! O if, I say, you keep
One pulse that beats true woman, if you lov'd
The breast that fed or arm that dandled you, 165
Or own one port of sense not flint to prayer,
Give her the child ! Or if you scorn to lay it,
Yourself, in hands so lately clasp'd with yours,
Or speak to her, your dearest, her one fault
The tenderness, not yours, that could not kill, 170
Give *me* it ; *I* will give it her.'

He said.

At first her eye with slow dilation roll'd
Dry flame, she listening ; after sank and sank
And, into mournful twilight mellowing, dwelt
Full on the child. She took it. ' Pretty bud ! 175
Lily of the vale ! Half-open'd bell of the woods !
Sole comfort of my dark hour, when a world
Of traitorous friend and broken system made
No purple in the distance, mystery,
Pledge of a love not to be mine, farewell ! 180
These men are hard upon us as of old,
We two must part ; and yet how fain was I
To dream thy cause embraced in mine, to think
I might be something to thee, when I felt
Thy helpless warmth about my barren breast 185

In the dead prime. But may thy mother prove
As true to thee as false, false, false to me !
And, if thou needs must bear the yoke, I wish it
Gentle as freedom '—here she kiss'd it ; then—
' All good go with thee ! Take it, Sir,' and so 190
Laid the soft babe in his hard-mailed hands,
Who turn'd half-round to Psyche as she sprang
To meet it, with an eye that swum in thanks ;
Then felt it sound and whole from head to foot,
And hugg'd and never hugg'd it close enough, 195
And in her hunger mouth'd and mumbled it,
And hid her bosom with it ; after that
Put on more calm and added suppliantly :

' We two were friends. I go to mine own land
For ever ; find some other. As for me 200
I scarce am fit for your great plans ; yet speak to me,
Say one soft word and let me part forgiven.'

But Ida spoke not, rapt upon the child.
Then Arac : ' Ida—'sdeath ! you blame the man ;
You wrong yourselves—the woman is so hard 205
Upon the woman. Come, a grace to me !
I am your warrior ; I and mine have fought
Your battle. Kiss her ; take her hand. She weeps.
'Sdeath ! I would sooner fight thrice o'er than see it.'

But Ida spoke not, gazing on the ground, 210
And reddening in the furrows of his chin,
And moved beyond his custom, Gama said :

' I 've heard that there is iron in the blood,
And I believe it. Not one word ? Not one ?

Whence drew you this steel temper? Not from me, 215
Not from your mother, now a saint with saints.
She said you had a heart—I heard her say it—
“Our Ida has a heart”—just ere she died—
“But see that some one with authority
Be near her still.” And I—I sought for one— 220
All people said she had authority—
The Lady Blanche. Much profit! Not one word;
No! tho’ your father sues. See how you stand
Stiff as Lot’s wife, and all the good knights maim’d,—
I trust that there is no one hurt to death, 225
For your wild whim. And was it then for this,
Was it for this we gave our palace up,
Where we withdrew from summer heats and state,
And had our wine and chess beneath the planes,
And many a pleasant hour with her that’s gone, 230
Ere you were born to vex us? Is it kind?
Speak to her, I say. Is this not she of whom,
When first she came, all flush’d you said to me,
Now had you got a friend of your own age,
Now could you share your thought; now should men see 235
Two women faster welded in one love
Than pairs of wedlock? she you walk’d with, she
You talk’d with, whole nights long, up in the tower,
Of sine and arc, spheroid and azimuth,
And right ascension, Heaven knows what; and now 240
A word, but one, one little kindly word,
Not one to spare her. Out upon you, flint!
You love nor her, nor me, nor any. Nay,
You shame your mother’s judgment too. Not one?
You will not? Well—no heart have you, or such 245
As fancies like the vermin in a nut

And trust, not love, you less.

And now, O Sire,
Grant me your son, to nurse, to wait upon him,
Like mine own brother. For my debt to him, 280
This nightmare weight of gratitude, I know it;
Taunt me no more. Yourself and yours shall have
Free adit. We will scatter all our maids
Till happier times each to her proper hearth.
What use to keep them here—now? Grant my prayer. 285
Help, father, brother, help; speak to the king.
Thaw this male nature to some touch of that
Which kills me with myself, and drags me down
From my fix'd height to mob me up with all
The soft and milky rabble of womankind, 290
Poor weakling ev'n as they are.'

Passionate tears
Follow'd. The king replied not. Cyril said:
'Your brother, Lady,—Florian,—ask for him
Of your great Head—for he is wounded too—
That you may tend upon him with the Prince.' 295
'Ay, so,' said Ida with a bitter smile,
'Our laws are broken; let him enter too.'
Then Violet, she that sang the mournful song,
And had a cousin tumbled on the plain,
Petition'd too for him. 'Ay, so,' she said, 300
'I stagger in the stream; I cannot keep
My heart an eddy from the brawling hour.
We break our laws with ease, but let it be.'
'Ay, so?' said Blanche: 'Amazed am I to hear
Your Highness. But your Highness breaks with ease 305
The law your Highness did not make: 't was I.
I had been wedded wife, I knew mankind,

And block'd them out. But these men came to woo
Your Highness—verily I think to win.'

So she, and turn'd askance a wintry eye. 310
But Ida, with a voice that, like a bell
Toll'd by an earthquake in a trembling tower,
Rang ruin, answer'd full of grief and scorn:

'Fling our doors wide! All, all, not one, but all,
Not only he, but by my mother's soul, 315
Whatever man lies wounded, friend or foe,
Shall enter, if he will! Let our girls flit,
Till the storm die! But had you stood by us,
The roar that breaks the Pharos from his base
Had left us rock. She fain would sting us too, 320
But shall not. Pass, and mingle with your likes.
We brook no further insult, but are gone.'

She turn'd; the very nape of her white neck
Was rosed with indignation. But the Prince
Her brother came; the king her father charm'd 325
Her wounded soul with words. Nor did mine own
Refuse her proffer, lastly gave his hand.

Then us they lifted up, dead weights, and bare
Straight to the doors. To them the doors gave way
Groaning, and in the Vestal entry shriek'd 330
The virgin marble under iron heels.
And on they moved and gain'd the hall, and there
Rested. But great the crush was, and each base,
To left and right, of those tall columns drown'd
In silken fluctuation and the swarm 335
Of female whisperers. At the further end

Was Ida by the throne, the two great cats
Close by her, like supporters on a shield,
Bow-back'd with fear. But in the centre stood
The common men with rolling eyes. Amazed 340
They glared upon the women, and aghast
The women stared at these, all silent, save
When armor clash'd or jingled, while the day,
Descending, struck athwart the hall, and shot
A flying splendor out of brass and steel, 345
That o'er the statues leapt from head to head,
Now fired an angry Pallas on the helm,
Now set a wrathful Dian's moon on flame ;
And now and then an echo started up,
And shuddering fled from room to room, and died 350
Of fright in far apartments.

Then the voice
Of Ida sounded, issuing ordinance.
And me they bore up the broad stairs, and thro'
The long-laid galleries past a hundred doors
To one deep chamber shut from sound, and due 355
To languid limbs and sickness ; left me in it.
And others elsewhere they laid. And all
That afternoon a sound arose of hoof
And chariot, many a maiden passing home
Till happier times. But some were left of those 360
Held sagest, and the great lords out and in,
From those two hosts that lay beside the walls,
Walk'd at their will, and everything was chang'd.

Ask me no more : the moon may draw the sea ;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape ;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee ?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : what answer should I give?
 I love not hollow cheek or faded eye :
 Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die !
 Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live ;
 Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : thy fate and mine are seal'd :
 I strove against the stream and all in vain :
 Let the great river take me to the main :
 No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield ;
 Ask me no more.

VII.

So was their sanctuary violated,
 So their fair college turn'd to hospital ;
 At first with all confusion. By and by
 Sweet order liv'd again with other laws.
 A kindlier influence reign'd ; and everywhere 5
 Low voices with the ministering hand
 Hung round the sick. The maidens came, they talk'd,
 They sang, they read : till she not fair began
 To gather light, and she that was became
 Her former beauty treble ; and to and fro 10
 With books, with flowers, with angel offices,
 Like creatures native unto gracious act,
 And in their own clear element, they moved.

But sadness on the soul of Ida fell,
 And hatred of her weakness, blent with shame. 15
 Old studies fail'd ; seldom she spoke ; but oft
 Clomb to the roofs, and gazed alone for hours
 On that disastrous leaguer, swarms of men
 Darkening her female field. Void was her use,
 And she as one that climbs a peak to gaze 20

O'er land and main, and sees a great black cloud
Drag inward from the deeps, a wall of night,
Blot out the slope of sea from verge to shore,
And suck the blinding splendor from the sand,
And quenching lake by lake and tarn by tarn 25
Expunge the world: so fared she gazing there;
So blacken'd all her world in secret, blank
And waste it seem'd and vain; till down she came,
And found fair peace once more among the sick.

And twilight dawn'd; and morn by morn the lark 30
Shot up and shrill'd in flickering gyres, but I
Lay silent in the muffled cage of life.
And twilight gloom'd; and broader-grown the bowers
Drew the great night into themselves, and Heaven,
Star after star, arose and fell. But I, 35
Deeper than those weird doubts could reach me, lay
Quite sunder'd from the moving Universe,
Nor knew what eye was on me, nor the hand
That nurs'd me, more than infants in their sleep.

But Psyche tended Florian. With her oft 40
Melissa came; for Blanche had gone, but left
Her child among us, willing she should keep
Court-favor. Here and there the small bright head,
A light of healing, glanc'd about the couch,
Or thro' the parted silks the tender face 45
Peep'd, shining in upon the wounded man
With blush and smile, a medicine in themselves
To wile the length from languorous hours, and draw
The sting from pain. Nor seem'd it strange that soon
He rose up whole, and those fair-charities 50
Join'd at her side. Nor stranger seem'd that hearts

So gentle, so employ'd, should close in love,
Than when two dewdrops on the petal shake
To the same sweet air, and tremble deeper down,
And slip at once all-fragrant into one. 55

Less prosperously the second suit obtain'd
At first with Psyche. Not tho' Blanche had sworn
That after that dark night among the fields
She needs must wed him for her own good name ;
Not tho' he built upon the babe restored ; 60
Nor tho' she liked him, yielded she, but fear'd
To incense the Head once more ; till on a day
When Cyril pleaded, Ida came behind
Seen but of Psyche. On her foot she hung
A moment, and she heard, at which her face 65
A little flush'd, and she pass'd on ; but each
Assum'd from thence a half-consent involv'd
In stillness, plighted troth, and were at peace.

Nor only these : Love in the sacred halls
Held carnival at will, and flying struck 70
With showers of random sweet on maid and man.
Nor did her father cease to press my claim,
Nor did mine own now reconciled ; nor yet
Did those twin brothers, ris'n again and whole ;
Nor Arac, satiate with his victory. 75

But I lay still, and with me oft she sat.
Then came a change ; for sometimes I would catch
Her hand in wild delirium, gripe it hard,
And fling it like a viper off, and shriek,
' You are not Ida ; ' clasp it once again, 80
And call her Ida, tho' I knew her not,

And call her sweet, as if in irony,
And call her hard and cold, which seem'd a truth.
And still she fear'd that I should lose my mind,
And often she believ'd that I should die : 85
Till out of long frustration of her care,
And pensive tendance in the all-weary noons,
And watches in the dead, the dark, when clocks
Throbb'd thunder thro' the palace floors, or call'd
On flying Time from all their silver tongues— 90
And out of memories of her kindlier days,
And sidelong glances at my father's grief,
And at the happy lovers heart in heart—
And out of hauntings of my spoken love,
And lonely listenings to my mutter'd dream, 95
And often feeling of the helpless hands,
And wordless broodings on the wasted cheek—
From all a closer interest flourish'd up,
Tenderness touch by touch, and last, to these,
Love, like an Alpine harebell hung with tears 100
By some cold morning glacier ; frail at first
And feeble, all unconscious of itself,
But such as gather'd color day by day.

Last I woke sane, but well-nigh close to death
For weakness. It was evening : silent light 105
Slept on the painted walls, wherein were wrought
Two grand designs ; for on one side arose
The women up in wild revolt, and storm'd
At the Oppian law. Titanic shapes, they cramm'd
The forum, and half-crush'd among the rest 110
A dwarf-like Cato cower'd. On the other side
Hortensia spoke against the tax ; behind,
A train of dames. By axe and eagle sat,

With all their foreheads drawn in Roman scowls,
And half the wolf's-milk curdled in their veins, 115
The fierce triumvirs ; and before them paus'd
Hortensia, pleading. Angry was her face.

I saw the forms ; I knew not where I was.
They did but look like hollow shows ; nor more
Sweet Ida. Palm to palm she sat ; the dew 120
Dwelt in her eyes, and softer all her shape
And rounder seem'd. I moved ; I sigh'd. A touch
Came round my wrist, and tears upon my hand.
Then all for languor and self-pity ran
Mine down my face, and with what life I had, 125
And like a flower that cannot all unfold,
So drench'd it is with tempest, to the sun,
Yet, as it may, turns toward him, I on her
Fix'd my faint eyes, and utter'd whisperingly :

'If you be, what I think you, some sweet dream, 130
I would but ask you to fulfil yourself.
But if you be that Ida whom I knew,
I ask you nothing ; only, if a dream,
Sweet dream, be perfect. I shall die to-night.
Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I die.' 135

I could no more, but lay like one in trance,
That hears his burial talk'd of by his friends,
And cannot speak, nor move, nor make one sign,
But lies and dreads his doom. She turn'd ; she paus'd ;
She stoop'd ; and out of languor leapt a cry ; 140
Leapt fiery Passion from the brinks of death ;
And I believ'd that in the living world
My spirit closed with Ida's at the lips ;

Till back I fell, and from mine arms she rose
Glowing all over noble shame. And all 145
Her falser self slipp'd from her like a robe,
And left her woman, lovelier in her mood
Than in her mould that other, when she came
From barren deeps to conquer all with love ;
And down the streaming crystal dropp'd ; and she 150
Far-fleeted by the purple island-sides,
Naked, a double light in air and wave,
To meet her Graces, where they deck'd her out
For worship without end ; nor end of mine,
Stateliest, for thee ! But mute she glided forth, 155
Nor glanc'd behind her, and I sank and slept,
Fill'd thro' and thro' with love, a happy sleep.

Deep in the night I woke ; she, near me, held
A volume of the Poets of her land.
There to herself, all in low tones, she read. 160

‘ Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white ;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk ;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font :
The fire-fly wakens : waken thou with me.

‘ Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost, 165
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

‘ Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

‘ Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me. 170

‘ Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake :
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.’

I heard her turn the page ; she found a small 175
Sweet Idyl, and once more, as low, she read .

‘Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height.
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),
In height and cold, the splendor of the hills ?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease 180
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire.
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him ; by the happy threshold, he, 185
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine ; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the Silver Horns.
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine, 190
Nor find him dropp’d upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors.
But follow ; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley ; let the wild 195
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air.
So waste not thou ; but come ; for all the vales 200
Await thee ; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee ; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet ;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro’ the lawn, 205
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.’

So she low-toned ; while with shut eyes I lay
Listening, then look’d. Pale was the perfect face ;
The bosom with long sighs labor’d ; and meek 210
Seem’d the full lips, and mild the luminous eyes,

And the voice trembled and the hand. She said
Brokenly, that she knew it, she had fail'd
In sweet humility ; had fail'd in all ;
That all her labor was but as a block 215
Left in the quarry. But she still were loth,
She still were loth to yield herself to one
That wholly scorn'd to help their equal rights
Against the sons of men and barbarous laws.
She pray'd me not to judge their cause from her 220
That wrong'd it, sought far less for truth than power
In knowledge : something wild within her breast,
A greater than all knowledge, beat her down.
And she had nurs'd me there from week to week.
Much had she learn'd in little time. In part 225
It was ill counsel had misled the girl
To vex true hearts. Yet was she but a girl—
' Ah fool, and made myself a queen of farce !
When comes another such ? Never, I think,
Till the sun drop, dead, from the signs.'

Her voice 230

Choked, and her forehead sank upon her hands,
And her great heart thro' all the faultful past
Went sorrowing in a pause I dared not break ;
Till notice of a change in the dark world
Was lisp'd about the acacias, and a bird, 235
That early woke to feed her little ones,
Sent from a dewy breast a cry for light.
She moved, and at her feet the volume fell.

' Blame not thyself too much,' I said, ' nor blame
Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws : 240
These were the rough ways of the world till now.
Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know

The woman's cause is man's. They rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free.
For she that out of Lethe scales with man 245
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—
If she be small, slight-natur'd, miserable,
How shall men grow? But work no more alone! 250
Our place is much. As far as in us lies
We two will serve them both in aiding her—
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag her down—
Will leave her space to burgeon out of all 255
Within her—let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undevelop'd man,
But diverse. Could we make her as the man, 260
Sweet Love were slain. His dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height, 265
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world:
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words. 270
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities, 275

But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men ;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm ;
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
May these things be ! '

Sighing she spoke. ' I fear 280
They will not. '

' Dear, but let us type them now
In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest
Of equal ; seeing either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal, nor unequal. Each fulfils 285
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-cell'd heart beating, with one full stroke,
Life. '

And again sighing she spoke. ' A dream 290
That once was mine ! What woman taught you this ? '

' Alone, ' I said, ' from earlier than I know,
Immers'd in rich foreshadowings of the world,
I lov'd the woman. He, that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self, 295
Or pines in sad experience worse than death,
Or keeps his wing'd affections clipp'd with crime.
Yet was there one thro' whom I lov'd her, one
Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants, 300
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipp'd
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men,
Who look'd all native to her place, and yet

On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere 305
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother ! Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high 310
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay.'

' But I,'

Said Ida, tremulously, 'so all unlike—
It seems you love to cheat yourself with words :
This mother is your model. I have heard 315
Of your strange doubts. They well might be : I seem
A mockery to my own self. Never, Prince ;
You cannot love me.'

' Nay, but thee,' I said,
' From yearlong poring on thy pictur'd eyes,
Ere seen I lov'd, and lov'd thee seen, and saw 320
Thee woman thro' the crust of iron moods
That mask'd thee from men's reverence up, and forc'd
Sweet love on pranks of saucy boyhood. Now,
Giv'n back to life, to life indeed, thro' thee,
Indeed I love. The new day comes, the light 325
Dearer for night, as dearer thou for faults
Liv'd over. Lift thine eyes : my doubts are dead,
My haunting sense of hollow shows ; the change,
This truthful change in thee has kill'd it. Dear,
Look up, and let thy nature strike on mine, 330
Like yonder morning on the blind half-world.
Approach and fear not ; breathe upon my brows.
In that fine air I tremble, all the past
Melts mist-like into this bright hour, and this
Is morn to more, and all the rich to-come 335

Reels, as the golden autumn woodland reels
Athwart the smoke of burning weeds. Forgive me,
I waste my heart in signs : let be. My bride,
My wife, my life ! O we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end, 340
And so thro' those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee : come,
Yield thyself up. My hopes and thine are one.
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself ;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.' 345

CONCLUSION.

So closed our tale, of which I give you all
The random scheme as wildly as it rose.
The words are mostly mine ; for when we ceas'd
There came a minute's pause, and Walter said,
' I wish she had not yielded ! ' Then to me, 5
' What if you dress'd it up poetically ! '
So pray'd the men, the women. I gave assent :
Yet how to bind the scatter'd scheme of seven
Together in one sheaf ? What style could suit ?
The men required that I should give throughout 10
The sort of mock-heroic gigantesque,
With which we banter'd little Lilia first.
The women—and perhaps they felt their power,
For something in the ballads which they sang,
Or in their silent influence as they sat, 15
Had ever seem'd to wrestle with burlesque,
And drove us, last, to quite a solemn close—
They hated banter, wish'd for something real,
A gallant fight, a noble princess—why

Not make her true-heroic—true-sublime? 20
Or all, they said, as earnest as the close?
Which yet with such a framework scarce could be.
Then rose a little feud betwixt the two,
Betwixt the mockers and the realists ;
And I, betwixt them both, to please them both, 25
And yet to give the story as it rose,
I moved as in a strange diagonal,
And maybe neither pleas'd myself nor them.

But Lilia pleas'd me, for she took no part
In our dispute. The sequel of the tale 30
Had touch'd her ; and she sat, she pluck'd the grass,
She flung it from her, thinking. Last, she fix'd
A showery glance upon her aunt, and said,
'You—tell us what we are'—who might have told,
For she was cramm'd with theories out of books, 35
But that there rose a shout. The gates were closed
At sunset, and the crowd were swarming now,
To take their leave, about the garden rails.

So I and some went out to these. We climb'd
The slope to Vivian-place, and turning saw 40
The happy valleys, half in light, and half
Far-shadowing from the west, a land of peace ;
Gray halls alone among their massive groves ;
Trim hamlets ; here and there a rustic tower
Half-lost in belts of hop and breadths of wheat ; 45
The shimmering glimpses of a stream ; the seas ;
A red sail, or a white ; and far beyond,
Imagin'd more than seen, the skirts of France.

'Look there, a garden !' said my college friend,
The Tory member's elder son, 'and there ! 50

God bless the narrow sea which keeps her off,
And keeps our Britain, whole within herself,
A nation yet, the rulers and the rul'd—
Some sense of duty, something of a faith,
Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made, 55
Some patient force to change them when we will,
Some civic manhood firm against the crowd—
But yonder, whiff! There comes a sudden heat,
The gravest citizen seems to lose his head,
The king is scared, the soldier will not fight, 60
The little boys begin to shoot and stab,
A kingdom topples over with a shriek
Like an old woman, and down rolls the world
In mock heroics stranger than our own;
Revolts, republics, revolutions, most 65
No graver than a schoolboys' barring out;
Too comic for the solemn things they are,
Too solemn for the comic touches in them,
Like our wild Princess with as wise a dream
As some of theirs—God bless the narrow seas! 70
I wish they were a whole Atlantic broad.'

'Have patience,' I replied, 'ourselves are full
Of social wrong; and maybe wildest dreams
Are but the needful preludes of the truth.
For me, the genial day, the happy crowd, 75
The sport half-science, fill me with a faith.
This fine old world of ours is but a child
Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time
To learn its limbs: there is a hand that guides.'

In such discourse we gain'd the garden rails, 80
'And there we saw Sir Walter where he stood,

Before a tower of crimson holly-oaks,
 Among six boys, head under head, and look'd
 No little lily-handed baronet he,
 A great broad-shoulder'd genial Englishman, 85
 A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,
 A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
 A patron of some thirty charities,
 A pamphleteer on guano and on grain,
 A quarter-sessions chairman, abler none ; 90
 Fair-hair'd and redder than a windy morn ;
 Now shaking hands with him, now him, of those
 That stood the nearest—now address'd to speech—
 Who spoke few words and pithy, such as closed
 Welcome, farewell, and welcome for the year 95
 To follow. A shout rose again, and made
 The long line of the approaching rookery swerve.
 From the elms, and shook the branches of the deer
 From slope to slope thro' distant ferns, and rang
 Beyond the bourn of sunset ; O, a shout 100
 More joyful than the city-roar that hails
 Premier or king ! Why should not these great Sirs
 Give up their parks some dozen times a year
 To let the people breathe ? So thrice they cried,
 I likewise, and in groups they stream'd away. 105

But we went back to the Abbey, and sat on,
 So much the gathering darkness charm'd. We sat
 But spoke not, rapt in nameless reverie,
 Perchance upon the future man. The walls
 Blacken'd about us, bats wheel'd, and owls whoop'd, 110
 And gradually the powers of the night,
 That range above the region of the wind,
 Deepening the courts of twilight broke them up

Thro' all the silent spaces of the worlds,
Beyond all thought into the Heaven of Heavens.

115

Last little Lilia, rising quietly,
Disrobed the glimmering statue of Sir Ralph
From those rich silks, and home well-pleas'd we went.

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Single quotation-marks indicate suggestive paraphrases or equivalences of given text meanings. Line and stanza references to other poems of the author are made to the complete edition of 1899. Question paragraphs follow divisions of the text.

NOTES AND ANALYTIC QUESTIONS

PROLOGUE.

1 *Sir Walter Vivian.* Mr. Henry Lushington was doubtless here, as a type of the English gentleman, more or less in the author's mind. "The scene of the opening, I am informed, was Maidstone Park, where in 1844 a festival of the Mechanics' Institution was held under the patronage of Mr. Lushington. Tennyson was himself present on a brilliantly sunny day, the crowd amounting to between one and two thousand people. My informant, who was present on the occasion, tells me that the poet's description of the scene exactly tallies with his own memory of the day's proceedings. The dedication to Henry Lushington is also interesting, since it was probably the outcome of the poet's visit to his friend at the time when he was reconsidering the poem for its second edition."—*Waugh*.

2 *Lawns.* "Natural pasture-land or untilled glade, such as contributes so much to the charm of an English country gentleman's park."—*Wallace*. Very different from "lawn," or *garden lawn* (cf. l. 95, below).

9 *We were seven.* Of course Tennyson must have been aware that he was echoing one of Wordsworth's titles. There are seven cantos of the coming poem to be accounted for, and each representative of the "set" is to be responsible for one.

11 *Greek.* Shaped somewhat like a Greek temple, with high pillars in front. Houses are now seldom built in this style, but were common in England a hundred years or more ago. Tennyson refers apparently (cf. *Memoir*, I., p. 182) to the home of the Lushingtons, which was called Park House.

13 *Pavement.* Floor of the hall, laid in squares of stone.

14 *Stones of the Abbey-ruin.* Elaborate scrolls or figures saved from the Abbey-ruin about to be described.

1 (a) Why did not the author, who was not above accepting a patent of nobility for himself, make this Walter a Duke, or at least an Earl? (b) Would that have pleased English readers generally, or yourself, as well? Why? (c) What changes are needed to reduce the first line to prose? (d) What, to make prose of the second line?

2 (a) Why does the author put *me* (l. 10) out of its place, and thus mar the naturalness of the line? (b) Is *of all heavens* (l. 12) poetry of the sublime or of the beautiful? (c) How would *of all zones, of all climes*,

15 *Ammonites*. Fossil shells, shaped somewhat like the nautilus, but highly ornamented with knobs, spines, and foliated figures. Specimens have been found measuring as much as four feet in diameter.

17 *Celts*. Prehistoric implements of bronze or stone, shaped like a chisel or a hatchet.

18 *Claymore*. A large two-edged and two-handed broadsword, once the weapon of the Scottish Highlanders.

19 *Sandal*. A fragrant wood from the Orient, used as material for carved fans and ornaments.

20 *Ivory sphere in sphere*. Chinese ivory balls, carved with great deftness, one within another, in a definite series.

21 *Curs'd Malayan crease*. A long dagger with a waved blade, called "cursed" because of its use, in running amuck, by crazed Malaysians.

25 *Agincourt*. The village near which the French, in 1415, were signally routed by Henry V.

26 *Ascalon*. An important seaport of Palestine, during the Crusades. Richard Cœur de Lion captured it by his defeat of Saladin in 1192.

of all lands, severally answer, if substituted for it? (d) What exactly does *first bones of Time* (l. 15) mean? Is the figure spiritually true? (e) Do you imagine Sir Walter would have approved his guest's judgment in *jumbled* (l. 17)? (f) Do you take it that there was absolutely no plan, no principle of arrangement? (g) Would it apparently have suited the person in whose stead the author pretends to speak in this Prologue, if all the articles in the hall were labelled, and arranged as in an actual museum? Would it have pleased you better? (h) What does the fact of a home of such architecture, "set with busts" outside, argue with respect to the taste and culture of its founder or its head? (i) Again, what sort of mind has ordered this use (ll. 11-22) of the "hall" as a conservatory, and a museum of scientific curios, combined? (j) To what use, properly, generally, is such a hall, hung (ll. 23, 24) with ancestral armor, put? (k) Would you be likely to find such a hall, put to such a use, in Germany or France? (l) Show why the generic singular in *claymore and snow-shoe* (l. 18) is more to the "poetic" purpose than *claymores and snow-shoes* would have been. (m) Is *toys in lava* more poetic than *toys of, or wrought from, lava*? (n) Are you pleased, in reference to its sense here, with the word *orient* (l. 20)? Is there any such thing as *occidental ivory*? (o) Why did Tennyson choose the corresponding word? (p) What, on reading the syllables slowly, does the line signify in sound? (q) What is implied in "*higher on the walls*"? (r) How can a man with such ancestors and such traditions be only a baronet or knight? (s) When was the order of Baronets instituted?

3 (a) Was Walter's *this* (l. 25) unaccompanied by further sign as to the object meant? (b) Is there any point in the fact that Walter makes no comment, except now, concerning Hugh and Sir Ralph and their armor? Is there any point in the great familiarity of the reference? (c) What does he mean by *keep* a chronicle (l. 27)? Did Walter produce

- 35 *Miracle of women.* One who, seemingly, could have been constituted what she was, in comparison with other women, only by miracle.
 36 *Strait-besieg'd.* Rigorously invested by an army.
 50 *Rapt.* Enraptured, transported.
 55 *Pasture.* Cf. "broad lawns," l. 2 above.
 56 *Happy faces and with holiday.* 'Faces happy with holiday,' an hendiadys.
 59 *Facts.* More technically, 'with experiments.'
 60 *On the slope.* From further up the hillside.
 63 *Steep-up.* Straight-up; an expression borrowed perhaps from Shakespeare.
 64 *Wisp.* Will-o'-the-wisp.
 74 *Fire-balloon.* A balloon filled with hot air, furnished by a flaming ball attached beneath.

it apparently from some place distant or difficult of access? (d) What propriety in saying *dived* (l. 29)? (e) Was it civil for one of the guests to become thus oblivious of the rest, and of the attentions his host is showing? (f) Is it possible to *dive* into a *hoard*? Is not this mixed metaphor? (g) Is *died* (l. 31) to be understood as the result of 'laying about them at their wills'? (h) What is the full meaning of the line? (i) What significant, vital element in the figure *mix'd* (l. 32)? (j) What did the lady do that calls specifically and interpretatively for this idea?

4 (a) How can we tell when there is force in a man's talk or speech-making? Is there always force in the mind when there is in diction? What makes the force in the mind? (b) Is there organic force in ll. 35-48 of the present paragraph? (c) If this lady were some veritable Joan of Arc, who had led a sortie and a charge, would the whole read differently? (d) How is the extraordinary strength of character in this heroine imaginatively measured to us,—by inspiring resistance to the siege, by 'arming her own fair head,' or by 'sallying thro' the gate,' or at the head of her troops 'falling on her enemies like a thunderbolt,' trampling them under foot and crushing them in Napoleonic fashion? (e) Is there anything in what she did unwomanly and extreme? (f) If there were something unsexed, fatally truculent and masculine to be inaugurated in the after-poem, would or would not this episode tend to forestall repellant impressions? (g) What words are stressed in ll. 38, 39? Do all of these usually receive such stress? (h) What is suggested to you by *brake* (l. 42), in both form and idea, as well as in the fact that the line begins with stress? (i) What words have emphasis in the last line of the paragraph?

5 (a) Is *sang* (l. 49) phrasing, or interpretative (cf. p. lii) here? (b) How does it chance that the college boys and Lilia and her girl friends are not, on this picnicking morning, already together? Is it or is it not probably the boys' fault? (c) Is there any point in the fact that the strong-minded Aunt Elizabeth is thought of and mentioned (cf. ll. 51, 52, and 96, 97), rather than the young ladies, first? Is it more

76 *Fairy parachute*. Parachute adapted, in size, for the descent of fairies.

86 *Soldier-laddie*. The tune of the Scotch song, beginning

“My soger laddie is over the sea,
And he will bring gold and siller to me.”

87 *Ambrosial*. Fragrant as the ambrosia of the Greek divinities.

89 *Smacking of the time*. Having the flavor of the age, industrial, practical.

93 *Time and frost*. From frost operating through long time; hendiadys again.

Gave. Afforded a view of; a Gallicism.

95 *The sword was trim*. Shaded by the walls, the grass was tender and even, like the kept lawn of a city mansion. Cf. l. 2, and note.

98 *Seats*. ‘Halls,’ or country residences, like this of Sir Walter Vivian,—or of the Lushingtons, just described.

usual for collegians like these, young, of good families, accustomed to gay society, to have their minds upon the duenna, only, taking the bevy of young ladies for granted, or the reverse? (*d*) Is it or is it not conceivable that some strong-mindedness on Lilia’s part may have hindered the haste of these young men? (*e*) Was the chronicle probably a small book? (*f*) What does the fact that the speaker takes along this book, *with his finger in it*, imaginatively measure—is it mood, or character, or both? (*g*) Why should the sight, even to one who comes from viewing armor, and listening to feudal legends, seem strange? (*h*) Is l. 55 truly interpretative, or phrasing? (*i*) Why (l. 58) “leaders”? (*j*) What sort of an interpretative clause begins (l. 66) with “Echo”? (*k*) Why, on the way to the Abbey, should the author detain us so long over an unpoetic, even a common, scene? (*l*) What, as one mentally reviews the paragraph, furnishes the bulk of the impressions? (*m*) In feudal times what was the condition of the class represented by this “multitude”? (*n*) Who are the servants here? (*o*) What is the effect of introducing science thus, after the feudalistic and legendary paragraphs preceding, and before the abbey scene immediately to follow,—is it to make the mediævalism seem by contrast more romantic? (*p*) How would the effect of the whole have been different if all the experiments had been left out? (*q*) Which seems more native to the mind, science or romance? (*r*) Which will furnish the ballast for our aerial voyage in this poem?

6 (*a*) Do we ever “gaze” at repulsive things and scenes? (*b*) With what do the young men satiate themselves? (*c*) From what century must an abbey of finest Gothic date? (*d*) Why has the author so shaped the ruins as now to give the park, the crowd, the house, and indeed turned us square about so as to view them? (*e*) Why does the author (l. 98) make Ralph himself as of the company, yet immediately explain that there was only his statue? (*f*) Does the author mean (l. 101) to imply that if Lilia had not been so young and undeveloped, she would not have wound the effigy? (*g*) What is implied in the fact Aunt Eliza

108 *This fair day for text.* The altruism of the leaders, and the interest of the crowd, make the occasion "fair" to all serious-minded folk. It augurs great social advancement for the common people, and this the aunt, in spite of the youthfulness of her audience, insists on holding forth about immediately.

110 *Unworthier.* As less interested in sociological matters, but bent on fun.

111, 112 "Spikes and bars are respectively on the walls of the College garden and in the windows of the students' rooms."—*Wallace.*

113 *Breath'd.* Got out of breath by leading in a fruitless chase.

Proctor's dogs. "The 'Proctor' is the University official charged with the superintendence of discipline; when on his rounds of inspection he is attended by servants, familiarly known as 'bull-dogs,' who at his orders pursue and arrest any undergraduate who will not obey his summons."—*Wallace.*

115 *Honeying.* Making himself as agreeable to his titled pupil as honey is to the taste of everybody; a figure indicative of degree.

116 *Master.* "The title most commonly borne by the head of a Cambridge College."—*Wallace.*

116, 117 'At heart a rogue, but covering his real character by solemnly preaching ethic and religious theories.'

119 *Lady-clad.* Made a lady by clothing.

beth's party is already seated or reclining, for lunch, about the time of day? (*h*) Do you imagine that the young men were or were not expected earlier? (*i*) Why probably did not the maiden aunt wait for them? (*j*) Why is it significant that Aunt Elizabeth begins to preach *immediately*, and of what is it significant? (*k*) Why should not the young men hesitate to begin stories, right after this, of probably not overrefined college pranks? (*l*) How many out of the seven have been in scrapes? (How many are there who go larking later, in the poem proper?) (*m*) How many subjects or topics of interest are touched upon in this paragraph? (*n*) Is the paragraph wanting in unity?

7 (*a*) Does the author mean (l. 118) to imply that he took or did not take part in the story-telling? (*b*) What character discerned herein? (*c*) Is this inadvertent, or did the author perhaps intend characterization here? (*d*) Can you see any reason why the author is at such pains to give us all the steps leading to his reading of the tale (ll. 35-48) beforehand? (*e*) Do you imagine that the poet's praising (l. 124) was much echoed by the other collegians or anybody? Why? (*f*) What does the author mean by *nobleness*? (*g*) Why could not the young men make shift to start a conversation with less shop in it—are the "lady friends" (l. 97) bashful perhaps? Or what spell is on the company? (*h*) Is it explainable that Lilia (ll. 125, 126) does not attempt to play the hostess to anybody, but keeps by her brother? (*i*) Is it explainable that, when Lilia speaks, the unit of presentation lengthens?

128 *Convention.* 'Prescriptive, conventional restraints.'

129 *But bringing up.* 'Nothing but habituation to inactive and dependent modes of living.' Some of the earlier advocates of woman's rights were inclined to ignore the physical limitations of her sex, and even insist that man might be without difficulty overmatched in any field. Evidently Lilia has been in contact with teaching of this kind.

134 The author thus forestalls in some measure the unplausibleness of the story soon to follow.

138 *Play'd the patron.* Patted her hair in a teasing, challenging, patronizing mood. Walter knows well enough what sort of answer will be forthcoming, and tries to aggravate it.

141 *Dowagers.* Rich widows of rank.

Deans. Officers who enforce discipline in an English University.

144 *Rich as Emperor-moths.* That is, in color; prefigurative of the daffodil and lilac gowns and hoods, of Blanche and Psyche, in the poem proper.

149 *Silken-sandal'd.* Said in contrast with the strong-minded, blue-stocking sentiments of this petted patrician daughter, who knows as yet so little of the world.

150 *I would make it death.* Here put into the mouth of Lilia to forestall somewhat the truculence (II. 178) of Ida's statute.

153 *Set with little wilful thorns.* Whose nature was not all charms, being set off by little thorns of wilfulness; like the present indulgence in what she knows is unfair and extreme.

155 That is, as thickly and indiscriminately as hail comes down; a figure of degree.

8 (a) What exactly is the animus (ll. 127, 128) of Lilia's answer? (b) How does she think (l. 132) to shame her brother and his friends? (c) How much of a Cambridge education, at the time this poem was written, was accessible to English girls? (d) How was the hair (l. 138) of young women, at the time this poem was written, generally arranged?

9 (a) In what spirit is that which (l. 139) "one said smiling" uttered? (b) What is the force and equivalence here (l. 143) of *should*? (c) What do you say of the compliment (ll. 145-148) now paid to Lilia? Is it graceful? (d) What of the figure in *brood*, and *nest*, and *boys* preying on the latter? Is it exalting?

10 (a) What is really Lilia's feeling? (b) What "way" (l. 150) would she consider satisfactory and ideal?

11 (a) What character (l. 152) is discerned between the petulance and the laugh? (b) What really are the two moods thus in contention? (c) Does the banter gain or lose, in the lines following, from being uttered by a brother? (d) Could or could not Tennyson have made it come from some other person in the company? Why? (e) What artistic or other need of having it said at all? (f) What contrast between killing men and tapping with tiny silken-sandal'd foot?

156 *Ogress*. Applied of course in jocular reference to what she has said in ll. 150, 151.

161 *Lost their weeks*. "At an English University residence for a certain number of terms is necessary to render a student eligible for his degree, and residence for a certain proportion of each term (reckoned by attendance at dinner) is necessary to enable him to 'count' that term."—*Wallace*.

176 *Stay'd up*. That is, at the University (Cambridge), instead of going home for the Holidays.

To read. 'To study.'

179, 180 They did not find it so easy to carry out their resolution, when the days they had usually spent so delightfully at home came on. Their mathematics tutor was paid for his services, but they did not give him anything to do.

181 *Cloisters*. "Originally, 'enclosures'; here, as generally, the covered arcades or broad corridors that run around the interior of a College quadrangle."—*Wallace*.

182 *Long walks*. "Avenues of trees such as that at Magdalen, known as 'Addison's Walk.'"—*Woodberry*.

183, 184 *Pledge in wassail*. Somewhat tautologic for 'drink healths abundantly or deeply.'

188 Two games, purely and quietly intellectual; in contrast with the noisy amusements spoken of (l. 192) below.

190 *That*. Namely, the last of the diversions Walter mentions. Thus the author brings around his Prologue—written doubtless after the poem proper—to account for and excuse the medley character of the whole.

192 *Magic music*. "Some hidden article is sought for by one of the company, who is partly guided in his efforts by the music of some instrument which is played fast and loud as he approaches the place of concealment, and more slowly and softly as he wanders from it."—*Wallace*.

12 (a) Why should Lilia (ll. 166–167) resort to irony? (b) What does she think is the real feeling of the college men towards their girl friends at home? (c) Why? (d) How far is her idea about it wrong?

13 (a) What do you say of the comparison (ll. 169–172) now used? Is it or is it not too literary? Does it savor too much of phrasing? (b) Is Tennyson or Walter to be held responsible for l. 178? (c) How could it be improved? (d) See if you can cast the meaning acceptably in the other interpretative form. (e) Of course the games now mentioned (ll. 186–190) are rather effeminate for boys. What does the fact that they resort to these measure to us? (f) Why has the author at such length evolved the reference to these games?

14 (a) What memories and what mood have been induced (ll. 190–192) by what Walter has told? (b) What insinuation (ll. 193, 194) does Lilia

196 *He began.* Thus Tennyson again (*cf.* ll. 28, 120) alludes to himself essentially *in propria persona*.

199 *Chimeras.* A rather sophomoric designation for 'extravanzas,' 'wildly fantastic and absurd inventions.'

Crotchets. 'Whimsical conceptions, creations.'

Solecisms. "Denotes originally an impropriety in language, then, more loosely, any incongruity or inconsistency—here a ridiculous story, such as might naturally pass from mouth to mouth during the festivities of Christmas time."—*Wallace*.

208, 209 The Aunt takes the idea too seriously; Walter affects to assume the same seriousness, but burlesques it.

211 *Like a ghostly woodpecker.* "The reference is here to the peculiar shrill and reverberating cry with which the bird calls to its mate, sounding sometimes like laughter, though plaintive and dolorous in tone."—*Wallace*. The figure has been criticized, perhaps not unjustly; though it is clearly not interpretative in kind, but, of the rapidity and intensity of the laughter-syllables, in degree.

212–214 The maiden Aunt does not relish having her suggestions turned to ridicule, but is too well-bred, or too tactful, to notice the virtual discourtesy. So she offers to modify her over-serious and over-literary idea to suit the lighter mood of the "unworthier" young folk. And thus Tennyson manages to shift somewhat of the responsibility for the seven-head chimera, now to be told, to the temper of the company and the hour.

intend? (c) Is the feeling out of which this grows probably native to her, or inspired by others?

15 (a) How far do you imagine Tennyson intended references to himself, as in l. 196, *in propria persona*? (b) Would you or would you not have liked the poem better had the author merged himself in another of the company who was not the leader, and not a poet? (c) What characterization do you perforce discern herein? (d) What artistic purpose in ll. 198–201?

16 (a) What of character is betrayed (ll. 201, 202) in Lilia's next utterance? (b) Does she mean to imply, is she aware of implying, that the antecedent conversation has been tiresome? (c) Can you see any reason why the maiden Aunt should be now, and so pointedly, heard from? (d) What characterization (ll. 203–208) in what she says? (e) How far does she seem to you the typical, how far an untypical, English lady?

17 (a) What artistic purpose (ll. 208, 209) in making Walter burlesque the Aunt's seriousness of plan? (b) Is Lilia's recognition of the absurdity in both of any use? (c) What difference in the two laughs? (d) Is the professed reconciliation of the Aunt to any extravaganza features likely, or intended, to have conciliating effect upon the reader?

18 (a) Who is made responsible for the plan of the poem about to follow? (b) Who is generally in such a case blamed, if a poem does not

219 *Epic*. That is, like the "lady" of ll. 32-34, above.

Homicidal. 'Man-slaughterer.'

221 *Each be hero*. Each to assume the role of the hero, and so fill a canto in the first person.

222 *Like shadows in a dream*; "which though one in continuity, is made up of incongruous parts, and thus not conformable to ordinary canons of composition."—Wallace.

224 *To suit with time and place*. Nineteenth-century in ideas and culture; mediæval principally in action.

CANTO I.

2 *Of temper amorous*. 'Of a temperament and nature inclining me to fall in love.' *Amorous*, like most other adjectives in English, may have either an active meaning, 'causing to be in love,' or a passive one, 'caused to be in love.' The word has of course its active meaning here.

As the first of May. 'As the beginning of May is'; a construction, it must be owned, unusually strained and harsh. The meaning is, apparently, 'My affectionate disposition prompted me as fully to love-making as the influences of spring are supposed in any case to do' (cf. *Locksley Hall*, ll. 17-20). This line serves in part to assist the characterization, and to forestall prejudice against the Prince's amorous behavior, soon to be told, towards one he has not seen.

please? (c) Should you expect, from the references here (ll. 217-220) to Lilia, to find her likeness, in some travestied shape, in the after work?

19 (a) Will the characterization of the Prince, and indeed of the Princess, be probably throughout unvarying and consistent, wrought by so many hands? (b) Does the author wish us to expect exact, artistic treatment of this sort? Show where he tells us. (c) What is the purpose in ll. 223-231, and how has the author managed to conceal it? (d) Is the *Winter's Tale* of like character with the work proposed? (e) How does the author further deprecate and forestall criticism here? (f) Does the suggestion of singing between the different cantos of the coming poem seem or not seem a sufficient excuse for the "songs"? (g) Why did they not appear in the first edition? (h) Why were they later added?

20 (a) Is the sighing of the wind (l. 238) pitched in the bass or the tenor register? (b) In what does the likeness between the notes of the linnet and woman's singing consist,—is it quality or pitch?

I.

1 (a) What characterization is effected by presenting this youth to us in ringlets, worn in "lengths" like a girl's, upon the shoulders? (b) Is the characterization one of kind, or of degree? (c) What is implied concerning the character of the mother, who permits or ordains such fashions for her son?

7 *Cast no shadow.* The evidence of extreme wizardry, and intended by the author to serve to imagination as the measure of it. A man might, however, according to mediæval notions, part with his shadow without selling his soul,—like Peter Schlemihl, in Chamisso's story of that title.

8-10 *Know the shadow from the substance.* The characteristic 'high-serious' manner in which prophecy is cast. Cf. "Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth." "Woe to the land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia, that sendeth ambassadors by the sea, even in vessels of bulrushes upon the waters, saying, Go, ye swift messengers, to a nation scattered and peeled, to a people terrible from their beginning hitherto." Cf. p. xlviii.

12 *Waking dreams.* 'Dreams in waking moments.' Of course the strange affliction was not dreaming, in daylight, with the eyes wide open, nor anything so bad as that. The phrase is said to give us an approximate idea of the unpracticalness of the visions, as in relation to the stern world of facts. The author is evidently not anxious to be specific. He might as well have characterized the "affection" as the Highlander's "second sight"; only of course that would not have reduced the Prince's responsibility, as is apparently intended, and might have idealized what the need is to degrade. As for the country had in mind, it seems as likely to have been Scotland as North Germany or Scandinavia. The reference to it in l. 3 as under the Northern star is no doubt general, like *sub septentrionibus* in Latin.

14 *Weird seizures.* 'Fits of possession by occult, unearthly powers.'

18 *The shadow of a dream.* Note how the author has advanced here from the enigmatical terms of the prophecy, through "strange affection" and "weird seizures" to this climax and outcome of the diagnosis, yet without uncovering the real character of the distemper. That it is anything very unpleasurable or bad will not be imagined. Professor Woodberry happily suggests (pp. 133, 134) that the author invests the Prince here with certain habitudes, or rather gifts, of his own mind. "The thought itself, the shadow-idea, is fundamental in Tennyson; it is persistent in all his work, it falls in with his own nature, and it has a basis in his own personality. He relates his experience [ll. 229-239] in *The Ancient Sage*."

19 *Court-Galen.* Chief physician of the kingdom, resident at court for service in the royal family. Galen (A.D. 130-200), a famous physi-

2 (a) Is *lived* (l. 5) a true figure, or mere phrasing? Show why? (b) In what spirit, to what purpose, was the sorcerer's prophecy declared? (c) Why does the author take the trouble to tell us that the sorcerer foretold thus *at dying*? (d) Exactly what does this prophecy (ll. 8-10) embody? (e) Why should it be the mother (l. 11) that is referred to and not the father? (f) What is the effect (l. 12) of *truly*? (g) Does the Prince seem to regard his gift of vision (l. 14) reverently, or otherwise? Has his mother perhaps inspired in him this feeling, or does it come

cian of Pergamos, summoned repeatedly to attend the emperors, was the chief authority in medicine till Paracelsus. The dominion exercised by Galen in the complete sphere is made to interpret in the degree way the eminence of this court physician over his fellows in his smaller world. The gilt-head cane helped make up the presence, in old days, of such a medical dignitary.

23 *Half-canonized.* 'Almost adjudged a saint by those who merely saw her face.'

25 *A king a king.* Cf. III. 136, and note.

27 *Pedant's wand.* 'Schoolmaster's rod or ferule.'

33 *Proxy-wedded.* 'Wedded through the person of a proxy.'

Bootless calf. The marriage of Maximilian of Austria with Anne of Brittany, solemnized after this fashion in 1489, is described by Bacon in the *History of King Henry VII.*: "The King having thus upheld the reputation of Maximilian, advised him now to press on his marriage with Brittain to a conclusion; which Maximilian accordingly did; and so far forth prevailed both with the young lady and with the principal persons about her, as the marriage was consummate by proxy with a ceremony at that time in these parts new. For she was not only publicly contracted, but stated as a bride, and solemnly bedded, and after she was laid, there came in Maximilian's ambassador with letters of procuration, and in the presence of sundry noble personages, men and women, put his leg (stript naked to the knee) between the espousal sheets, to the end that that ceremony might be thought to amount to a consummation and actual knowledge."—Spedding's Edition, vol. XI., pp. 153, 154. Spedding, in a note to the above, adds the information

from some other source? (*h*) Does the pawing of the beard (l. 20) indicate a baffling or a practicable case? (*i*) Do you understand that the Prince suffered the suspension of consciousness and muscular rigidity, during the "weird seizures," that catalepsy implies? (*j*) Develop, in kind and degree, the characterization implied in ll. 25, 26, and 27-30 respectively.

3 (*a*) At what age approximately, as you infer (l. 31), was the Prince betrothed? (*b*) Do you understand that there was a marriage (ll. 32, 33) at some time after the betrothal, or that only a betrothal is alluded to in the double reference? (*c*) How far will such a marriage be binding upon the Princess? (*d*) Does the Prince appear to assume (ll. 40-42) that he has other than a wooer's rights? (*e*) How will any presumption on his part, if the Princess has grown into high-spirited young womanhood, be likely to please her? (*f*) Some critics think the proxy-wedding barbarous and preposterous, and insist that it is useless and mars the poem. Can you find the author's reason for using it? (*g*) Is it not false to affirm that *murmurs* reach the court of the Prince's kingdom? (*h*) If the home of the Prince is in the North, and of the Princess in the South, what is the propriety (l. 32) in *neighboring*? (*i*) Why does the author take the trouble (l. 38) of saying *dark tress*?

that "Anne did not complete her fourteenth year till the 26th of January, 1490."

34 *Still*. 'Continually.'

36 *Puissance*. An old word, suggesting chivalrous strength of a physical sort, and so well suited to the mediæval turn that the poem takes in Canto V.

42 *Gifts*. That is, for the Princess.

To fetch her. It is plainly assumed that the chief ceremony, which must of course take place at the home court, is already despatched. Otherwise, this King and his son would have gone in person to the bride's capital.

43 *Labor of the loom*. Evidently a feminine present, a robe or mantle; though scarcely intended for the Prince's mother, who (except in V. 398) is not treated or spoken of as living.

46 *Compact*. That is, between the fathers, or the kingdoms.

48 *Maiden fancies*. Ideas and tastes that presuppose or necessitate the unmarried condition. Cf. Shakespeare's *maiden meditation* (*M. N. D.* II. i. 164).

48, 49 *Alone among her women*. Refused to allow about her the usual court-contingent of gallants and pages.

50 *Presence room*. Royal audience hall.

54 *Other heart*. *Heart*, as a name of the emotional forces, is properly active in meaning. The word is sometimes used passively, as in "dear heart," of the object of one's affections. *Heart* in the present case is similarly passive.

56 *Twinn'd*. The figure is here evidently not one of kind, since ear and eye cannot be included spiritually in the same genus. The word is used to measure the degree of sympathy between the Prince and his friend: an action or experience of the one was sure to be shared immediately by the other.

4 (a) If the Prince is already married to the Princess, why does the author imply that he is yet to wed? (b) Who seems to have moved first in the matter, the Prince, or the Prince's father? (c) Does the King, who takes the gifts, apparently turn them over to his daughter? Is there any characterization here? (d) What word in l. 46 has principal stress? (e) Does this King mean or not mean (l. 47) that the will of some certain lady is recognized by him beyond the honor of the realm? (f) Will he or will he not apparently speak to her about the matter? (g) What do you infer is the reason of what is told us in the next two lines?

5 (a) What "morning" (l. 50) is meant? (b) Why two *withs* in the next line? (c) What difference do you discern between *starts* and *burst's* as applied to character? (d) Do you understand that *moved together* means that they shared the same motives, or merely that one never went anywhere without the other?

58 *Troubled*. Muscularly tense and ridged by the energy of decision; the face being in usual moments undrawn and smooth. Cf. "troubled pool," "troubled surface of a lake," etc. Note the force of character indicated in these dark wrinkles, as in contrast with the flabby effect of Gama's smile (ll. 114, 115), below.

59 *Inflamed*. Flushed, reddened.

60 *Snow'd*. Again we have a figure not spiritually true in kind, but used, with some exaggeration, of degree. The shreds of paper did not float, but like snow flakes fell straight,—so fiercely did he dash them down.

61 *Thro' warp and woof*. That is, he tore the robe, by a single movement, if we are to believe it, diagonally, through both warp and woof. This, the fabric being new, and curiously woven, was no easy feat, and measures to imagination yet more potently the degree of rage.

64, 65 Then followed a considerable delay, no one addressing him, while he pondered variously how to be revenged.

Cooked his spleen. Nursed his rage; spared the energy of further outbursts, for action. "It has its origin in the sense of carefully watching and keeping warm which is implied in that of cooking. 'Spleen' has obtained the secondary meaning of anger from the belief of the ancients that the organ so called was the seat of that passion.—Wallace.

66 *Captains*. "Commanders, generals; as in the Bible."—Cook.

72 *Than fame*. Supply 'reports her.'

78 *Of three castles*. Of three fiefs or counties.

84 *In a strait*. In case of straits or difficulty.

85 *I grate on rusty hinges*. 'When I stir here I am but reminded of how long it is since I moved before.'

87 *Maiden fancies*. Remembered and echoed, from l. 48, in deepest irony.

90 *Wild woods*. This capital being in the North, was closely surrounded by fir and birchen forests.

93 *Dewy-tassell'd trees*. Wallace quotes the explanation of Hallam

6 (a) What was it that the king wrote (l. 60) as distinct from what the ambassadors (l. 57) "spake"? (b) Is there anything significant or explainable in the author's use of the word "ambassadors" here? (c) Does the king seem to have torn the robe more willingly or less willingly because it was female gear? (d) Why is it not some gift proper for the prince? (e) What does he mean exactly by "bring her in a whirl-wind"?

7 (a) Why (l. 67) has the Prince waited so long before speaking? (b) Why has not the father consulted the son before determining his course? (c) Where is the emphasis in *let me go*? (d) What means (l. 74) *the foreign court*? (e) Why does Cyril (l. 80) say *too*? (f) Is the king (l. 85) inclined to precipitancy (cf. l. 62) of resolution?

Tennyson,—“hung with catkins as in the hazel-wood. It was spring-time.” Cf. *In Memoriam*, LXXXVI. 6.

100, 101 The first clause here has probably been thought florid and effeminate by many readers. Perhaps Tennyson would have written it anywhere, but it is right to remember that he is speaking now in the person of a love-sick and not over-manly swain.

107 *Threaded spiders*. Spiders swung upon the threads of their webs. The young men let themselves down by ropes from the embrasures.

109 *Livelier land*. They have of course come (cf. l. 35) southward, where the vegetation is more forward and ample, and the sun stronger.

Tilth. Land under systematic cultivation.

Grange. “An outlying farm estate, with special reference to its cluster of buildings.”—*Woodberry*.

110 *Bosks of wilderness*. Wild shrubs growing thickly. Two weeks have passed since the willows at home (l. 93) were in tassel. The wild flowers are just blossoming in this more southern land.

111 *Mother-city*. ‘Metropolis’ of that kingdom.

115 *Drove his cheek in lines*. Cf. l. 58 above, and note.

116 *Without a star*. Without the usual military decorations marking valiant service, during his crownprinceship period in the field.

118 Ambassadors, according to Northern etiquette, accepted hospitality for three days; on the fourth day they made known their message. Cf. *Frithiof’s Saga*, the editor’s translation, V. 71–73.

120 Not as vain of the seal ring, though he is doubtless well pleased with it and it is much in his thoughts; the gesture is indicative rather, while warmly courteous, of mental inertia and vacuity.

121 *Ourselves*. “Elsewhere in this poem the form used of himself by a king is ‘ourself,’ as generally in Shakespeare.”—*Wallace*. This editor might have added that the Princess (cf. III. 211) uses the singular form. It is at least unfortunate that the author chooses the plural here.

8 (a) Why are the woods (l. 90) called *wild*? Is this Tennyson’s or the Prince’s word? (b) Do you discern any characterization in ll. 91–93? If so, develop it. Is it of kind or of degree? (c) How might it be fairly insisted that the Princess (l. 94) has broken troth? (d) How can lips (l. 95) look *proud*? (e) What can *shrieks* (ll. 97, 98) *of the wild woods* mean? (f) How indeed can we account for what the Prince affirms here in the last four lines?

9 (a) How should it seem that the king (l. 105) might shout from some bay-window *in the town*? (b) We note Tennyson makes this city to have had walls: is it apparent why? (c) What is the visualizing effect of (l. 111) *mother-city thick with towers*? (d) Is not the Prince’s capital such?

10 (a) What characterization (l. 113) in *cracked and small his voice*? (b) Is what the king says (ll. 121, 122) about having once been in love

122 *Compact*. King Gama is cautious again (*cf.* l. 46) in touching upon the Princess's responsibility.

126 *But*. The King's indolent ellipsis here, in his subjective helplessness, is amusing. 'But all power and influence on my part, in your behalf, have been forestalled.'

128 *Fed her theories*. 'Gave her ideas that she assimilated as it had been food.'

Out of place. They subordinated even the public fêtes to the propagandism of 'woman's rights.'

129 *Husbandry*. The term seems scarcely of Gama's choosing, hence is likely quoted. Tennyson is not always chivalrously fair to the theorists he is opposing. Would these widows have meddled with the word?

134 *Knowledge*. Evidently the passive meaning of 'intellectual attainments,' 'erudition'; not 'sapience,' 'wisdom,' which woman in large measure compasses by intuition.

136 *Lose the child*. Become unconsciously, and as it were natively, self-reliant; be their own masters. *Cf. Prol.* 133. This supercilious feeling towards "the child," reaffirmed by the Princess (III. 234-237) later on, is vital in the author's treatment of the theme. To satirize this, he makes the babe of Psyche the eventual heroine of the poem.

137 *Awful odes*. The first fruits of the attempt to outrival masculine accomplishments were sought in literature. The court judgments of their merit (ll. 143, 144) of course were flattering.

147 *Hard by your father's frontier*. The author places this summer-palace naturally enough in the northmost part of the realm, but chiefly (*cf.* IV. 384) to minimize the military action.

149 *All wild to found*. A shade less slangy perhaps than the current 'crazy to do so and so,' but scarcely to be commended in a poem of such pretensions as this one. But perhaps the responsibility (*cf.* ll. 100, 101, and note) should rest with Gama.

150 *On the spur*. A degree figure; as of a fleeing horseman keeping his weight so to speak upon his spurs.

himself to be taken as burlesque or seriously? (*c*) Why did the author make Lady Psyche and Lady Blanche to have been widows, and not maiden aunts? (*d*) What (l. 129) does *equal husbandry* really mean? (*e*) Does *equal* (l. 130) refer to physical as well as mental strength? (*f*) Does what is said in ll. 131, 132 indicate or not indicate that there were also male champions of woman's rights? (*g*) Is or is not the author descending to burlesque when he says (l. 142) the women *sang* these odes? What women sang them? When, and where? (*h*) Is anything implied as to the success of the agitation (l. 145) in *at last*? (*i*) What does the king mean (l. 148) by *easy man*? (*j*) What characterization (l. 155) in *Pardon me saying it*? (*k*) Does or does not the king distinguish between his personal and his official obligations? (*l*) Has the Princess inherited, apparently, her father's or her mother's qualities?

161 *Slur*. Pass over lightly. The Prince is of course preposterously charitable to use the word.

163, 164 *All frets but chafing me*. "All impediments serving only to aggravate my impatience. The metaphor is from ignition by friction—these delays irritated the Prince's heart into a burning excitement."—*Wallace*.

On fire. In the factitive construction; 'so as to be on fire.'

170 *The liberties*. "An English legal term for adjacent privileged territory, here used of the outskirts of the estate within which the exclusive rights granted to the Princess were exercised."—*Woodberry*.

174 *Sibilation*. A Tennysonian name of the sound produced by drawing in the breath; slowly, in a low whistle.

179 *Was he bound to speak*. That is, in protest, or information. The hostel-keeper virtually regards himself (*cf.* l. 186, "liege-lady") as a subject of the Princess.

187 *Post*. Provide relays of horses for those traveling "post."

188 *Boys*. Post-boys; postilions.

194 *High tide of feast*. At the height of the festival or entertainment.

195 *Masque or pageant*. "The masques were especially court sports, and the pageants had a more popular character. Milton's *Comus* is an example of a masque, and pageants are described in Scott's *Kenilworth*."—*Woodberry*.

201 *To guerdon*. 'To furnish the inducement for'; literally 'recompense.'

11 (a) Does the king seem (ll. 161–163) to be intentionally hoodwinking the young men? (b) Do you take it that (l. 169) the gleaming river is a great commercial highway? (c) What or where does it seem this kingdom is? (d) Does mine host (l. 171) know who the leader of this trio is? (e) What do you say of the dignity of a king's son seeking his people's queen in such a way?

12 (a) What is evidently (l. 174, 175) the hostel-keeper's feeling? (b) Has the wine abated it? (c) How should a man who has never been inside or near the college speak of or know of *rules*? (d) What does he think (l. 182) to do? (e) How did the Princess make such an impression (l. 184) upon the man? Was she disdainful? (f) Why does the author now make the host to jest thus coarsely here?

13 (a) Must it have been or not have been easy to impersonate Goddesses or Nymphs successfully? Could all young men do this? (b) Why the singular in these nouns used? (c) Why did the author (l. 3) make the Prince to have had long hair? (d) Could the host purchase *female gear* (l. 196) fit for countesses in a rustic town? (e) Does *costly bribe* (l. 200) mean money? (f) Did the disguised young men receive assistance (l. 201) apparently in getting upon their horses? (g) Why does the author make the Prince say (l. 202) *boldly*?

14 (a) Why does the author have the young men (l. 204) arrive so late? (b) What does *woman-statue* and *four winged horses* suggest?

205 *Copse.* The shrubbery of the grounds.

207 *Rose with wings.* A winged Victory,—as over man, perhaps.

209 *Cf. II. 178.*

213 *Of clocks and chimes.* Striking, just as they arrive, the hour.
Cf. I. 204.

218 *Her song.* The singing nightingale is the male (*Cf. IV. 104*), though the poets usually follow the tradition that it is feminine.

Careless of the snare. That is being set, by the presence of the intruders, for the peace and security of this little Amazonian realm.

219 *For a sign.* That the Goddess of Wisdom is at home here to the female world.

220 *Blazon'd like Heaven and Earth.* "Portrayed, the one with a map of the earth, the other with a map of the sky, called respectively terrestrial and celestial globes."—*Wallace.*

226 *Full-blown.* Not in cap and gown, but full evening dress. The college office, we note, is open after midnight.

Gave. Opened upon.

230 *Prettiest.* Why not 'prettier'?

233, 234 Interpretative of the angle, as well as the relative height, of the back-hand letters.

239 *Uranian Venus.* The heavenly or spiritual Venus, daughter of Ouranos, not the younger, grosser Love, daughter of Zeus and Dione, and mother of the bandaged Cupid.

244 *Glazed with muffled moonlight.* "Overlaid with the smooth radiance of the moon shining from behind a thin curtain of cloud."—*Wallace.*

245 *Just seen that it was rich.* "The Prince's dream is meant to show the state of his expectant mind, and reflects his first impression of the 'land of hope.'"—*Woodberry.* He sees the shore vaguely enough, but is sure he discerns the degree of the romantic richness there.

(c) Can you imagine how this street, *half garden and half house*, must have looked? (d) Can you explain why there were so many clocks?

15 (a) Is there anything distinctively feminine (ll. 219–222) about the lamps and sign? (b) What relation evidently suggested between these?

(c) Why do not these young men dismount (*cf. l. 201*) without assistance?

(d) What of mood and manners is suggested (l. 225) by *sailed*? (e) Is

there anything especially feminine (ll. 230, 231) in the inquiries the boys

make? (f) Why should an executive clerk entertain such questions?

Does she not feel that it amounts to connivance against Blanche? (g) Is the feminine enthusiasm here (*one voice, cried, l. 232*) well counterfeited?

(h) What satire in ll. 232–234?

16 (a) What rank does *ladies* (l. 235) imply? (b) What means, exactly, *your own*?

17 (a) Would a seal of the device (ll. 238–240) described be likely to impress the Princess? How? (b) Why was the letter to be sent *with dawn*? (c) What is the mood (ll. 242–245) that insistently colors the Prince's dreams?

CANTO II.

1 *Break of day.* The authorities here do not apparently insist much on sleep. Cf. I. 225, 226, and note on the latter line.

2, 3 Cf. Prologue, ll. 143-145.

8 *I first.* This sounds like Tennyson, but according to the conditions (Prol., 220, 221; also 235, 236) cannot come from the person who has given us Canto I. But cf. Conclusion, l. 3.

10 *Lucid.* Highly polished, as being newly set up; not dull as polished marble becomes with age.

11 *Awnings gay.* In visualizing contrast with the chaste marble.

13 *Muses.* It is well to know the names of these, and what each inspires to or presides over.

Graces. The three attendants upon Aphrodite: Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne.

14 *Enring'd.* 'Formed themselves into a ring about.'

18 *Board.* Not an elaborate and polished table. Cf. l. 90, below.

21 *The Princess.* Note the withholding, during generic details, of the sentence subject. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, Bk. II. 1-5.

21-23 Mars, that is, or Mercury. "The idea is that, the more nearly a planet revolved about the sun, the center of all life and light, the purer and finer and nobler [as well as more potent and commanding] might we imagine its inhabitants to be."—*Wallace*.

18 (a) What is the meter of the Song? (b) Is any effect apparent from the unlike length of the lines? (c) Is a quarrel generally settled by outside forces? (d) Must such influences be potent or the contrary? (e) Tennyson omitted ll. 6-9 tentatively, in one edition, and some critics think they should have been permanently left out. Do you think so? Why? (f) How far is the element of time requisite in such a lyric?

II.

1 (a) Is it distinctively feminine to begin (l. 1) college functions at daylight? Or is it one of the Princess's reforms? (b) If this had been a "mixed" college, would or would not the distinctive colors have been in quantity and quality such? (c) Is there any suggestion of conscious comfort or the opposite in *when these were on*? (d) Is the formality of announcing (ll. 6, 7) due to the Princess or to the supposed rank of the guests? (e) Why do the boys (ll. 8-16) note everything so closely? Have they not seen elegance before? (f) What, as to mode of life or state of mind, does the leaving of *book or lute* (l. 16) out over night signify? (g) Why are there no busts or statues of great men?

2 (a) What does *board* (l. 18) suggest as to the appointments of the room? (b) What is the Princess doing, at this early hour, with tome and paper? (c) What of the mind that expresses itself (l. 19) in pets of this size? (d) Does the Princess seem younger than the Prince?

26 *Lived thro' her.* Made up the life in her physical personality.
 27 *Her height.* Accusative of extreme limit, of the verb action.
 28 *Redound.* Large returns.
 29 *Of use and glory.* Of inward profit; of credit and fame abroad.
 30 *First fruits of the stranger.* "The first that we have attracted from outside the boundaries of our own country."—*Wallace.* *The stranger* seems to be collective, rather than the representative singular. Cf. the French *l'étranger*.

31 The confident judgment that is reached, concerning a person's merits, after his death.

36 *Climax of his age.* The highest expression of culture and character that the age has yet evolved.

38 *Your ideal.* Not 'what serves as an ideal to you,'—which would be the natural meaning, but 'the ideal that attaches to your character,' 'that is constituted in your personality;' *your* being the equivalent of a genitive of connection, or genitive subjective. Dawson thinks (*Study of the Princess*, p. 70) that Tennyson makes Cyril misspeak himself, intending to say *his* for "your." But it hardly seems likely that the author would introduce to the Princess this Cyril, the man least capable of incertitude in all the group, by such a blunder of speech.

41 *Light coin.* Not the sterling coin of real appreciation, but the counterfeit of compliment only, that betrays its falseness in clink and tinsel glitter.

44 *Child.* Said again contemptuously. Cf. I. 136, and note.

46 *Ourself.* Cf. I. 121, and note.

48 *Cast and fling.* Either would seem to do the work of both. But the Princess is probably trying to compass a stronger expression than she finds. By the omission of 'away' she thinks perhaps to compass greater force. Cf. the former verb in "cast a shoe."

52 *Justlier balanc'd.* Given more nearly their equal weight.

55 *Statutes.* College rules.

(e) What mood evidently prompts this rising (l. 27) to her height, and pronouncing formal welcome to just three persons? (f) Do you think her taller than these disguised young men?

3 (a) How do you account for the sudden drop (l. 33) from sublime formality to its opposite? (b) What part of Cyril's answer takes stress, and what modulation goes with it? (c) What mood prompts (l. 34) the echoing, and the following question? (d) Do you think Cyril speaks (ll. 36-38) of purpose, having read the Princess' mind, or at a venture? (e) What makes the Princess say (l. 45) *him* instead of "the Prince," with so many lines since the last reference? (f) Why does she (l. 49) say *tricks*? (g) Who has prepared, in the Prologue, for this Ida?

4 (a) Is the looking down (l. 54) due to affected maiden modesty, or what other mood? (b) What is the Princess's object in keeping her pupils from home, even in vacation time, three years? (c) Why should they *hastily* (l. 59) subscribe? (d) How is the Princess subordinated

60 *Enter'd on the boards.* The English University phrase for "registered."

62 *Not of those.* Not representative of such types of beauty.

63 *Sleek.* Cf. *Elaine*, l. 250: "had been the sleeker for it."

Odaliskues. Slaves of a Turkish harem.

64 *Stunted squaws.* Examples, this time, of man's neglect and abuse.

64, 65 The nymph Egeria, who is reputed to have been the author of the institutions and laws established by Numa Pompilius, second king of Rome. Cf. *Livy*, Bk. I. XIX.

66 *Semiramis.* "Wife of Ninus, a legendary personage, to whom are ascribed innumerable marvelous deeds and heroic achievements. The gigantic city of Babylon is only one of many that she is said to have built. She is supposed to have lived about B.C. 2182."—*Wallace*.

67 *Carian Artemisia.* The Queen of Halicarnassus, who fought in alliance with Xerxes, in the battle of Salamis, against the Greeks. Xerxes, on witnessing her energy and daring, is said to have exclaimed, "My men have become women, and my women men."

68 "The structure in question was really the work of another woman, Nicotris, sister and wife of Mycerinus,—who himself began the erection, but died before the completion; it was however generally attributed in ancient times, and even after the exposure of the falseness of the story, to Rhodōpis, a Greek courtesan. Her name, signifying 'the Rosy-cheeked,' Tennyson has altered in both form and accent."—*Wallace*. Tennyson also makes the Princess accept the earlier legend.

69 *Clelia.* A Roman maiden, given as a hostage to Lars Porsena, while he was besieging Rome in behalf of the Tarquins. She is said to have escaped by swimming the Tiber on horseback.

Cornelia. Daughter of Scipio Africanus, and mother of the Gracchi.

The Palmyrene. Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, who defied Aurelian.

70, 71 *Roman brows of Agrippina.* A classic way of mentioning the simple name; really a case of phrasing. Cf. p. liv. "The Princess is pointing out the marble statue of Agrippina, of which no doubt the brows would indicate the dignity of that lady's character."—*Wallace*.

72 *Convention.* Conventional ideas and aims.

73 *Makes noble.* "A Platonic doctrine, often reproduced in poetry, that to look on beautiful things makes the soul itself beautiful through the eye."—*Woodberry*.

81 *Harangue.* It will not be an informal address of welcome, evidently. The author perhaps uses the word in part to justify the rather remarkable "effort" that we are soon to hear.

86 *To Lady Psyche's.* A rather remarkable extension, considering the general dignity of this poem, of the colloquial idiom 'to my father's,' 'to

(l. 68), with us, to the young men? (e) If this hall were a public gallery, open that is to men, would this statue have place in it? (f) Did a man make it? (g) What has blinded the Princess to admitting it? (h) How do you account (l. 80) for the two dismissals?

my uncle's,'—*chez mon oncle*. It means, not Psyche's suite of rooms, or 'home,' but lecture-hall.

87 *Forms*. Benches.

90 *Satin-wood*. Compare what is seen here of Psyche's taste with Ida's, ll. 18, 19, 54, above.

94 *Headed like a star*. Wallace quotes Hallam Tennyson's gloss: "with bright golden hair."

96 *Aglaia*. Cf. l. 13, above, and note, second paragraph.

Sat. Took seats.

The Lady glanced. That is, at these three new-comers. Cf. l. 285, below.

97 *No livelier*. In an almost suppressed whisper.

Than the dame. The wife of Midas, king of Phrygia. Unable to keep her husband's secret, after he had been doomed to wear asses' ears by Apollo, she ran and told it to the water beside the sedge. Tennyson here follows Chaucer (*Wife of Bath's Tale*, ll. 96-122). The classical version makes the betrayer of the king's secret to have been his barber.

101-104 "These lines give a concise summary of the 'Nebular Hypothesis' as formulated by the French mathematician and astronomer Laplace (1749-1827)."—Wallace.

105 *Woaded*. "Dyed with woad, a former substitute for indigo. It is identified with *vitrum*, with which, according to Cæsar, the ancient Britons painted their bodies."—Cook.

106 *Raw from the prime*. "Only just issuing into existence, in the very dawn of human life. We have 'prime' again in this sense in *In Memoriam*, LVI. 22, 23: 'Dragons of the prime, that tare each other in their-slime.'"—Wallace.

112 *Appraised*. Estimated, brought out the value of.

Lycian custom. The Lycians took their surnames from their mothers, who kept their family names.

113 *Lay at wine*. Were permitted to recline, at the feasts, with their lords.

Lar and Lucumo. "*Lar* or *Lars* was an honorary appellation in Etruria and equals the English *Lord* (Cf. Macaulay, *Horatius*: '*Lars*

5 (a) What is there in common between the waiting *range* (l. 89) of *pupils* and doves sunning themselves? (b) Why does Psyche have a desk (l. 90) of satin-wood, while the Princess (cf. l. 18) not? (c) Why does Tennyson make Psyche (l. 93) so young? (d) Why is the child (l. 94) clad in *shining* draperies? (e) What is its age, told in the prose way? (f) Is the language here used to say it phrasing? (f) What of the taste in the name *Aglaia*? (g) Why is not Florian (l. 97) *livelier*? What is his mood?

6 (a) What do you say of the intellectual range and vigor of ll. 101-108? (b) What of this as the exordium of an oration,—what will the oration be? (c) Does Psyche seem to regard the cruelty of man (l. 106) as a phase of pristine crudeness, to be evolved away?

Porsena of Clusium,' etc.); and *Lucumo* was a title given to the Etruscan princes and priests, like the Roman *patricius*."—*Rolfe*.

117 *Fulmin'd*. Thundered.

Laws Salique. By Salic law, no female could inherit a kingdom, or even a fief.

118 *Mahomet*. "Does she allude to a report once popular that Mahomet denied that women had souls, or had she heard that according to the Mahomedan doctrine hell was peopled chiefly with women?"—*Hallam Tennyson*. Wallace, who quotes this, adds: "That Mohamed effected a vast improvement in the condition of the women of Arabia is of course ignored by Lady Psyche, who knows only the items, not the circumstances, of his legislation, and condemns him by reference to her ideal standard."

121 *Superstition all awry*. Respect that was nothing better than distorted superstition.

122 *A beam*. Of new light, new Truth.

126 *Rotten pales*. Palings that had once seemed strong, but were now proved not only weak, but even rotten with age.

128 *That which made*. This seems to imply an impersonal First Cause, yet one which could create and inaugurate personality.

129 *Woman and man*. According to her Scriptures, apparently, Eve was first created, then Adam.

132 *Some men's were small*. "The heads of some men, and those not the least in intellectual power, were small; the fineness of the brain fibre and the intricacy of its convolutions make up for the mere size and weight of the brain."—*Woodberry*.

Of men. Of mankind. Cf. Latin *homo*, which is of common gender. Even this speaker consents to be merged in the generic "man."

144 *Homer, Plato, Verulam*. "These are quoted as names eminent respectively in the domains of Poetry, Philosophy, and Natural Science. Verulam was the title of the barony conferred on Bacon in 1618."—*Wallace*.

144, 145 *Even so with woman*. "The third point in favor of woman's mental equality with man is that her capacity is to be measured by that of the greatest of her sex, as man's is."—*Woodberry*.

147 *Peasant Joan*. Joan of Arc.

148 *Sappho*. "A lyric poetess of Mytilene in Lesbos, about the beginning of the sixth century before Christ. Her work only survives in fragments, but from the exquisite beauty of these we can to some extent understand the unbounded admiration that ancient writers have

7 (a) What of the ideals or practices of the Amazons can Psyche have had (ll. 110, 111) in mind? (b) How did the dawn (l. 122) commence with chivalry? What was the *slanting beam*? (c) What makes her put woman (l. 129) as taking precedence with man? (d) Have woman's-rights agitators ever done the like? (e) How many "others" might be named with Elizabeth (l. 146) and Sappho (l. 148)? (f) What is the

expressed for her genius, and appreciate the magnitude of the loss that literature has sustained in the destruction of her works."—*Wallace*.

150 *Bowed her state to them*. Lowered the level of her existence to the plane of theirs.

151 *Oasis*. That is, in the desert of social order.

157 *In the tangled business of the world*. The notion is that woman is not to avoid competition with man in the commercial and industrial sphere because she is a woman. The wife shall share the perplexities of her husband's business with him, as likewise inaugurate ventures, if she will, in which he shall be ancillary and subordinate to her.

158 *Liberal offices of life*. As the profession of letters, or of administering the higher education.

166 *Parted*. Departed; a Gallicism.

168 *Gratulation*. Congratulation.

168, 169 "Notice the skill with which the metre of this passage is distorted to correspond to the sense. The confused structure of 169, pauses in the middle of the first and the fourth foot, and the introduction into 170 of two extra syllables that must be hastened over, seem to sympathize with the shock, the interruption, and the tremor which the poet is describing."—*Wallace*.

178 *Cf.* I. 209, 210.

180 *Softer Adams*. The women who are trying to remake the race, by assuming men's accomplishments and tasks. *Softer* takes some stress. The innuendo is that these reformers thus would be as cruel as the men they are trying to put to shame.

Academe. "Academy: the name suggests, in this form, Plato's academy, the source and pattern of the schools for higher instruction and learning in ancient days."—*Woodberry*.

first emphasis in l. 150? (g) Does Psyche look upon the new movement as a phase (*cf.* ll. 101-104) of the universal plan, or as perhaps beyond it, or unallied? (h) How far do you think that she or the Princess would accept subserviency to man, were this discerned as in accord with natural law?

8 (a) What difference between her sentiments and the Princess's (*cf.* l. 50) concerning marriage? (b) Can you explain why there is a difference? (c) Do you find signs of a once romantic or sentimental mind? (d) Does Psyche mean (l. 164) that rare poetic natures must publish books?

9 (a) Is it *beckon'd* (l. 165) or *us* that takes the stress? (b) Why does she wish (*cf.* l. 96) to detain these new-comers? Do you think she has recognized already (*cf.* l. 285) who they are? (c) Why does not the faltering and fluttering take place (ll. 166-170) at once? (d) What does the metric construction of the line suggest? (e) What is Florian's mood (l. 171) in *well*? (f) What "plot" does she suspect? (g) How much younger (l. 176) is Florian than his sister, or than the Prince? (h) Why is it that Florian cannot (ll. 179-182, and 187-192) take his sister

181 *Sirens*. "The appropriateness of this comparison is derived from the fact that it was by their irresistible charm and attractiveness that these enchantresses of Greek Mythology allured men to their doom."
—Wallace.

188 *Grange*. Granary, or barn.

189 *For warning*. To other intruders of the male species.

197 *Affianc'd*. The Prince asserts his right to be here very mildly.
Cf. I. 31, 32.

204 *Vestal limit*. Precincts as sacred from profanation as the Vestals' in ancient Rome.

207 *For*. As for.

208 *Deadly lurks*. Lurkings of death.

209 *Garth*. Orchard, garden.

214 *Will topple to the trumpet down*. Will fall, like the walls of Jericho, at the first note of violence. He means that no patrons will recognize it after that.

Pass. That is, out of existence. *Cf.* "passing bell."

223 *Sun-shaded*. Provided with a shade from the sun. The picture showed the light falling from above, across the brows, and fended from the eyes, of the Baron, as he stood erect over the prostrate king. The *-ed* is here the adjective suffix, as in *ox-eyed*, *blue-stockinged*, etc.

224 *Bestrode*. To save from death or capture. *Cf.* Shakespeare, *Com. of Errors* V. i. 192, 193: "When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took deep scars to save thy life;" and *Macbeth* IV. iii. 4.

227 *Branches*. Extends itself in new branches of the family.

229 *Morning hills*. Hills in the early morning.

230 *Raced the purple fly*. Tried the speed of butterflies by pursuit.

234, 235 *Read down to happy dreams*. Allay the nervousness, the excitement of fever by reading me asleep.

241 *Sapience*. Wisdom. "Scattered," naturally, somewhat reduces the compliment.

245-246 Said in reference to Psyche's declaration in ll. 200, 201.

seriously? (i) Why cannot Psyche see, or feel, the ground (l. 184) of the *iest*? (j) What (ll. 193, 194) is Cyril's motive? (k) How should, how does Psyche regard what he says?

10 (a) Does Psyche recognize the motive (ll. 195-199) with which the Prince now speaks? (b) What mood is evident (l. 200) in her exclamations? (c) Why does *affianc'd* stir her so? (d) What reason has the author-given the Princess for disliking the Prince? (e) Does Psyche really believe that the Prince's head, or Florian's, will be chopped off? (f) How can the Prince discuss the case with her (ll. 207-216) so earnestly? What of his character as discerned in this?

11 (a) What is the Prince's impulse now (ll. 219-227)? (b) What, in the lines following, is Florian's? (c) What, after him, is Cyril's?

12 (a) What does now (ll. 242-249) the Prince instinctively attempt?

254 *Sobb'd.* "Cf. *As You Like It*, II. i. 66: 'the sobbing deer.'"—Cook.

263 *Spartan mother.* Who could sacrifice all maternal feeling to the public good.

264 *Lucius Junius Brutus.* "Brutus, elected consul in B.C. 509, upon the expulsion of the Tarquins, was so determined to maintain the freedom of the infant Republic committed to his charge that, having detected his two sons in a conspiracy with other young nobles to restore the banished dynasty, he did not hesitate to order them to execution."—Wallace.

269 *Secular.* Enduring through the generations.

274 *Fleckless.* Without flecks or stains.

276 *As you came.* Adhering to your disguises.

282 *To-and-fro.* An adverb phrase, made substantive by the omission of 'pacing,' which it should modify.

294 *Household talk.* Talk concerning members of the household circle.

Phrases of the hearth. Domestic allusions.

304 *Her mother's color.* Cf. l. 3, above; and I. 229, 230.

306, 307 *Bottom agates; morning seas.* Cf. l. 229, and note.

316 *Elm and vine.* Vines, in classic times, were trained to grow for support on elms. Cf. Vergil, *Eclogues*, II. 70.

319 *Danaid.* "The Danaids, daughters of Danaus, king of Argos, having murdered their husbands, sons of Ægyptus, were punished in Hades by condemnation to carry water in sieves. The expression therefore means 'be found unable to keep your secret.'"—Wallace.

(b) How different (ll. 250-258) is Florian's impulse from before? (c) What new chord does Cyril (ll. 259-261) attempt to strike?

13 (a) Can Psyche's double *a fortiori* argument (ll. 265-271) be answered? (b) Why does she abandon it? (c) Is she aware of the inconsistency between her principles and the *little* yielding? (d) Can you explain *yet* (l. 274)? (e) Can you explain the absurdity of the *conditions*? (f) Why does she not say absolutely *to-day*? (g) If Florian had not been of the party, would she have ordained differently? (h) Why does she (l. 271) leave Cyril out? (i) Is the explanation (ll. 278, 279) creditably veracious? (j) Can you explain why it is proposed?

14 (a) Does the Prince imply (l. 280) that they will keep the promise? Was Psyche sure they would? (b) Why does he say *What could we else*? (c) What prompts (l. 282) the *to-and-fro*? (d) Why is Psyche *sad* (l. 286) to see her brother? (e) How could *duty* (l. 288) speak, apart from Psyche? (f) What does Tennyson think he has demonstrated concerning woman's capacity to administer justice?

15 (a) Why is Psyche so slow (ll. 290-292) to embrace her brother? (b) Whose tears (ll. 295, 296) began to fall? (c) Is *rapt* (l. 297) appropriate here? (d) Why did Psyche *start* (l. 299) *backward*? (e) Why does Melissa stand *with* (l. 304) *her lips apart*?

320 *Foundation*. Institution, establishment.

Ruin. "This intransitive of the word is not common. We have it again in *Lucretius*, 40 [Ruining along the illimitable inane]." *Wallace*.

323 *Aspasia*. "The most famous intellectual woman of Greece, the friend of Pericles, and the center of the group about him in Athens."—*Woodberry*.

325 *Sheba*. "Not the name of a woman, but of a country. But in all periods of English literature it has been common to assume that Sheba (or Saba, following the Latin) was her own name."—*Cook*.

338 *Affect abstraction*. Pose as students wholly absorbed in study, or meditation occasioned by it. Psyche evidently does not regard all appearances hereabout as genuine.

347 *Theatres*. Lecture-halls, with the seats arranged "crescent-wise" as in large theaters.

353 *Lilted out*. Hallam Tennyson explains, "declaimed in a feminine voice."—*Wallace*.

354 *Violet-hooded*. These young men keep away from the lecture-rooms of Psyche's rival.

355 *Jewels, five-words-long*. "Short, immortal phrases, perfect in expression, which are well known; such as are to be found in Shakespeare, Vergil, or other poets."—*Woodberry*.

356, 357 That Time holds out for the admiration of mankind as he speeds by.

358-363 Note how the author again (*cf. Prol.* 59-79) presents scientific ideas interpretatively, to avoid prosaic terms. *Cf.* p. xi.

16 (a) What mood is apparent (l. 309) in *Ah—Melissa—you?* (b) How does Melissa know that these three are men? (c) Why should she at once, as a matter of course, turn derelict to her mother, and to the Princess, and to her duty? (d) What does she at once (l. 323) think of as the most covetable thing? What has caused this? (e) What prompts Cyril (ll. 329-335) now? (f) Is there evidence that Psyche likes or dislikes this? (g) Does Cyril know, or sense, that preposterous boldness like this displeases, and yet may please?

17 (a) Does Cyril pet the child (l. 341-345) for its own sake? (b) Why should not Florian have done this? (c) Why is the child in the mother's lecture room at all? (d) Had there been pupils of the other sex, would she have brought in the child? (e) While Psyche attempted to give the disguised culprits to death, was the presence of the child in keeping? (f) What does Psyche's watching and smiling (l. 344) show?

18 (a) How early was it apparently when the boys (ll. 54-60) matriculated? What time of the day has now arrived? (b) Why does the Prince say (l. 349) *the grave Professor*? (c) Of whose authorship are the scraps (l. 353) of *Epic*? (d) How far is *gorged with knowledge* (l. 366) said seriously? (e) What moods now shown by the three friends, and to what is each due? (f) What does Florian (ll. 370, 371) really

378-381 "Cyril's meaning is that up to that time love was unknown within the sacred precincts of the College. He expresses himself in the language of Classical Mythology, and represents the absence of the passion as due to the futile attempts of baby Cupids to wound with headless arrows."—*Wallace*.

383 *Golden-shafted firm*. Archers that are associated in the use of golden arrows. For "firm," *cf.* I. 149, and note.

384 "A reference to the Greek legend of Eros and Psyche, whose mutual attachment seems to signify the necessity of love to the human soul."—*Wallace*.

387-389 The Prince is forced to submit to rallying references of this sort continually. *Cf.* I. 80-83.

388 *Malison*. "A French form of the Latin derivative *malediction*, like *benison* for *benediction*; used in 'romantic writing.'"—*Cook*.

391 *Substance*. Said here of course in double meaning.

394 *Three castles*. *Cf.* I. 74-78.

Patch my tattered coat. *Cf.* I. 51, 52. Note the heraldic pun.

398 *Zone*. Cyril's burlesque phrasing (*cf.* p. liv.) for 'lady's belt.'

399 *Unmann'd me*. A very successful quibble.

401, 402 "A ringing metaphor from a captive lion, an animal with vehement passions that he cannot indulge."—*Wallace*. And the effectiveness of the metaphor consists of course in its bantering, ironic appositeness.

403 *Mincing*. "Making less by affected nicety and delicacy."—*Woodberry*.

404 *Bassoon*. Remarkable for its deep bass tones.

406 *Star-sisters answering*. Pairs of bright eyes responsive to my glances.

415 Hallam Tennyson comments thus: "The colors of the lilac and daffodil have a splendid effect when placed together in masses."—*Wallace*.

420 *Second-sight*. Prophetic anticipation.

Astræan age. "According to the old legend Astræa, the daughter of Zeus and Themis, lived among men during the Golden Age, and was

think of Psyche's lecture,—that it was original? (*g*) What was the *trash* (l. 373) and what the kernel? (*h*) What wisdom does Cyril mean (l. 374) he got? (*i*) Can you explain why Cyril speaks in such a vein? (*j*) Why does Florian allow it? (*k*) Why does Cyril say (l. 396) *sister Psyche*? (*l*) What does he mean to imply (l. 398) in *much I might have said*? (*m*) Cannot Cyril see anything serious (ll. 399-401) in the work of the college? (*n*) What does he mean (l. 401) in *I thought to roar*? (*o*) Why (l. 405) *abase* his eyes? (*p*) What is significant (l. 410) in *but*,—or what goes with it?

19 (*a*) Where do these students (l. 411), in Cambridge parlance, now go? (*b*) Why does the author avoid mentioning what is here going on

the last of the deities to leave when that passed away. It was believed moreover that she would be the first to re-establish her home on earth should the Golden Age ever return. There is a famous reference to this theory in Vergil and it reappears in many English poets—Milton, Pope, and notably in the title of Dryden's ode in celebration of the Restoration, *Astræa Redux*."—*Wallace*.

425 *Faded form*. Presumably here a figurative way of saying 'weakened.'

426 *Falsely brown*. Kept brown by dyeing.

433 *Shallop*. A small light boat.

443 *Muffled*. With faces covered as much as practicable, obedient (l. 337) to Psyche's bidding.

448 *Clad in purest white*. They had donned white surplices before coming to chapel.

449 *Two streams of light*. Perhaps from windows, back of the altar, that face the sunset.

452 *Melodious thunder*. Tennyson elsewhere (*In Memoriam*, LXXXVII. 5-8) attempts to develop this meaning more completely.

453 *Silver litanies*. The song portions, apparently, of some liturgical office. *Silver* is said of the quality of these voices, being sopranos and altos only.

454 *The work of Ida*. At least the Prayer-book. It is to be hoped that Ida's ecclesiastics ventured no disapproval.

mainly at this time? (c) What are your impressions (ll. 425, 426) concerning Lady Blanche's age? (d) What characterization is effected here?

20 (a) What sort of a student is this who walks (l. 430) *reciting by herself*? (b) What, who reads and pets the peacock (ll. 431, 432) at the same time? What means *read* here? (c) What is the age of those playing (ll. 435-437) ball and hide and seek? (d) Why are not the others (l. 439) more careful about being heard? Is this overdrawn? (e) Why should the young men sit closely muffled at such moments? Why is not Cyril heard from? (f) Why does Melissa (l. 444) come *often*? (g) What *court* (l. 451) is referred to? (h) At what point in the day are chapel services at Cambridge held? (i) What is the effect on your feelings, about this college venture, in the last ten lines?

21 (a) What should the rhythm of a cradle song be imitated from or suggest? (b) What is remarkable about the meter in the third line of this song? (c) Is there or is there not the suggestion (ll. 10, 12, 13) that the father's thoughts are now upon his child? (d) Which is the most potent, the least subordinate figure in this little family?

CANTO III.

1 Now the third of the seven speakers takes up the story.

White wake. Venus, on account of the small diameter of her orbit, seems always to follow or precede the sun. The sun now comes on, as in the silver wake of a vanished vessel, breaking the sky into ridges or wavelets of molten gold.

4 *Three parts.* The lower three fourths of the columns are yet shaded.

5 *Were touched.* With the fingers of the Dawn. The author seems to have Homer's 'ροδοδάκτυλος' *Hώς*, 'Rosy-fingered Dawn,' at the bottom of his thought.

9 *Ivan.* Paleness.

11 *Iris.* Of course, a somewhat exaggerated figure of degree, like "glowing," in l. 10. There was the vivid suggestion of blended color, as in the upper bands of the rainbow. "Circled" is said because the 'Iris' is inverted, the arc is become a full circumference.

18 *Head.* "The technical term for the Master or Principal of a College."—*Wallace.*

26 *Wild barbarians.* One would think "wild" unnecessary here, with such a precisian as the Lady Blanche. "Barbarians," 'barbarous,' seem ready words, in the parlance of this college, and used as readily of women as of men. Cf. II. 278; IV. 516.

34 *Set in rubric.* Print or publish in red; said pedantically as of old printing, which set certain words or initial letters for prominence in that color.

III.

1 (a) Do the first two lines here show, as their major quality, more of the sublime or of the beautiful? Why? (b) Why should the three young men again wake and rise so early? (c) Since the boys are to don but the college gowns of yesterday, what need that they be (l. 3) *each by other dress'd with care*? (d) Why does the author personify in the last two lines? (e) What pictures, in consequence, do you see?

2 (a) How can the young men *seem* (l. 8) "to watch, but not be sure about it"? (b) What are they waiting for? (c) Has Melissa apparently shrunk from coming to these young men? Why? (d) Why did she not go instead to Psyche? (e) What aroused Blanche, last night, *to canvass* the new-comers? (f) If they had been petite, graceful creatures, what would she have said? (g) What means (l. 31) *fix*? (h) What is the point and inspiration of (l. 32) Blanche's irony? (i) What are the *thoughts* (l. 34) she is pleased to attribute to her daughter? (j) Do you think this divining of the truth by Blanche improbable? Why? (k) Why does Melissa care for the pardon of these fellows? Where are her sympathies, and why?

44 *Clutch'd*. As a miser would grasp a new-found treasure.

52 *Those lilies*. That paleness.

54 *Classic angel*. Girl poet, within the college, who affects classic figures and allusions. Cyril will have it that all the literature of the college is of this quality.

55 *Ganymedes*. The Trojan youth Ganymede was borne aloft to Olympus by Jove's eagle, and made cup-bearer to the gods, in Hebe's stead. Cf. Vergil, *Æneid* I. 28.

56 *Vulcans*. "Vulcan, the god of metal-working, was the son of Juno. Zeus hurled him from heaven; he fell on Lemnos, and was lame ever after. He made armor for the gods and heroes in his workshop in Mount Ætna."—Woodberry.

57 *This marble*. Lady Blanche's heartless and unimpressionable state of mind. "In like manner 'wax' denotes impressibility. Cf. Shakespeare. *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1240: 'For men have marble, women waxen minds.'"—Wallace.

59 *Curls*. It was the fashion for women to wear curls, at the time this poem was composed.

61 *Right and left*. "Cf. l. 19. Cf. these terms as used in legislative assemblies."—Cook.

62, 63 Poetic, for 'since long ago division has been smouldering.'

64 Two reasons: jealousy; a petulant disposition.

68 *Still*. The Elizabethan meaning. Cf. I. 34.

73 *Inosculated*. "Blent together into one. The word is generally used in special derivative application to the case of veins and other vessels that have been made to run into one another, but here there is no doubt a closer reference to the etymology of the word, which is derived from the Latin *oscular*, 'to kiss,' and thus signifies primarily unity through affection."—Wallace.

74 *Consonant chords*. Strings tuned in unison.

Shiver to one note. Vibrate when the same note is struck on another instrument. "Shiver" is here 'to vibrate in aroused emotion'; a degree figure.

77 *With them*. As baits, in sheerest hypocrisy.

80 *As flies the shadow*. An extreme degree figure.

3 (a) Why will Cyril have it that it must be a *classic* (l. 54) angel? (b) Why should Cyril not consult the Prince about the step he takes? (c) What is the reason that he wants "further furlough"?

4 (a) Why does Melissa stay? (b) Why does the author make Florian ask this question? (c) Does she or does she not suppose that Psyche's defection saves her from responsibilities of her own? Can you explain? (d) How can she grow so confidential (ll. 63-68), at such cost, with these young men? (e) Why does she say (l. 76) *your*? (f) How can Psyche have become so intimate as told (ll. 315, 316) in the preceding canto, with Melissa?

5 (a) Why should not Florian (l. 83), like the Prince, be attracted to a

85 *Close with.* 'Take up,' as of a tempting offer.

Random. Unconsidered, trivial.

86 *Your.* Cf. Latin *iste*.

90 *Clang.* Not a kind-figure surely, but chosen to indicate in degree the stern, almost metallic quality of the eagle's note. "To celebrate in lordly ringing song, as contrasted with the harsh cry of the crane, and the gentle coo of the dove."—*Wallace*.

Sphere. The sky, the upper air.

99 *Samian Here.* The wife of Zeus, patron deity of Samos, and remarkable for dignity and stately carriage.

100 *Memnon.* "A colossal statue near Thebes in Egypt, the stone of which is said, when reached by the rays of the rising sun, to have given forth a sound resembling that of a breaking chord (Pausanias I. 42, § 2)."

—*Cook.* The comparison is again one of degree; not this time of her presence, but her speech, her voice. All the manifestations of the Princess's nature have thus far been drawn for us on an heroic scale.

104 *Empurpled.* Hallam Tennyson explains this as signifying "blue in the distance."—*Wallace*.

Champaign. Open, level country.

Drank the gale. The air seemed not only breathed, but swallowed, it was so sweet.

109 Cf. II. 387–389, and note.

110 *Crabb'd and gnarl'd.* Cross-grained and knotty; carpenters' figures.

111 *Prime.* Primeval.

Heave and thump. Excavate and macadamize.

113 *Hammer at.* A pretty vigorous figure. Not the Shakespearian word; cf. *Winter's Tale*, II. ii. 49.

116 *Green malignant light.* "Nothing could form a better commentary than this on the real meaning of Homer's *γλαυκιδόων* as applied to an angry lion: it is the peculiar whity green glint flashing from the eye of an enraged animal—lion, tiger, cat, or pard—and Tennyson exactly expresses its meaning."—*Collins*.

stronger personality? (b) How far does he understand (l. 86) the Princess? (c) How far has Psyche (l. 87), in spite of her brother's present judgment, done her own thinking?

6 (a) Whom does the Prince (l. 88) refer to as chattering of the crane? (b) Whom as murmuring of the dove? (c) How far is the Prince, in his judgment of the Princess (l. 94), correct? (d) What larger reason—if the Prince could read her as we? (e) Whom respectively does he refer to (l. 96) in *her* and *her*? (f) Is there anything of the mock-heroic in the last comparisons, or not?

7 (a) What mood, or speed of walk, is suggested (l. 101) by *gained*? (b) What mood is indicated (l. 108) in *yawning*—or is it character? (c) How far is Cyril interested in what he has accomplished? (d) Do you

120 *Fabled nothing fair.* Told no false stories to smooth matters over.

121 *Your example.* Cf. II. 195-199.

122 "In her amazement the Lady Blanche threw up her hands (a sign of helplessness), and her eyes (an attitude of appeal to Heaven)."—*Wallace.*

124 *Astray.* An exquisitely effectual word for 'irrelevantly.'

126 *Limed.* Caught, like birds that alight on boughs smeared over with bird-lime.

130 *Puddled.* Made muddy, befouled.

136 *Duty duty.* Cf. I. 25. The effectiveness of such expressions seems due to the use of the repeated word in its completest generic sense, while the former noun carries but the involved individual application of the term. Thus "my father thought a king a king" means 'my father held that a king, no matter if the least worthy and sufficient of his sort, must insist on all that kingship typically stands for.' Lady Blanche's formula is a very elastic and convenient one for the present case.

147 *Head and heart.* Here she is neither; for, if Ida is the head, Psyche is as surely the heart. Cf. l. 23, above.

148 *Broadening.* Like a river towards the sea.

154 *Dip.* Slant to the horizon.

158 *Ran up his furrowy forks.* Hallam Tennyson says, "shot up its two peaks."—*Wallace.*

159 *Platans.* Plane-trees.

160 *Fled on.* The hours seem, now, to the Prince to have wings.

173 *Were and were not.* Gave both the experiences of being actual, and of illusory.

175-178 The Princess nowhere arouses in the Prince the virile im-

think he understands women? Explain. (e) Why do you think Cyril began (l. 118) by affecting maiden-meekness? (f) Do you consider his frankness (l. 121) tactful? Why? (g) Is there suggestion (l. 139) of real discipline in patience? (h) Why did not Cyril say (l. 141) *third* place, as he knew was true? (i) Does not Blanche realize that Cyril cares nothing for her or her cause? How can she listen to him? (j) Can you see what Cyril has been put into the poem for?

8 (a) Does the Princess invite all the new arrivals (ll. 153, 154) apparently for this excursion? (b) Why should she, the Head, play advocate (ll. 155-157) to these humble freshmen? (c) Why should the tone be so changed from (II. 28-52, 60-84) the one which so palpably pervades the first interview? (d) Who is meant (l. 157) by *she*?

9 (a) Why did the day (l. 160) now flee? (b) Is there any assignable reason, why the *weird seizure* (l. 167) should come now? (c) How far is what the Prince sees, according to his statement (ll. 169-171), the truer view?

pulse of conquest, but merely the effeminate one of winning her by submission.

179 *Retinue*. Accented as in Milton and Shakespeare.

186 *The thing you say*. "Too harsh."

194 The Prince later (IV. 75-98) ventures to tell considerably more of this experience.

206 *Our meaning here*. The purpose and mission of her sex.

208 *Even*. Equally high.

210 The reason for the proxy-wedding, as furnishing the Princess with a motive, becomes clearer.

212 *Vashti*. Queen of Ahasuerus. Cf. *Esther*, Chap. I.

215 *Breathes full East*. "For the metaphor—which may have been suggested by the preceding reference to a proud and defiant Oriental queen, but which is derived from the bitter and blasting character of the east wind in England—cf. *Audley Court*, 51-53."—Wallace.

218 *Gray*. Hoary, ancient.

225 *Might I dread*. May I entertain the fear?

230 A worse word than "barbarian" (cf. l. 26) is necessary now.

10 (a) How does it chance (l. 181) that the Princess and the Prince ride thus together? (b) Is it or is it not natural that a college president should, under such circumstances, lead the conversation? (c) Would it be likely, or not likely, to be personal? (d) Can you imagine why it is the Prince and not Cyril who finds himself here? Is there conceivable a difference in stature, or some other characteristic, between Florian or Cyril and the Prince? (e) If there is ground for suspecting these Northern-Empire pupils are but ambassadors, should you expect the Head to listen to them? (f) How far is *being strange* (l. 188) a reason?

11 (a) What makes the Prince (l. 190) stammer? (b) Would Cyril have mentioned (l. 191) *precontract*? (c) Suppose the speaker had hinted something to the effect that the Prince was trying, and not unsuccessfully, to forget her, would the Princess have been pleased? (d) Why does she not like to hear about (l. 194) his longing? (e) Or the chance of his taking (l. 197) to drink, from disappointment?

12 (a) What conception is she seen (l. 198) to have formed, from the Prince's talk, concerning his manliness and mental sufficiency? (b) What does she mean (l. 201) by *blind ideal*? (c) Does the Princess think (l. 208) that nobility or worth can make itself appreciated by force?

13 (a) Has the Princess (ll. 210, 211) the right notion respecting the proxy-ceremonial? (b) Why does she applaud (ll. 212-214) the conduct of Queen Vashti? (c) Can you explain her breaking out in this apostrophe?

14 (a) Does the Prince, now that he has recovered breath, mend in his wooing? (b) Is the Princess aware that she is being wooed? (c) What points does the Prince attempt to make in this paragraph?

237 *Babble*. As in ll. 225, 226.

241 *Ourselves*. "The children are so much a part of the mother's life as to be her real self, the self through which she suffers more than in her single life."—*Woodberry*.

246 *Pou sto*. "From the challenge of Archimedes, the mathematician and mechanist of Syracuse (B.C. 287–212): 'Give me a place to stand upon, and I will move the world.'"—*Wallace*.

249 *Dissipated*. Be disintegrated, dispersed.

251 *In lieu of many mortal flies*. Instead of being so many short-lived creatures of a year, we had been a few select creatures of giant mould.

254 *The sandy footprint harden*. Our uncertain experiment, innovation, become institutionalized.

256, 257 *Grand imaginations*. Visions, imaginings of grand achievements.

261 *South-sea-isle taboo*. The 'taboo' or restraint that prevails in the South Seas. The expression is used as interpretative of the degree of inflexible tyranny endured by woman hitherto. "This word was brought home by Captain Cook's expedition. The South Sea islands were under the domination of a priesthood, which reserved to its own use anything which any of the members of its class might fancy, by marking it and calling it *taboo*, or devoted to religious uses."—*Dawson*. Nothing that was so marked could by any means be recovered by its rightful owner.

262 *Gynæceum*. The part of a Greek house, by no means usually the most covetable, occupied by the women.

265 *Proof*. 'Of how much their welfare is a passion to us.'

269, 270 "In the Latin War (B.C. 340) Publius Decius Mus, one of the Roman generals, sacrificed himself on the spears of the enemy in order to secure the victory to his army, it having been revealed to him in a vision from heaven that one army was doomed and the general of

15 (a) Why does the Princess at last command silence? (b) Is her manner of doing it queenly and well-bred? Account for this. (c) What argument or reason do you find in l. 232? (d) What argument does she think she has in it? (e) Why does she say, *We are not talked to thus*, yet prolong the conversation? (f) How does her thought (ll. 236, 237) about children square with the sentiment of the song at the close of Canto I.? (f) How does her next (ll. 240, 241) idea agree with the song at the end of Canto II.? (g) What of the logic in *wherefore* (l. 248), and in the paragraph as a whole?

16 (a) Why is not the Princess grateful that the Prince at last is silent? (b) Why should she care if he does think her unwomanly? (c) Can you explain why she does not remember her dignity as a college officer, and not (l. 258) *break out with further argument*?

17 (a) What can the Princess mean (l. 260) by *we are used to that*? (b) Can you explain her willingness, even enthusiasm (ll. 266–270) for martyrdom?

the other. . . . A chasm having appeared in the market-place of Rome, and the priests having declared that this would not close up until there had been cast into it the chief element of Rome's greatness, a young noble named Marcus Curtius, thinking that this condition would best be fulfilled by the sacrifice of one of her sons, leapt into it on horseback and in full armor (B.C. 362).”—*Wallace*.

275 *Shook the woods*. According to Hallam Tennyson,—“in the wind made by the cataract.”—*Wallace*.

276 *Color*. The rainbow.

277 *Vast bulk*. As the megatherium or the mastodon.

280 *Dare we dream*. ‘Is it right to theorize, concerning the power that wrought us, that it learns to make by making? Does not that conception condition God?’

285 *Diotima*. A prophetess of Mantinea, who is said to have instructed Socrates in philosophy.

293 *Resort to vivisection*.

298 *Encarnalize*. Enhance the fleshliness, and minimize the spirituality, of their nature.

299 *This matter hangs*. We may open such a school or department yet.

306, 307 ‘God realizes in present consciousness all that shall ever be evolved in the most distant aeons.’ This is strong thinking, and seems put here by the author as an index of the resources of Ida’s mind. This paragraph marks the climax of the whole discussion.

313 ‘Thus the necessity, with our limited intelligence, of instalments, of sequence, in cognition, produces the mode called Time.’

322 *That lift the fancy*. As her fancy (*cf.* l. 316, “kindled eyes”) has just been lifted.

324 *Elysian lawns*. The glades of Elysium, the Heaven of the Greek Mythology. “The language of the text, as indicating the general features of this happy land, seems to have been specially suggested by Pindar, *Olympia*, ll. 123–136, which Mr. Earnest Myers translates as follows: ‘Then whosoever have been of good courage to the abiding steadfast thrice on either side of death and have refrained their souls from all iniquity, travel the road of Zeus unto the tower of Kronos: there round the Islands of the Blest the Ocean-breezes blow, and golden

18 (a) Do you think the Prince’s continued silence tactful? (b) Why should the Princess be more interested in her companion (ll. 282, 283) as a prize-winner than in his question? (c) Why does the Prince say (l. 289) *methinks*? Was he not sure? (d) What is to be thought of her answer (ll. 306–315)? Does it argue weakness or unfacility of “vision” or mental power?

19 (a) What sentiment has *kindled* (l. 316) the Princess’s eyes? (b) What makes the Prince (l. 320) *half-oblivious* of his disguise? (c) What does the Princess mean (l. 322) by *fair philosophies*? (d) Does the *or* here have stress? (e) What determines the Princess to order the tent

flowers are glowing, some from the land on trees of splendor, and some the water gleedeth, with wreaths whereof they entwine their hands.'"—*Wallace*.

325 *Demigods*. Mortals raised by merit or favor to the privileges of Elysium, and of the society of the Gods.

331 *Corinna's triumph*. Corinna, a poetess of Bœotia, is said to have overcome Pindar in five poetic contests. This was probably very galling (ll. 333-335) to Pindar, supposed the first lyric poet of the time, and to his friends; and that circumstance seems to have furnished the chief inspiration to *Ida's* artist.

332 *Florid*. Perhaps a degree-word for 'flushed,' over their leader's victory.

334 *Victor of ten-thousand hymns*. Pindar wrote no end of odes celebrating champions and victories in the national Games, and had been successful in the lyric contests till now.

339 *A touch of sunshine*. Not so true physically as metaphysically, in a figure. Nothing could be more strikingly in contrast than the refinement and beauty of woman's charm in the savage solitude of the rocks.

340 *Shone like a jewel*. As they climbed laboriously up the rough face of the cliff.

343 *Chattering*. Used here surely not without reference to its literal meaning. These palace-bred girls, with their exquisite toilettes, can have had little sympathy with the ostensible purpose of this visit.

Stony names. Names of rock; with figurative suggestion also of the hardness, to such students, of the technic terms. The author evidently intended to establish, with this, the climax of contrast. But there seems to us, now-a-days, little incongruity in the idea of lady students hammering off and bringing home apronfuls of specimens, if they will. The notion that women should study curricula essentially different from men's, though yet entertained more or less in England, is as good as exploded here.

347 *Rosy heights*. After sunset, the tops of mountains not too distant seem shrouded in purple light, and stand out in strange distinctness against the background of the sky. The canto opens and closes, it will be noted, in exquisite coloring.

pitched here? (*f*) How far may the fact that her companion is a man influence her unconsciously? (*g*) *Glanced and shone* (ll. 339, 340) have been objected to as not spiritually true, in kind: can you explain why the author uses them? (*h*) Are these girls dressed apparently as they would be attired to-day for such a jaunt? (*i*) Comparing the last two lines of this canto with the first, do you find them of the sublime or of the beautiful?

20 (*a*) In what latitude do you picture the scene of this song? (*b*) What light is it that, in this latitude, may be said to *shake* (l. 3)? (*c*) Which echoes, according to the suggestions, reach farther, those repeating the bugle notes of the first, or the Elfland tones of the second stanza?

Lawns. Plains.

5 Commemorative of bugle echoes (*cf. Memoir I. 253, 292*) at Killybegs.

9 *Scar.* Bare, lone rock or crag.

CANTO IV.

1 The fourth of the seven college poets here begins. No one of the ladies, we shall remember (*Prol.*, 220-222), was considered capable of assisting in the scheme. In the first edition they were not even given the part of singing. *Cf. Dawson, p. viii.*

2 *Hypothesis.* *Cf. II. 101-104, and note.*

4 *Lean and wrinkled precipices.* As if personified, and discerned as bearing the marks of age.

5 *Coppice-feather'd.* Bordered so lightly with thin bushes as to suggest the feather trimmings of a robe; 'having coppice for feathers.'

6 *Ambrosial gloom.* Suggests effectually the damp fragrance of the air, through which, without being able to see their steps in the last descent, they drop to the level of the tent.

17 *Gold.* The costliest plate of the palace has been brought. *Ida* has somehow planned to include the richest entertainment with this 'taking of the dip.'

19 *Fledg'd.* If furnished with the wings of music.

A maid. *Cf. VI. 298.*

(d) What distinctive quality of the latter is (l. 2, stanza ii) suggested? (e) What becomes (ll. 1, 2, stanza iii) of even these? (f) What are (l. 3) *our echoes*? (g) What has the ultimate meaning in these stanzas to do with the poem or any part of the poem proper?

IV.

1 (a) Can you account for the pedantic remark (ll. 1, 2) of the Princess about the sunset? (b) Does it argue a gradual, organic culture, or a cram? (c) How does Cyril's pedantic talk (*cf. III, 55-58; 110-113*) seem different or similar? (c) Why does the author now first make the Prince (l. 3) say *Ida*? Can you explain why the Princess should lean upon her companion or lend her hand (ll. 8, 9) for support? (d) Does the Princess believe after all in the empty attentions of an escort? (e) Is she much less in strength or stature than the Prince? (f) Can you understand, then, why the Prince (ll. 10, 11) was stirred?

2 (a) Is there any incongruity between the magnificence of this tent and its furnishings (ll. 13-15), and the professed object of the trip? (b) If the Prince and his companions had not been of the party, do you think the Princess would have had her gold plate brought? (c) What in the Prologue may be said to prepare for this picnicking, and the sumptuousness of it?

3 (a) What means (l. 20) *of those beside her*? Is this her professor of music? (b) *Is smote* (l. 20) a warranted figure, or mere phrasing? (c) Is

22-25 "He said that 'The passion of the past, the abiding in the transient, was expressed in "Tears, idle Tears," which was written in the yellowing autumn-tide at Tentern Abbey, full for me of its bygone memories.'" (*Memoir* I. 253.)

27 *Underworld*. World under the horizon.

42 *Erring*. Astray from its right courings—"knowing not where it is going or should go"; the etymologic significance of the word.

47 *Cram our ears*. "Ulysses stopped the ears of his companions with wax as they passed the islands of the Sirens, so that they should not hear the singing, by which the metaphor of the 'sweet, vague, and fatal voice' is suggested."—*Woodberry*. For the incident, *cf. Odyssey*, XII. 166-200.

53 *Glittering bergs of ice*. As icebergs brought down by the Polar currents.

54 *Molten*. "Continues the idea suggested by the simile of the icebergs just above—the old-world forms and systems melt into vapor under the fiery sun of Progress."—*Wallace*.

59 *Cancel'd*. That is, by the controlling powers. *Cf. Genesis*, XI. 8. *Kex*. "Wace says 'Kex' is the provincial word for hemlock. In the country parts of England the word *kecks* is still in use. In Leicestershire it means the dry stalks of almost any worthless weed."—*Dawson*.

60 *Starr'd mosaic*. Mosaic palace-floors in star-shaped patterns.

Beard-blown. The goat balances on the top of the column; in the wind, which blows back his beard.

61 *The wild figtree*. *Cf. Dawson*, p. 88, for classic examples of its power to destroy the monuments of art.

62 *Monstrous idols*. Statues of divinities, monstrous in their character.

68 *The other distance*. Towards on-coming time.

69 *Death's head at the wine*. "The metaphor, common in poetry, is originally from the story of Herodotus, that the Egyptians, at their banquets, had a wooden image of a mummy brought in and carried about as a reminder of death."—*Woodberry*.

While the sentiment of the song, as has been shown, was personal with the author, the response of the Princess embodies "a very favorite doctrine of Tennyson's. He is never tired of expressing his faith in the

any effect discernible from the fact the stanzas of the song are five-lined? Has any song before been similar?

4 (a) Why did the tear (l. 42) *shake*? (b) Why should the Princess show (l. 43) *disdain* at the sentiment expressed? Is she a stranger to the meanings of the song? (c) For what, in thought and language, is her paragraph remarkable? (d) What, as we are forced now to recognize, must be or have been the power of Ida's presence and conversation?

5 (a) How far does the Prince's song ally itself with the spirit and dignity of the moment? (b) Can you explain how the Prince could venture upon it?

continuous progress and ultimate perfectibility of the human state."—*Wallace*.

100 *Ithacensian suitors*. Wooers, of Penelope, from Ithaca. When Odysseus at last returned from his wanderings, he found his home full of suitors, whom his wife had put off by the device of the unfinished web. Cf. *Odyssey*, XX. 229-349.

101 *Laughed with alien lips*. Laughed with an unnatural expression about the mouth. "The suitors at the court of Penelope feel the occult influence of the unseen goddess, Pallas, causing their thoughts to wander. They fail to recognize Ulysses in his disguise, and their laughter is constrained and unnatural, they know not why. 'They laughed with other men's jaws' (οἱ δ' ἤδη γναθμοῖσι γελοίων ἄλλοτριόισιν)." —*Dawson*.

104 *Bulbul*. The Persian name of the Nightingale, which, in the poetry of that country, is represented as enamored of the rose, and wooing it ever in his song. Cf. I. 217, and note.

Gulistan. "Persian for rose-garden." —*Dawson*.

105 *Marsh-divers*. The water-rail.

106 *Meadow-crake*. The corn-crake, or land rail.

107 *Grate her harsh kindred*. Salute you as of her kindred by her grating call. *Kindred* is here an "accusative of kindred meaning."

110 *Made bricks in Egypt*. Were the unresisting slaves of most unreasonable taskmasters.

117 *Of canzonets and serenades*. Indicative of his resources; not modes of roguery. "Canzonets" are light songs, such as sung to the lute in the South. "Serenades" is apparently 'serenading' here.

119 *The muse*. Not here Euterpe or Erato, but 'the Divinity of Music' or 'of Song'; the more modern personification. "Blasphe'me" contributes thus its theologic suggestiveness and power.

121 *Valkyrian hymns*. Alliterative verses, like those of the Elder Edda. The Princess affects Northern rather than Southern poetry. "Valkyrs" are the stalwart battle maidens of Norse mythology. They determine who shall fall in strife, and conduct the souls of the slain to Valhall, the heroes' heaven.

122 "Such as Miriam's in the Scriptures. *Exodus* XV. 20." —*Woodberry*.

123 *Is duer unto*. Is more the prerogative of; rather deserved by.

6 (a) How far does the author mean (ll. 99-102) that the ladies are trying to keep from laughing incivily? (b) Why is not the Princess incensed or at least impatient at the song? (c) Does she perhaps divine (cf. III. 194, 195) what underlies it? (d) How must the attentions or at least the charity of the Princess towards this sole student have seemed to "those about her" and the rest? (e) What had love-poems to do with the "time" (l. 109) the Princess speaks of? (f) Is *dashed* (l. 121) the author's or the Princess's egotism?

125 *Mock-love*. Pretended affection of the wooer; like the "rogue's" (l. 117) above.

126 *Mock-Hymen*. Mockery of marriage.
Winter bats. Bats in the winter time.

129 *Living wills*. Having the power of independent choice, and of self-assertion.

129-130 *Sphered whole within ourselves*. Having entire spheres within our own sex and nature; not needing union with a master to be complete.

Owed. 'To be rendered over.'

133 *Manners*. In the larger sense of the word; as indicative of the ideals and development of womanhood in his kingdom.

139 *Troll*. Sing in a rollicking, untrained style.

Tavern-catch. A song, in successive parts, such as sung in bar-rooms.

140 *Moll and Meg*. Men's nicknames of women not much respected. "Probably Tennyson has in mind *Tempest*, II. ii. 48-56."—Cook.

147 *Of a city sacked*. From a city in which the women are being seized as captives by pillagers.

149 *Home, to horse*. Even Ida is stampeded with the rest.

154 *Like parting hopes*. With "passing" a supplementary participle, the construction is difficult. 'With the experiences of one whose hopes are departing, I heard them pass.'

160 *Glow*. Of the tripod-flame. Cf. ll. 15, 16.

162 *Rapt*. Carried by rapids.

166 "As though his struggle in the water was rendered the harder by the fact that on the lady rested the fate of this great movement. This is the true touch of ironical banter."—Wallace.

172 *Glimmeringly grouped*. In a group marked by the glimmering of their robes.

178 *Nor found*. Nor tried to find; a Grecism.

7 (a) What is evident further in ll. 134, 135,—is it patronizing? (b) What does the author mean (l. 138) by *sense of sport*? (c) What did Florian mean (l. 141) by nodding? (d) Is Psyche's feeling (l. 142) mainly fear? (e) Why is not Blanche here with the rest? If there had been less disparity in years would there be more alliance between the Head and the Hands? (f) Why is the Prince so greatly disappointed? Why should he think that further stay here in disguise would come to anything? (g) Do you find, in the Prince's conduct over this emergency, any of his father's kingliness? (h) Why should Melissa have clamored (l. 148) *flee the death*? Does 'clamor' mean that she cries out once only? (i) It is this that draws out the Princess into the stampede? (j) Is her feeling (l. 159) probably rage only? (k) Why does the author now so turn the plot as to make the Prince rescue the Princess? (l) What, mainly, was this geologizing episode invented for?

8 (a) Was the retreat of the Prince now (l. 178) wise and tactful?

- 183 *Caryatids*. Draped female statues, so cut as to serve as pillars.
- 184 *Weight of emblem*. These emblems, alone, are not detailed to us.
Valves. Gates, opening from the middle.
- 185 *The hunter*. Acteon, who, intruding upon Diana and her nymphs, was turned into a stag. His punishment, as here shown, keeps him "manlike," i.e. still in human consciousness, but with antlers, that spike the gates, carried on his brows.
- 201 *Is the cry*. That is, since safe return here to the palace.
- 203 *Moral leper*. Shunned as such.
- 206 *Hooded brows*. Cf. II. 443, 337.
- 207 *Judith*. "One of the chief heroines of Jewish history. When her native town was besieged by the Assyrians under Holofernes, she made her way into the general's tent and cut off his head as he lay asleep. Florian hid himself behind a statue which represented her holding the head of the slain Assyrian in her hand."—Wallace. Cf. *Judith*, in the Apocrypha.
- 217 *Either guilt*. The guilt of both.
- 221 *And*. The propositions so connected are not related very closely, but the conjunction is exquisitely natural. The mention of Blanche's coming, and his going, in the same sentence does not, to his mind, violate the law of unity.
- 227 *Clown*. Coarse country fellow, who properly wears a smock.
- 230 *For*. As for.
- 235 *Temperament*. 'His temperament, though ardent, sanguine, has a solid basis of character.'

(b) What, if the author had made him re-enter the tent, must have happened?

9 (a) Why should the Prince have paced up and down aimlessly (l. 194), instead of going to his rooms? (b) How long (ll. 194, 195) should you judge this lasted? (c) What time of the night is it now?

10 (a) Do you imagine Florian taller (l. 196) than his comrades? (b) How could the Prince doubt (l. 198) *if this were she*? What does this measure to us? (c) Who are meant (l. 200) by *they*? Are these the same as those crying (l. 201) *seize*? (d) How has the author managed to let us know what has happened since the Princess was rescued? (e) Is this the usual way in stories and novels? (f) What must Melissa, *closer pressed* (l. 213), have actually said in answer? (g) Why should she act differently over the second and the third question from the first? What of character discerned herein? (h) How can the Princess propose to punish (l. 219) Psyche's child for her mother's dishonor? (i) Why did Florian now (l. 221) slip out? (j) What artistic need does the author seem to think compels him to add the final sentence?

11 (a) Have you discerned the *solid base* (l. 235) of *temperament* yet in Cyril? (b) Do you conceive him a man of moral resources and great decision?

242 *Thrid*. Thread. Go along a narrow or winding course, as a thread best does.

Musky-circled mazes. Winding paths bordered throughout with flowers.

246 *Puff'd pursuer*. A woman; no match of his in running.

250 *Mnemosyne*. Goddess of Memory, and mother of the Muses.

251 *Falling on my face*. Thus the author saves the unfeminine feat of stopping the Prince by seizure. He avoids it also (*cf.* l. 241) with Florian.

255 *Mystic fire*. "This phenomenon, commonly known as 'St. Elmo's Fire,' appears on the tips of masts or other pointed objects when there is much electricity in the air, and a storm is pending."—*Wallace*.

259 *Daughters of the plough*. It was the plough that had made them what they were. Here is the strong-arm basis of this government.

260 *Blowz'd*. With coarse red complexions.

261 *Druid rock*. Massive, unchiselled; a monument of the days of Titanic strength. One would like to find in this the idea of 'alien to present, surrounding civilization'; for the Princess is here appealing to and putting a premium upon the very past of woman's history that she has beshrewed man for causing. It is possible that the author did not intend the suggestion, but he must certainly have realized the contradiction to Ida's scheme which the case compels. The next two lines pathetically enforce the spiritual loneliness and desolation of such minds, cleft from the main of culture.

265 *Advent*. Approach; an accusative of the effect,—not object, of the action.

268 *Lily-shining*. A degree-figure.

269 *Up*. Together; as a map, to receive less detriment.

12 (a) Why should the Prince have tried to escape, but Florian not? (b) What is the temper of the arrest as indicated (l. 241) in *clutch'd*? (c) Would a "man" policeman *clutch* a person not trying to escape? (d) What signifies (l. 246) *at mine ear*? (e) Why are not the nightingales (*cf.* l. 218) more timid? (f) What suggestion, from the presence of this bird, as to the latitude of the palace? (g) Why should (l. 248) the Prince laugh?

13 (a) Is *haled* (l. 252) a gentle leading? (b) What means (l. 253) *high*? (c) What would be the effect, upon the jewel (l. 254), of light shed downward? (d) Why has the Princess had this, before her hair is fully dressed, put on? (e) Why does she not postpone the assizes till her toilette is completed? (f) If these culprits had been clothed as men, do you think she would have felt more sensitive? (g) Why are the daughters (l. 259) now here summoned from their beds? Do they always stand thus, close behind her?

14 (a) Why did *the crowd* (l. 264) divide? (b) Why is the child (ll. 266, 267) in such neglect? (c) Why did Melissa (l. 271) kneel? (d) What is clearly the mood (ll. 271, 272) of Lady Blanche?

270 *Round white shoulder.* Melissa of course is wearing the clothing in which she came from the afternoon geologizing, and not evening dress. When this poem took shape the fashionable garb for ladies, even for morning wear, was the low-cut gown, sleeveless below the elbow.

274 *Liv'd upon my lips.* Blanche is taking all the advantage that rhetoric can ensure. She is borrowing apparently from a weighty utterance: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God" (*Matt.* IV. 4).

275 *Castalies.* "Sources of inspiration or culture; a pluralizing of *Castalia*, or *Castaly*, the mythical spring on Parnassus, sacred to the Muses."—*Rolfe*.

277 *Like this kneeler.* As a daughter.

282 *Warmer currents.* A figure, now, from Blanche's geographic learning.

287 *Civil head.* That is, in her father's court and kingdom.

292 *Fonah's gourd.* Cf. *Fonah*, IV. 5-11.

296 *Planed her path.* Made it easier for her to go. This Blanche affects to believe; but she probably knows better. Cf. I. 229-231. The Princess does not allude (II. 28-52; 60-84) to the fact that there are parties. But it may be that Blanche is never asked (cf. II. 81) to do the haranguing of fresh arrivals.

306 *Lidless.* As good as lidless; a figure of degree.

311 *She told.* Supply *had*, 'would have,' from clause preceding.

313 *Stem.* Character.

314 *Grain.* Principles.

Touchwood. "The name given to certain kinds of decayed wood, which, being exceedingly inflammable, is used to catch a spark from flint and steel."—*Wallace*.

317 *Public use.* The welfare of this College commonwealth.

326 *Blazon'd what they were.* She alludes to Cyril's singing.

328 *My work.* "Made known by my crafty delay, which gave her free rein."—*Woodberry*.

339 *Wisp.* Will-o'-the-wisp.

15 (a) Does this (ll. 273-283) strike you as an affluent or a set speech? (b) Does the learning in it seem organic? Why? (c) Why does she call (l. 302) the young men *wolves*? (d) What does she mean by the innuendo in the rest of the line? (e) Why does she not tell of Cyril's coming to her? (f) What does she mean (l. 314) by *touchwood*? (g) Do you think what she says in l. 321 is true? How does it, if true, square with the promise (III. 150, 151) to Cyril? (h) Does Lady Blanche expect her oration to prevail? (i) Can you account for the animus it exhibits? (j) Who has been the truth-teller so far? (k) How far do you think Lady Blanche conscious of her falsehoods? (l) Do you or do you not suppose that Lady Blanche accounts herself a religious woman? (m) Can you account for her insinuations against Psyche? (n) Does the Princess appreciate that Blanche really (l. 307) unearthed the plot?

344 *Vulture throat.* The withered neck is visible in this movement because bared. Cf. l. 270, and note.

346 Cf. l. 145-150.

352 *Niobëan daughter.* *Daughter of Niobe.* "According to the old legend, Niobe was Queen of Thebes, and had twelve children. Proud of this number she exulted over Leto, who had only two, Apollo and Artemis, whereupon these latter slew all her family, and the Queen herself, mourning their loss, was changed into a stone, which yet continued to bewail her cruel fate."—*Wallace*.

353 *The bolts of Heaven.* Falling and to fall from Ida's wrath.

357, 358 *Fear stared.* Fear, having taken possession of her mind, stared from her eyes. But it is not possible to translate these degree metaphors; they must be spiritually discerned.

358, 359. *Wing'd her transit.* Gave to her passage the effect of wings.

364 *And bosom.* Cf. l. 270, and note.

366, 367 *The rick flames.* "Suggested by the disturbances in England, 'more than half a hundred years ago, in rick-fire days,' when the peasants burned the hay-ricks, and Tennyson himself took a part (cf. *To Mary Boyle*, vii.-xi.)."—*Woodberry*.

377 *As who.* As one.

385 Cf. l. 147, and note.

390 *Contract.* The Prince's father here uses a strong word, and by "your" makes the Princess herself responsible; as indeed, since she has not disclaimed but merely ignored the proxy-marriage, she really is.

16 (a) Why should the Princess answer (l. 340) *coldly*? (b) What, from *good*, is evidently her feeling? (c) Is it due to a complete understanding of Blanche's character? (d) Is her manner (l. 341) of sentencing Blanche judicial and noble? (e) By what principle does she propose now (l. 343) not to cast out, but keep the child? (f) What is really the explanation of this act?

17 (a) Who (l. 347) is the cuckoo? (b) What evidently does Blanche believe will be, as regards Psyche, the outcome? (c) Why should Blanche treat (l. 347) Melissa thus? (d) Does she now understand Melissa's connection, at the first, with the affair? (e) Is there really here (ll. 349-354) a dramatic pause? (f) Can you account (ll. 357-359) for such extreme terror? (g) Is the lion's mood (l. 361) the former, or a new one? (h) Why does the child (ll. 372, 373) cry now? (i) What keeps the Princess (l. 376) from speaking? (j) Why should she whirl the letters on (l. 377) to the Prince?

18 (a) Why does the father begin (l. 379) with *fair*? What mood is shown? (b) What *wrong* (l. 382) has her father feared? (c) How do you explain the Prince's father's coming? How does he know where his son is?

19 (a) Does the other father apparently mean to insist on all (ll. 388-

391 Of course there is a quibble on the two senses of man (*cf.* II. 132, and note), but unintended; this King is not given to puns, and is moreover in no facetious mood.

393 *Kick against.* The King is not very precise in his command of terms. He means, not 'recalcitrate,' but 'revolt against,' 'resist.'

400 *Golden wishes.* Desire of all beautiful and worthy things for you.

401 *Regal compact.* Contract of kings.

409 *Stoop'd to me.* Condescended to regard me from the clouds. the sky, lived in the stars.

415 *Clang.* *Cf.* III. 90, and note.

Glowworm light. "Phosphorescence observable sometimes during calm weather on the surface of the sea. This luminous appearance is due to the presence in the water of innumerable minute animalcules which emit a pale greenish diffusive light."—*Wallace.*

418 *Sphered up with.* Given place as a sphere or star up in.

Cassiopeia. Queen of Ethiopia, and mother of Andromeda; set after death as a constellation in the northern heavens.

419 *Persephone.* "Daughter of Ceres, stolen by Pluto, god of the infernal world, as she was gathering flowers in Sicily, and carried by him underground, where she became his queen in Hades."—*Woodberry.*

420 *Winters of abeyance.* While the 'contract' waited.

422 *Frequence.* The Latin *frequentia*; 'throng.'

426 *Landskip.* The old form of 'landscape.'

427 *Dwarfs.* In comparison with what had been presaged or promised. *Cf.* I. 72, "less than fame."

430, 431 *Dazzled down, and master'd.* "The metaphor is changed to that of a weakling overpowered by superior splendor or strength."—*Wallace.*

442 *You worthiest.* The Prince is both sincere and tactful. But note the grammar.

443 *With system.* *Cf.* VI. 178.

390) his imperatives equally? (*b*) Which communication, probably, produced the effect mentioned (ll. 363, 364) earlier?

20 (*a*) Why does the Prince stop (l. 397) before the letter is finished? (*b*) Is it clear now why she should have wished the Prince to see the letters? (*c*) Can she think this fair treatment? Why? (*d*) Why does he now rise up to speak, and why speaks impetuously?

21 (*a*) Do you admire the frankness now of the Prince's avowal before the assembled company, daughters of the plough and all? (*b*) Is there fault here in tact, sentiment, or manliness? (*c*) Can you see whether the effect of the utterance, if given in private audience, had been assisted? (*d*) Was it wise to plead the authorization (l. 448) of the father's letter?

22 (*a*) Is it the effect of the letter, or the preceding rather warm avowal, that arouses (l. 449) the Princess? (*b*) Is what she does ladylike and justifiable? (*c*) Can you account for the panic of the maids outside the hall, occurring at just this moment?

455 *Court.* Cf. II. 9, 17. "The Princess sits in judgment in the Hall, but the greater number of girls are outside in the quadrangle, which is illuminated by the lights of the Hall streaming through the windows."—Wallace.

466 *Woman-built.* Because in the confusion of tongues now, only female tones are heard.

468 The mention of the Muses brings back our first impressions (II. 13) of this court. All was in keeping, then, with their repose and dignity.

473 *Crimson-rolling eye.* The revolving red light on the lighthouse tower. The Princess has been commanded to wed this intruder, whom she was preparing to punish, and threatened with coercion: That makes her bold.

480 *Those to avenge us.* The Princess has taken care to provide such, and not women either. Cf. V. 281-285.

482 *Maiden.* Perhaps said intentionally in two senses.

484 *Protomartyr.* Cf. Acts VII. 59, 60.

493 *Household stuff.* Domestic furnishings.

496 *Drunkard's football.* To be kicked and beaten by a drunken husband.

Laughing-stocks of Time. "If women remain 'no wiser than their mothers,' they will afford a constant subject of ridicule to one whose experience is commensurate with the history of the world."—Wallace.

503 *Stroke of cruel sunshine.* "An ironical suggestion of brightness when the whole face of the earth is dominated by storm."—Wallace.

523 *Lord you.* Address you as "lord."

23 (a) Is the disturbed look (l. 469) due to the feeling that has just manifested itself, or to a new one? (b) Why does the Princess seem to have no share in the dread of soldiery? (c) Why do not the girls hush, according to wont, on seeing their Head, at the window, above them?

24 (a) Is *brawlers* (l. 477) in good taste and just? (b) Can you imagine who the avengers (l. 480) are to be? (c) What in the Prologue prepares (ll. 481-485) for the idea of the Princess taking the field in armor? (d) Do you find it difficult to conceive a nineteenth-century Princess clad in mail? (e) Would six thousand years of exposure and hardship eliminate (l. 486) feminine fear of this sort? (f) Is it true that there are ringleaders, that this is a malicious disorder? (g) How does the Princess plan to dismiss (ll. 489-492) her culprits? (h) Do you imagine that such is her usual discipline?

25 (a) Why did the company (l. 502) mutter? (b) Why then does she smile? (c) Is any particular state of mind suggested (l. 505) in *floated*?

26 (a) What prompts such irony (ll. 506-509) as she now utters? (b) What in the *woman's dress* (l. 508), that excites such scorn, has recalled the fact that he saved her life? (c) Why would it have been better (l. 511) had she died? (d) How is she (l. 515) assured that the Prince and his comrades would destroy her work? (e) What *falsehood*

INTERLUDE.

9 *Lilia sang.* No one else of the singers is mentioned. Lilia breaks out, apparently, into the preceding stanza, as the narrative stops, without waiting for her turn.

10 *Warbling fury.* Passion that expresses itself by trembling tones.

16 *That next inherited.* The fifth speaker, whose turn now comes.

25 *Cap of Tyrol.* Conical, or steeple-crowned; somewhat resembling the style once called Alpine.

26 *Assum'd the Prince.* Since all the seven parts or Cantos of the poem are to stand in the Prince's name.

-(l. 524) is meant? (f) Does the author go beyond reason and nature, and the character he has created, in putting into the Princess's mouth (ll. 526, 527) the last words here?

27 (a) Did the *eight mighty daughters* (l. 528) think they actually ejected the three young men? (b) Is it a fair proportion? (c) Can you definitely imagine the scene? (d) Why did these coarse women (l. 534) laugh, and laugh grimly? (e) Have the women of the poem generally succeeded in dissociating the personal wholly from the official? Why? (f) How has the author saved the Princess from the self-imposed obligation to put the Prince to death?

28 (a) Why does the author (ll. 537, 538) interpose a weird seizure between the Princess and the army? (b) What good, besides, of saying ll. 543-545?

29 (a) Do you think the Prince has second-sight grounds for (l. 547) his *cloud of melancholy*? (b) In a poem like this, as in a drama, the end should be prefigured in the middle portion. Do you feel assured from this Canto what the outcome of the whole will be?

(a) Why perhaps is Lilia moved (l. 9) to sing this rather than any other song? (b) Who is inspired more by man's strength and exploits, his own sex, or woman's? (c) What makes Lilia, apparently, cry now (l. 14) for war? (d) What is now the Princess's only hope? (e) On which side do you think Lilia's sympathies are? (f) On which are yours?

CANTO V.

2 *Stationary*. From the Latin *stationarius*, 'sentinel'; used as an adjective, as in "sentinel pace," "sentinel caution." *Voice* is 'challenge.'

4 *Second two*. Cyril and Psyche have passed this same guard.

5 *Wakes*. Is not in bed.

6 *Glimmering*. The long line of tents showed dimly white in the darkness, as the torchlight flickeringly reacheth them.

7 *Threading*. Cf. IV. 242, and note.

8 *Drowsy*. Passive in meaning; 'half-asleep,' 'behaving drowsily.'

9 *Lions*. Tennyson almost makes this a British camp.

Imperial tent. Tent of the commander.

10 *Of war*. Not 'about war' (cf. II. 203, "love-whispers"), but gen. subjective, 'that war utters.'

14 *Hissing*. Whispering excitedly.

16 *Etiquette*. And especially the respect due to the King's son. But the King takes no exception.

18 *Their baldness*. "Their bald heads; formed in sportive analogy from such expressions as 'Their Highnesses.'"—*Wallace*.

21 *Slain*. Felled dead, as it were; struck prostrate.

Gilded squire. "Gorgeously dressed youth, not yet a knight."—

Cook.

25 *Mawkin*. Diminutive of Mall (Moll); a low farm menial.

26 *Sludge*. Mire.

28 *From*. Just from.

31 *Whisper'd*. So carelessly loud as to be overheard by the King.

37 *Transient*. Changing.

V.

1 (a) Whom is the sentinel (ll. 3, 4) on the lookout for? (b) Is the man who escorts (l. 5) the Prince a common soldier? Is he escort or guide? (c) What approximately is now the hour? (d) Why is not the father of the Prince asleep?

2 (a) What gathering does the Prince find in the imperial tent? (b) Do or do not these think that the Prince has been released to them on account of the King's demand? (c) How far is this unjust to the Princess? (d) What is the effect on us of seeing (l. 17) the two kings laugh together? (e) Why should the squire (l. 21) give way to his mirth more than the captains?

3 (a) Was it merely the appearance of the Prince, as he (ll. 27-29) seems to assume, that caused the laughing? How have the grave captains of the King's guard been thinking of the Prince, and regarding his escapade? (b) Whom does the King (l. 33) refer to?

4 (a) Why do the boys (l. 35) *slink*? (b) What (l. 38) interpretative

38 *Woman-slough*. Slough of woman-disguise, half cast already.

46 *Amazed*. Cf. IV. 138. Cyril at least did not intend or expect to break up the company.

58 *Charr'd and wrinkled*. A negress, and old.

69 *Folded*. 'Folded in, as it were, upon itself'; or, 'from the folds of the cloak.'

71, 72. "Marble figures of angels or virtues mourning over the dead, such as occasionally form part of the design of a Christian monument." —Wallace. Of course only stately and elaborate monuments are referred to, like some works of Canova.

Deathless. Immortal; from the excellence of the work.

75 *Base and bad*. Psyche's feelings towards these men are in strange contrast with Ida's.

77 Cyril is wiser than he knows. Cf. the last stanza of the song following this Canto.

90 *Ill*. Not 'wicked,' but 'far below the standard.' Cf. 'an ill-fitting garment'; an 'ill wind,' etc.

105 *Tender things*. As the beetle.

110 *At parle*. At parley; in conference.

112 *Man*. The masculine sex.

120 *Abuse of war*. The excesses that war occasions: subjective genitive.

121 *Year*. The material forms in which the year gives expression to itself; crops, the harvest.

122, 123 *Household flower torn*. Cf. IV. 147, and note.

124, 125 "Notice how in this expression the actual smoke ascending from the burning houses and granaries suggests, and is almost iden-

propriety (l. 38) in *slough*? (c) What means (l. 46) *amazed*? (d) How did they fall (ll. 48, 49) into the hands of the Prince's father?

5 (a) Why (l. 53) *pitiful sight*? (b) What need (l. 58) of a woman here? (c) What need that she be *charr'd and wrinkled*?

6 (a) Does Psyche agree with Florian (l. 64) that she ought to have done what she did? Can there be two inconsistent "oughts" in such a case? (b) Is the Prince's attempted comfort (l. 66) comforting? Has it any other quality? (c) Does Cyril (ll. 76-78) show or not show some intuitive acquaintance with human nature? Why? (d) Is the language in ll. 71, 72 truly interpretative?

7 (a) How can Psyche have divined so nearly (ll. 80, 81) Ida's purpose as we know it? (b) Do you imagine Psyche thinks (ll. 101, 102) to arouse Cyril to aid her? Are there not reasons why she would not and should not say what here we find?

8 (a) Why apparently has not (l. 110) King Gama gone? (b) How can Gama bring about the fulfillment of the compact?

9 (a) How different now (ll. 116, 117) is Gama's courtesy from that (I. 119-126) first shown? (b) What in Gama's notion should have ex-

tified with, the moral distorting medium through which he fears the Princess will thenceforth regard him. The intervention of smoke or mist between the eye and the object regarded causes the latter to appear blurred and its size magnified."—*Wallace*.

125 *Lightens scorn*. From her eyes.

132 *Shards*. Fragments, properly, of earthenware; a degree figure.
Catapults. Stone-hurling engines.

136 *Book of scorn*. The same as (l. 137) "record of wrongs."

140 *Iron hills*. "As though in his own home, to which he had retired, to die forgotten, the very scenery itself was of iron."—*Wallace*. The War-God here is not Mars, or Thor, but a new personification.

142 *Bulk'd in ice*. "The species has been long extinct, but perfect specimens, hair and all, have been brought back to human sight after the lapse of centuries by the melting of ice-banks in Siberia."—*Wallace*.

146 *That idiot legend*. Cf. I. 5.

152 *No rose*. No feminine or effeminate thing.

157 *Dash'd with death*. Bloody from the slain.

162 *Cherry net*. Such as drawn down over cherry trees to keep birds from the fruit.

166, 167 "What element of cowardice is in Ida that should cause her to value courage in others?"—*Wallace*.

168 *In extremes*. With violence.

170 *Gagelike to man*. In the manner of a gage, to all my sex.

172 *Clash*. Perhaps 'crush as with gauntlets.' Cf. I. 87, 88.

178 "As the pure moon shines on beauty and filth alike, making the former still more beautiful, and investing the latter with a charm it does not of itself possess."—*Wallace*.

179 *Clown and satyr*. Weak in intelligence and bestial.

180 *More breadth of culture*. That they may discriminate.

186 *Minted*. Moulded in ideal shape.

195 *Mooted*. Called in question.

tinguished the Prince's affection? (c) Why should Gama, after the Prince's father has (l. 115) been so absolute, appeal from him to his son?

10 (a) What do you think, if the Prince wished to give up the Princess, his father would do? (b) What means (ll. 135, 136) *turn the book of scorn*? (c) What is your judgment as to the strength and artistic excellence of this paragraph?

11 (a) Why does the author, in a poem of opposite purpose, admit such doctrine as (ll. 144-150) the Prince's father now affirms? (b) What, from the feminine favor accorded to a recent hero, might be urged

196 *Of Nature*. 'That Nature makes her due,' apparently; not gen. objective.

211 *Goblins*. "Elves that visit the household, sometimes mischievous, but not of bad nature, as in Milton's *L'Allegro*, l. 105."—Woodberry.

213 *Buss'd*. Kissed.

220 *Our late guests*. Cyril and Florian. Cf. I. 117.

222 *Foursquare*. "This expression, denoting the best conformation for sturdy resistance, is used again in the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, l. 39."—Wallace.

227 *Of spring*. Of, or formed by, the years, one ring of growth each year.

229 *Valentines*. Love-songs.

234 *Night and peace*. The still night. Cf. Prol. 93, and note.

239 *To greet the king*. On his return from capture.

246 *Thews of men*. 'Such men, all muscle.'

247, 248 In all his movements was the presence of his sister.

250 *Airy Giant's zone*. Belt of Orion.

251 *By the frosty dark*. By the darkness when it is frosty,—in the winter months.

252, 253 "Sirius is the Greek name for the Dog-Star, the brightest in the heavens, which when low down assumes a great variety of color."—Wallace.

Bickers. Flickers.

254 *Washed with morning*. Shine with the sun's rays upon the polished metal moist with dew.

262, 263 'Ere the laugh had got to the bottom of his lungs.'

266 *'Sdeath*. God's death, a mediæval oath; put by the author into Arac's mouth, since he could not of course be suffered to swear, in our hearing, in modern fashion.

269 *Troth*. Betrothal; that is, the obligation of it.

271 A fair sample of the "high seriousness" of Arac's talk.

280 And this is the last and chiefest prop of Ida's commonwealth.

13 (a) What said by the Prince does Gama (l. 203) apparently refer to in *kindlier*? (b) What of Gama's feeling about the detention, and the

284 *Her.* "St. Catherine of Alexandria, an almost, if not wholly, mythical personage. She is said to have lived about the beginning of the fourth century. She was remarkable for her learning and culture, which have won for her the title of the Patron Saint of Philosophy, and especially of ladies of high birth who pursue this study. According to the commonly received legend, the Emperor Maxentius (or, as some say, Maximin) sent the fifty wisest men of his court to convert her from Christianity, but she confuted them all with her own weapons of scholarly rhetoric, and won them over to her faith."—*Wallace*.

293 Making apparently a well-known insulting movement. This, and the accompanying language, are intended to place the responsibility for the fighting on the Princess's side.

299 *Idle.* With nothing to do but defend their "honor."
Cowards to their shame. Moral cowards, to their eventual regret.

304 *For his king.* On account of his king's capture.

316 *Missive.* Apparently 'message,' though 'messenger' is implied.

317 *By the word.* Of her reply.

324 *Flush.* "Fill full, with also the second meaning, stain red."—*Woodberry*.

346 *Bearded lords.* Cf. l. 20.

347 *Reasons from age and state.* The chances, with his years, would be against him. Evidently the barons of this king's council dread the succession of his son.

351 *Field.* Of the proposed tourneying.

355 *Bronze valves.* Not of course the gates of IV. 182, which appear to have been postern.

of the Princess here? (f) What is to be said of the reasonableness (ll. 286-288) of Arac's position? (g) What is the real foundation of Ida's commonwealth of "knowledge" and culture?

18 (a) What evidently do the brothers wish? (b) What purpose does Cyril's nature (l. 297) now serve? (c) What makes the Prince so eager (l. 300) to attempt champions greatly superior to his two friends and himself? Does he derive such quality from his mother?

19 (a) What does the author (l. 305) propose to evolve now?

20 (a) What is the motive (l. 315, 316) that controls the Princess's brothers? (b) Is it their sister's cause?

21 (a) Why did not Tennyson (l. 319) write chickens for *daughters*? (b) How far was the treatment accorded (ll. 330, 331) the herald specifically martial? (c) What is the *island-crag* (l. 337) on which the Princess seems to the Prince to stand? (d) How can the *will* bred in the Prince (l. 341) be explained?

22 (a) Why does the king (l. 344) make outcry? (b) Has he or has he not confidence in his son's strength?

23 (a) Do you think this (ll. 355, 356) a good theme for a deliberate and costly work of art? (b) Is the author here, and in like art-themes,

Emboss'd. Like the famous Ghiberti Gates at Florence.

Tomyris. Queen of the Massagetæ, whom Cyrus the Great, in his last expedition, attempted to subdue. She had threatened him with his fill of blood, unless he desisted from the campaign. In the battle that ensued Cyrus was slain; and Tomyris, on securing his body, fastened the head in a skin filled with gore, and called on him to drink to his satisfaction.

358 *Lists.* "The enclosure designed for the combat, with the barriers, railings, etc., and the seats around for the spectators. For a full and graphic description of the arrangements of tourney-lists see Scott's *Ivanhoe*, chapter VIII."—Wallace.

363 *Oration-like.* Now we think of it, much of the Princess's diction has been declamatory.

367, 368 Russia, where, as Dawson explains, it was once the custom "that the bride, on her wedding day, should present her husband, in token of submission, with a whip made by her own hands."

369 The Hindoo Suttee.

371 *Mothers.* Of certain Hindoo castes.

All prophetic pity. "Their compassion for the hard fate awaiting their daughters in the future if they should have the misfortune to remain unmarried beyond the recognized period."—Wallace.

372 *Running flood.* The Ganges.

374 *Motion.* Cf. (*Othello* I. ii. 75) Shakespeare's frequent sense of the word.

376 *The old heaven.* That woman was inferior.

382 *Gallant institutes.* High-spirited, defiant ordinances.

389 *For their sport.* The Princess evidently cannot see Cyril's escapade (IV. 138-141) in its true relation to their visit.

394, 395 Evidently the mother of such a son, and of his sister, must have been signally brave and strong. Cf. l. 496, below.

400 *Woman's Angel.* "The Guardian Spirit of our cause, an expression derived originally from Christian theological language, but here used, as often, in a merely rhetorical sense, without any implication of belief in the existence of such spirits."—Wallace. This idea may be the subject of the statue in I. 207, as Woodberry suggests.

unfair, unreasonable? (c) What is indicated (l. 361) in a *royal hand*? (d) What in (l. 362) *shaken*, and *rolling words*? (e) How did this mis-sive come to Arac?

24 (a) Should you have expected (ll. 364-374) such a beginning? (b) Did Ida know who should read this letter? (c) Why should she rehearse her reasons? (d) Why (l. 397) *take not his life*, since (cf. II. 178) it is already forfeit? (e) Why should his mother (l. 398) avail now more than when the Prince was in her power? (f) Have not the others, who it seems (l. 399) are not excepted, mothers too? Why does not the Princess think of this? (g) Why does she think (ll. 400, 401) that her brothers alone are to have the praise?

404 *Gad-fly.* Malicious, contemptible pursuer.

405 *The Time.* The millennium of woman's rights and rule, that is so constantly in her visions.

411 *Shower the fiery grain.* "Commerce often follows conquest, and these two, Trade and Power, will extend civilization, of which freedom is the fiery seed, over the earth. The thought is natural to an Englishman, and the view is frequently expressed by Tennyson."—*Woodberry* "Fiery" is evidently another of Tennyson's degree figures, involving no element of 'fire' except its brightness.

417 *Arms.* Cf. III. 19.

Egypt-plague of men. As great a scourge as the frogs and locusts that infested Egypt.

420 *Is the little child.* The Princess does not recognize the force that is working in her nature, nor the growing inconsistency of her present feelings with former moods. "The poem is a medley in this respect, for the leading characters are all vanquished, all save one—Psyche's baby—she is the conquering heroine of the epic. Ridiculous in the lecture room, the babe, in the poem, as in the songs, is made the central point upon which the plot turns; for the unconscious child is the concrete embodiment of Nature herself, clearing away all merely intellectual theories by her silent influence."—*Dawson.*

Of course this is a preposterous postscript to dash across a note,—of all men to Arac. But the author supposes he has no other proper way of making Ida reveal to us her feelings.

428 *But she may sit.* There is really more affinity between the Princess and the Prince's father than between any two characters besides. The King is beginning to understand her. Later (cf. VII. 92, 73) she will set great store by him.

431, 432 "Though your infatuation has beguiled you into such a confused state of mind that you cannot distinguish plain right and wrong."—*Wallace.*

434 "Gama's weakness is the occasion of the ascendancy of the Princess."—*Woodberry.* "The hard old king has stated a fact known to all observers of the genus *homo*; but he has also uttered a scientific truth, which, according to an eminent scientific lady, Dr. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, is applicable to all the animal kingdom. She says (*Sexes throughout Nature*, p. 85): 'Conversely, among a few species of

25 (a) Was the joke about postscripts in women's letters as stale, when this poem was written, as now? (b) Why does Ida (l. 420) say *our*? (c) Can you account for her declaring to her brother (l. 422) that the child will be kept? (d) How does Ida justify, or does she justify, the retention? (e) Is this episode throughout according to nature? (f) Is the type of womanhood that Ida represents apt to exhibit the maternal instinct so strongly?

26 (a) What (ll. 428-430) is evidently capturing the harsh old king? (b) What may he have suspected was her nature? (c) What amend-

birds in several orders, the males take upon themselves the duties of incubation and the feeding of the young. . . . Whenever brilliantly-colored male birds have acquired something of maternal habits, tastes, and impulses, conversely, the females seem always to have acquired some counterbalancing weight of male character. They are large in relative size, are brilliantly colored, are active and quarrelsome, or are a little of all these together. The great majority of birds illustrate this law.'"—*Dawson*.

441, 442 *The gray mare is ill to live with.* "Referring to the proverb found as early as Heywood (circa 1565): 'The gray mare is the better horse.'"—*Cook*.

443 *Tile to scullery.* Roof to basement.

448 *Bantling.* Young child.

449 *Like potherbs.* As hawkers cry the vegetables they sell.

472 *Empanopli'd.* In full armor.

475, 476 *Land of echoes.* Cf. the song after Canto III.

478 *Bare on.* Carried forward.

486 *Drew.* Their swords; their lances being lost.

488 *Two bulks.* The other brothers of Ida. Cf. I. 152, 153.

491 *Mellay.* Battle in confusion, after the ranks are broken.

498 *Ladies' eyes.* Gazing girls.

500 *Fael.* Who drove a spike through the temples of Sisera, and delivered the Jews. Cf. *Judges* IV. 18-24.

507, 508 *A Prince, and Cyril one.* Of course the twin brothers of the Princess. Cf. VII. 74. For the whole description here cf. Chaucer's tournament, *Knight's Tale*, ll. 1742-1763.

524 *Sinew-corded.* "The more commonplace phrase would have been 'cord-sinewed,'—'furnished with sinews as strong and hard as cords'; as it stands, the expression, by inverting the form of the comparison, represents Cyril's muscular excellence even more vigorously, being

ment to our conception of his character are we forced now (cf. l. 451) to make? (d) How do you account for his change of feeling? How far is this king used as a foil to the Princess?

27 (a) What artistic good of having (l. 466) the weird affection come? (b) Do you find much shock in passing now from 19th century domestic theories to mediæval tilting? (c) Does the vigor of the description help or not help, with us, the unreasonableness of the episode? (d) What should be the Prince's feeling (ll. 505, 506) when he sees Ida truculent, inexorable? (e) What does he think will be the effect on her of seeing him fall? (f) What is Arac's feeling as shown (l. 510) in *agrin*? What does he intend? (g) Can you tell more definitely (ll. 526, 527) what the paroxysm of the Prince really was? (h) What means exactly (l. 528), *hung*? (i) Did Arac mean or not mean to respect (l. 397) his sister's wish? (j) What do *dream* and *truth* (l. 530) respectively stand for?

susceptible of paraphrase thus:—furnished as it were with cords by virtue of his sinews.”—*Wallace*.

530 *A feather.* The plume of Arac’s helmet.

CANTO VI.

1 *Had never died or lived again.* Either did not stop, or began again after consciousness. “Or” is sometimes taken carelessly for *nor*; note the difference of meaning. A comma after “died” would assist the reading. Another of the seven heroes, “like shadows in a dream” (*Prol.* 221, 222), begins here to speak.

13 *For Aglaia.* Now lost, as she thinks, permanently. *Cf.* V. 101–103.

16 *Great dame of Lapidoth.* Deborah, the Hebrew prophetess, who instigated the revolt against Sisera, and celebrated the triumph of Barak and Jael (*Judges* V.). *Cf.* V. 500, and note.

28 (*a*) Why should not the young mother weep (ll. 5–7) when her warrior is praised “soft and low”? (*b*) Why should a woman of ninety years know better how to arouse weeping than those more constantly about their mistress? (*c*) What is the point of the whole lyric? (*d*) Why is a child again and still the theme? (*e*) Do you find anything here that explains (ll. 76, 77) Cyril’s exhortation to Psyche, above? (*f*) How did Cyril know?

VI.

1 (*a*) Why does the author add here the last two lines? (*b*) Is the effect of the paragraph clear-cut and vivid? (*c*) Can you show how Tennyson makes the passage potential in the way we find? (*d*) Can you mention any poem of the author’s similar? (*e*) What exactly does the first line mean? (*f*) What is the peculiar effect, as in l. 4, of monosyllables?

2 (*a*) Why could not the author have contrived (l. 6) better means of letting us know what happened? (*b*) Who set up (l. 9) the *great cry*? (*c*) What would have been more natural for the King (l. 10), considering the dignity of his state, to do? (*d*) What do you say of the measure (l. 12) of his grief as indicated to us in *grovel’d*? (*d*) Why was not Psyche (l. 13) sorry for the Prince?

3 (*a*) Why does not Ida come down at once excitedly from the roofs? (*b*) Why indeed is she not present, under the ladies’ canopy, at the tournament itself? (*c*) How does it chance that, even in this repose and dignity, she keeps the child?

4 (*a*) What was the *seed* (l. 17) *laughed at in the dark*? (*b*) What is, in her conception, now the tree? (*c*) Why (l. 21) *rushes*? (*d*) What is the peculiar effect of five-line groups like these? (*e*) Have we had such before?

- 21 *To the sun.* To an extraordinary-height.
- 25 *Red cross.* Sign made by the forester, for his woodmen, that the tree is to be no longer spared.
- 38 *Night of Summer.* A night of shade from the midsummer sun; that is, her enterprise when fully matured.
- 40 *Fangs.* "There is an obsolete sense of *fang*, as 'prong of a divided root.'"—Cook.
- 47 *Blanch'd.* "As the Latin *albus* was sometimes used. Cf. Scott, *Guy Mannering* : 'The dominie reckoned this as one of the *white* days of his year.'"—Rolfe.
- 49 *Of Spring.* Of the presence, the manifestations of spring : every leaf and sprig and blade will be plucked.
- 50 *Rain an April.* 'Strew delugingly.' "April is in England the most showery of the months."—Wallace. The Princess seems to have caught Tennyson's craze for degree figures.
- 51 *The three.* The Princess cannot as yet recognize the services of the others (cf. l. 74), though some are sorely hurt.
- 53 *Mankind.* *Man kind* ; borrowed perhaps from Shakespeare. Cf. "mankind witch" (*W. T.* II. iii. 67).
- 59 *Burst.* 'Caused to be opened hastily.' Another degree figure.
- 61 *Cowl'd.* With their hoods on.
- 63 Cf. III. 59, and note.
- 65 *Isles of light.* "Spots of sunshine coming through the leaves, and seeming to slide from one to the other, as the procession of girls 'moves under shade.'" (Tennyson's letter to Dawson : p. xiv of the latter's work.)

5 (a) Why does the Princess think (l. 22), yet, the three enemies came? (b) What *songs* (l. 24) did they hear?

6 (a) Can you trace the allegory in ll. 28-31? (b) In what sense (l. 31) is *men* used?

7 (a) What is meant (l. 34) by the *iron nature in the grain*? (b) How is it appropriate to say (ll. 33, 36) they hurt themselves, shattered their arm-bones, with their own blows?

8 (a) Is night of summer (l. 38) a kind-figure? (b) Who are to be sheltered by this shade, and from what heat? (c) Do men covet (l. 39) *the fruits of power* more than women? (d) Why, in her thought (l. 41), shall not the stars escape being hit? (e) Why does the Princess think it well (l. 42) to move even the stony bases of the world?

9 (a) What means (l. 48) *the golden year*? (b) Does the Princess mean (ll. 50, 51) that the statues of "the three" shall be admitted, to her sacred gallery of female worthies for mere brutish strength and worth? (c) What is her idea (l. 52) of being *liberal*?

10 (a) Why does the Princess forget (l. 58) to leave the babe? (b) Why are there but (l. 60) a hundred maids, in train? Where are the rest? (c) Why does Blanche (l. 66) follow? (a) Do you think the com-

69 *Tinorously*. "A single foot only, the resolution of which into four short syllables that must be hurriedly pronounced indicates the timidity and nervousness with which the girls approach the ghastly scene."—Wallace.

70 *Fretwork*. A rather remarkable figure of degree.

81 *By this*. What she has been doing.

82 *Pass'd my way*. Came towards where I lay.

83 *Whelpless eye*. Revealing, by its expression of fury, the loss sustained.

90 *Tortur'd*. In the Latin sense of *torqueo*. The modern sense seems hardly to be added, on account of the phrase preceding.

94 *From my neck*. From the cord or chain attaching them to the neck. Cf. l. 37, 38.

101 *Of Fancy*. Of his romantic affection, that prompted the disguises, and the visit; gen. subjective, or of the source.

104 *She bow'd*. She no longer stood erect with self-assertion.

110 *Clog of thanks*. Of thanks due, of obligation.

111 Such vital aid has been rendered, not only to herself by the Prince, but to her cause by the fifty knights, that Ida feels her future—unless some liquidation can be made—hopelessly in pledge to man.

118 *Brede*. Embroidery. The child was brought (IV. 266–268) to the Princess in night-clothing, to be (IV. 219) thrown out of doors. It has gold-lace garments now.

122 *Fatling*. "Fat little. The 'ling' has a sort of diminutive, endearing sense."—Wallace.

129 *Hollow watch*. Sleeplessness, that makes hollow looks.

Blooming. Of bright lilac color.

130 *Red grief*. Grief shown by redness of the eyes.

parison of Ida (l. 69) with the masculine leader of a herd a serious one? (e) Is it, for interpretative effectiveness, commendable?

11 (a) Can you understand why the old King (l. 83) can keep silence? (b) What has the father done (l. 88) to dabble his beard with blood? (c) What is the pain (l. 89) she feels? Has she not at all realized what this victory has cost? (d) Why should the King, and with such patience, hitherto intolerant of sentiment, now hold up the tress and portrait? (e) What plainly is the feeling with which she has said l. 92 to herself? (f) Was her mother (l. 98), after all, like the mother of the Prince? (g) What exactly is meant by l. 102? (h) What, as different from this, by l. 103? (i) What has made her forget the child? (j) What is the literal prose equivalence (l. 105) of *feeling finger*? Why not *a hand*? (k) How far does the motive (ll. 107–109) that prompts her request spring from a sense of obligation?

12 (a) What means exactly (l. 113) *re-father'd*? (b) To what degree are now Ida and the Prince's father (l. 114) foes? (c) Why does not Psyche (ll. 116, 117) come up at once and boldly? Has she not the right? (d) Why does not Psyche now, in answer to its appeal, take up

142 *Learn'd*. Recognized.

144 *All her height*. The six feet of stature (*cf. Prol. 218*) is now parted with. The Prince is probably (*cf. II. 33*) not of less height, but grows from now to the end more manly; while the Princess loses the masculine traits that have been prominent hitherto. The poem was made a "Medley," in part, to allow such changes.

145 *Lengthened on the sand*. "An object standing on wet sunlit sand is remarkably elongated in reflection."—Wallace.

148 *Play the Lion's mane*. Play the part of having one.

151 *Of your will*. Objective genitive: 'have gained by conquest what you wished.'

153 *Orb'd*. Gathered into, confined to, the circle of what is solely yours.

158 *Nemesis*. "To the Greeks the Goddess of Moral Justice, and as such most commonly regarded as the personification of Divine Retribution for insolence or reckless defiance of established principles."—Wallace.

164 *Beats true woman*. 'Makes a woman's nature by its beating'; a species of "accusative of effect."

166 *Port of sense*. Approach, access, to feeling.

180 *Love*. "Wedded love, of which the child is, by a Latin phrase, the 'pledge.'"—Wallace.

186 *Dead prime*. Later small hours of the night; "called *dead* because the vital forces are then at their lowest, and because of the hush."—Cook.

188 *The yoke*. Bondage to man,—marriage.

193 *Swum in thanks*. Was covered, "filled," with tears of gratitude.

202 *Part*. *Cf. II. 166*, and note.

the child? (*e*) Why does not Ida hear, at first, Psyche's clamor? (*f*) What is her mood when (ll. 135-137) she has attended? (*g*) Is Cyril's impulse (ll. 139, 140) genuine, or for effect? (*h*) What is really the effect (l. 142) of recognizing him, upon her mind?

13 (*a*) Do you think Cyril's compliment (l. 147) likely to please? (*b*) Do you or do you not find his appeal tactful? (*c*) How can he dare (ll. 167-171) to be so bold?

14 (*a*) What (ll. 171, 172) is the first effect of Cyril's plea? Is he the object of the feeling he arouses? What is the next mood, and how is it evolved? (*c*) Why is it, how can it be the "men" (l. 181) who enforce the parting? Is she not victor? (*d*) Why is not her feeling (l. 190) towards Cyril as at the end of his appeal? (*e*) Is any contrast suggested between the Psyche who harangued (II. 101-164) and (ll. 194-197) this mother?

15 (*a*) How did Psyche, without indictment, know so completely Ida's feeling? (*b*) What word in her first sentence (l. 199) has stress? (*c*) Why does she say this? (*d*) Why (l. 201) does she feel unfit?

205, 206 *The woman is so hard.* "This unamiable trait results from woman's mission as the conservator of society. In this respect, woman's character is very narrow, but she feels instinctively that she cannot afford to be lax in offenses against social laws. Psyche's weakness had in fact broken up Ida's university, and sins against the family tend to break up society."—*Dawson*.

235 *Could share.* Having found one who could receive.

238 *Tower.* Observatory.

244 *Mother's judgment.* Cf. l. 218.

247 *Fretted.* Consumed; the original meaning of the word.

251 *Wept.* Came with the softness and gentleness of tears.

255 *From my wounds.* From almost the level of my body.

264 *Dimm'd her.* Cf. l. 253.

270 *Hollow heart.* Cf. ll. 245-247.

281 *Nightmare weight.* Cf. l. 110.

283 *Adit.* Approach, entrance.

16 (a) How must it have seemed as Ida (l. 203) gazes at the child in its mother's arms, but sees not its mother? (b) Why does the author have all this enacted in presence of the men? (c) How can woman, typically of so much tenderer feeling, be harder upon the woman than man upon the man?

17 (a) Why has Ida shifted her gaze (l. 210) from the child to the ground? (b) What does the next line measure to imagination? (c) What is it that "moves" Gama?

18 (a) Why does Gama say (l. 215) *steel temper*? (b) What do we learn, from the manner (l. 217) of Gama's reference, was the feeling at court concerning Ida's disposition? (c) Why does he repeat this here? (d) How far is the argument (ll. 226-231) from Gama's self-denial compelling,—at least with us? (e) What does *all flushed* (l. 233) imaginatively suggest to us? (f) Do you imagine there are pauses between some of these utterances of the king? If so, what ones?

19 (a) What change, from the pose hitherto, is indicated in l. 251? (b) What feeling lies back of (l. 253) the *doubtful smile*? (c) Has the Prince's father spoken before? Why? (d) Has the king, now, changed his mind? (e) Does he misunderstand the Princess, or say what he says for effect merely? (f) What was the tempest (l. 263) that all expected? (g) What makes *genial warmth once move*? (h) Why are there (l. 266) glittering drops?

20 (a) Why does the Princess make Psyche come all the way? (b) Is Ida afraid (l. 268) she shall change her mind? (c) Is she sure (l. 272) she wants forgiveness? Could she tell why she feels so? (d) Can you analyze the feeling that expresses itself (l. 275) in *dear traitor*?

21 (a) Does Ida realize what (l. 278) she is saying, or the motive that has swayed her? What are the emphasized words in the line referred to? (b) Whom does she mean (l. 282) by *yours*? (c) What inducement

288 *Kills me with myself.* "Cf. III. 241; though the sense is not the same, the meaning here being that she feels crushed, not by anything external, but by the intensity of her natural emotions returning to their own place."—*Wallace.*

289 *Mob me up with.* Merges all there is of me in.

302 "In the middle of a broken stream of water, or between confluent currents, there are formed little circles of whirling water, 'eddies,' which continue to rotate without making progress down stream."—*Wallace.*

319 *Pharos.* Lighthouse; from the name of a celebrated one built on the island of Pharos, near Alexandria, in classic times.

327 *Gave his hand.* But without apparently uttering a word. This king, we are to remember, is not usually slow of speech.

330 *Vestal.* Cf. II. 204, and note.

Shriek'd. To emphasize the conflict of associations, as these mailed soldiers enter, the author indulges, half-facetiously, in a few conceits. "The very doors and floors of the palace seem to protest against this violation of their virgin purpose, and the long-drawn grind of heavily working hinges, and the sharp shrill tone emitted by marble when struck and scraped by hard iron, are by that curious conceit 'the pathetic fallacy' regarded respectively as a groan and a shriek of helpless horror."—*Wallace.*

338 *Supporters.* The figures facing each other on an heraldic shield, as the lion and the unicorn on the royal arms of England.

apparently, as she sees it, in the proposition (ll. 283, 284) to stop the college?

22 (a) What makes this strong-minded creature (l. 291) weep *passionate tears*? (b) Why does not the King answer? (c) Why does Ida answer (l. 296) with a bitter smile? Can she not deny? (d) On which side must Violet's cousin (l. 299) have fought? (e) Why does the Princess acquiesce (l. 303) in the general law-breaking? (f) Under average circumstances, what would be the effect of Blanche's words?

23 (a) Why is Ida's voice (l. 313) full of *scorn*? (b) Show the appropriateness of the preceding figure.

24 (a) Why does Ida declare, now, that *not one but all* shall be admitted, though there is yet no consent that she nurse the Prince? (b) Whom does she mean (l. 318) by *you*?

25 (a) What is her purpose as she (l. 323) turns? (b) What imaginative inference is forced from us by the next clause? (c) Is indignation the sole feeling? (d) Did not Araq do more (l. 325) than come? (e) What need that the Prince's father give (l. 327) his hand?

26 (a) Who are meant (l. 328) by *us*? (b) What doors are these (l. 330) that groan? What girls make up (l. 333) *the crush*? (c) Why does Ida (l. 337) take her post by the throne? (d) Why is it artistically well, here and now, to show with her those monstrous pets? (e) Explain (l. 340) *rolling eyes*. Do soldiers ever behave thus? (f) What causes

344 *Shot*. Reflected with such vividness and intensity as of the light in a discharge of firearms; a degree-figure.

347, 348 Minerva and Diana are incensed at this invasion of their precincts. Cf. l. 330, and note to "shrieked," above.

350 *Shuddering*. The mood of the author reaches its climax in this conceit, which under different circumstances, would be pestilent and intolerable. Cf. the more organic and truly interpretative "beauty" figure in *Prolog.* 66, 67.

354 *Long-laid*. Suggests magnitude of plan. Cf. "deep-laid."

355 *Due*. Owed to, devoted to.

361 *Held sagest*. Most sensible and helpful; in Ida's judgment, least likely to think upon the young knights amorously.

CANTO VII.

1 According to the fiction of the Prologue, the seventh and final narrator now takes up the story. It is the supreme task of the poem, and is executed with noble patience and skill.

3 *All confusion*. This woman's world was forthwith topsy-turvy: every precept and principle is overthrown.

4 *Other laws*. Than had administered it before. But "Order" is undoubtedly personified in the author's mind.

5 *Kindlier*. Than when this commonwealth was vestal. The rule of even men's colleges has been thought at times other than kindly and sympathetic.

(l. 342) the hush? (g) What conflict or contrast of associations in the remainder of the paragraph?

27 (a) Why should not some captain's voice (ll. 351, 352), after it is whispered by Ida where the sick are to be borne, *issue ordinance*? (b) Are we to understand that the chamber (l. 355) is deeper and more shut from sound than others? (c) Ida set out (l. 53) to bring in the hurt brothers, only. Do not these now have the choicest rooms? (d) What girls (ll. 360, 361) were not permitted to stay? (e) Why is it well to mention, at the present point, that only the great lords (l. 361) have the freedom of the college? (f) If the author could not have made Blanche use her tongue, how would matters have been brought to the present pass?

28 (a) Do you find or not find, in these stanzas, that it is the author's purpose to force an amorous conclusion? (b) What influences, not exerted actively by or from the Prince, are recognized by the Princess as now at work? (c) Is this prevailment an unmanly one?

VII.

1 (a) Was the spirit or (l. 5) *influence* in the government of women's colleges and seminaries, when this poem was written, always kindly? (b) Does the author mean to imply that the girls, now turned nurses, should not have studied after the academic fashion of the earlier cantos?

7 *Hung round the sick.* The low voices of the tending women did not rise far above the sufferers, and their hands, smoothing pillows and administering delicacies, seemed never to be away.

8, 9 *Began to gather light.* "Knowledge" cannot transfigure the face. Only the completed beauty of the soul does that.

11 *Angel offices.* Offices that only angels, or those having the angel nature,—not mere hirelings, can render.

13 *Their own clear element.* "The pure and perfect atmosphere proper to their finer nature."—Wallace.

14 *Fell.* And held possession; as we imply in "fall of snow."

15 *Shame.* The impulses of maiden modesty.

16 *Fail'd.* Lost their quality and power, to her.

18 *Leaguer.* "The army beleaguering the place."—Cook.

19 *Void was her use.* Empty, emptied, seemed her habitual employments.

20 *To gaze.* To enjoy the view of.

21 *And sees.* Instead of the calm distant prospect.

22 *Drag inward.* "Here used intransitively to designate the slow laborious movement of a huge bulk."—Wallace.

23 *Verge.* Horizon. Cf. IV. 29.

25 *Tarn.* Small dark lake; properly among mountains.

26 *So fared she gazing there.* That is, her feelings of disappointment are much the same in kind, though vastly greater in degree.

30 *And.* Continuative towards more vital matters.

31 *Flickering.* Unsteady, fluttering.

Gyres. Spirals.

32 *Muffled cage.* The body; "muffled," in that the sensorium can receive no impressions.

33 *Of life.* In which the soul is held confined.

Gloom'd. Passed into gloom. The verb is made to denote here repeated, customary action, like the same tense in Greek.

34 *Drew the great night into themselves.* "Seemed to absorb the darkness, whence the epithet *broader-grown*."—Wallace.

36 *Weird doubts.* The old and strange affection, the "seizures" are now spoken of as 'doubts' merely. Cf. IV. 548. Thus the author prepares to dismiss from consideration an important feature in his treatment of the Prince's personality. Cf. I. 18, and note. In the first, second, and third editions the device of "weird seizures" was not employed.

2 (a) Why should Ida hate (l. 15) her weakness, or feel shame? (b) Why did she climb to the roofs (l. 17) and gaze absently at the camp? (c) How should she find (l. 29) *peace* after such disappointment, anywhere?

3 (a) Show whether *muffled cage* (l. 32) is interpretatively excellent or apt. (b) What is the artistic purpose of this paragraph as a whole? (c) Why does it not tell who nurses the Prince? Do we know who it

43 *Bright.* Cf. II. 302.

44 *A light of healing.* Beauty that could heal ; explained by II. 46,

47.

45 *Silks.* Curtains about the couch.

48 *Length.* Tedium.

60 *Built upon.* Founded claims upon ; but of course without mention.

70 *Held carnival.* Behaved like one celebrating Carnival : revelled without restriction. After Psyche's listening to Cyril went unproved, there could be no protests from the "Head."

71 *Random sweet.* Carnival folk in the processions pelt unceremoniously with comfits every one they meet. Cupid cannot, we may conceit, fly arrows here ; in the unconventional familiarity of present conditions he has taken to throwing *confetti*,—bonbons.

86 *Frustration.* The Prince's case seems hopeless. All the other hurt are well. The Princess's superior care of this patient has availed nothing.

87 *All-wary noons.* That is, to one who has been deprived many nights of sleep.

89 *Throbb'd thunder.* Apparently the outside (cf. I. 213) clocks and chimes.

89, 90 *Called on flying Time.* The clocks within the palace "call on Time as he hurries by."—*Wallace*.

is ? (d) And what as to the lapse of time ? (e) Why is the whole so vague ?

4 (a) What contrast immediately in this paragraph ? (b) How can the Prince (l. 42) say *us* ? (c) How can Melissa (ll. 42, 43), after found guilty as Psyche and her mother, keep court-favor ? (d) Why should the author detail the love-making between Melissa and Florian thus ?

5 (a) Why does the author (l. 57) say *sworn* ? (b) What exactly does l. 60 mean ? (c) What state of mind do we see is implied (l. 64) in *hung* ? (d) What principles, personal or other, are seen in Psyche's "yielding" ? (e) Could Ida's affections go out after such a fashion ? (f) Why is this paragraph given ?

6 (a) Since the halls (l. 69) are consecrated to the execration of Cupid, are *sacred* against him, what propriety in the epithet ? (b) If such love-making is inevitable, why detail it ? (c) Have all these swains (cf. VI. 361 and Question) been nursed ? (d) Do you think the author should have made the Prince's father plead ?

7 (a) What was the mode or condition before (l. 77) the change ? (b) What would be the effect of such delirium upon Ida ? (c) What of the things (ll. 80-83) he says ? (d) What (l. 86) of the *frustration* ? (e) Why does the author mass (ll. 87-97) so many reasons, further,—is it to account for the Princess's change of feelings, or to alleviate the impressions such change will make ? (f) How far is the approval to be wrought, assisted by the manner, by the language and imagery, in which it is essayed ?

100 *Harebell*. "One of the most beautiful of European wild herbs, having a slender delicate stalk, and drooping flowers of a pale blue tint."
—Wallace.

106 *Slept on the walls*. A light of astral softness, shaded from the Prince's eyes, shines on the walls.

109 *Oppian law*. "A sumptuary law passed during the time of the direst distress of Rome, when Hannibal was almost at the gates. It enacted that no woman should wear a gay-colored dress, or have more than half an ounce of gold ornaments, and that none should approach within a mile of any city or town in a car drawn by horses. The war being concluded, and the emergency over, the women demanded the repeal of the law. They gained one consul, but Cato, the other, resisted. The women rose, thronged the streets and forum, and harassed the magistrates until the law was repealed."—Dawson.

112 *Hortensia*. The triumvirs, after the assassination of Julius Cæsar, proposed the levy of a tax upon rich women. Hortensia, daughter of Quintus Hortensius the orator, spoke against the measure with such eloquence that it was not decreed.

113 *Axe and eagle*. Fasces, representing the civil, and standards, representing the military, power, which the triumviri had assumed.

115 Alluding to the tradition, as typical, that Romulus and Remus were suckled by a she-wolf.

121 *Dwelt*. The tear is constant in her eye.

123 *Came round my wrist*. Cf. "feeling finger" (VI. 105).

124 *Self-pity*. At the helplessness and hopelessness of his plight.

142 *Living world*. World of the living.

146 "Note how this serves also to introduce the picture of the unclothed Aphrodite."—Cook.

8 (a) What are we to understand (l. 106) from *painted*? Were the walls frescoed merely? (b) What is thus suggested concerning the proportions of the room? (c) Would the effect of such designs, after long unconsciousness, be reassuring?

9 (a) What mood is indicated, if we remember the great positiveness of Ida's character, in (l. 120) *palm to palm she sat*? (b) How far is what seemed changed (ll. 121, 122) in her figure to be taken as actually the result of her new angel moods and ministries? (c) What is found in the contrast (l. 123) between the touch *round the wrist*, and the earlier (VI. 105) one? (d) Explain (l. 124) *self-pity*. (e) What difference (l. 129) between *whisperingly* and in *whispers*?

10 (a) What does the Prince (l. 131) mean in *fulfil yourself*? (b) How is the Ida whom he knew different? (c) How does he mean that the dream (l. 134) should perfect itself?

11 (a) Is Ida (ll. 139, 140) repelled by what the Prince has said? (b) Whose (l. 140) is the *cry*? (c) Whose the *passion*? (d) Does he mean (l. 142) that a weird seizure has been upon him? (e) What is measured to our imagination in l. 145? (f) Show the meaning of the comparison

147 *Mood.* That is, "towards man, towards me."

148 *Than in her mould that other.* Than Aphrodite, when she rose into being, the ideal of physical beauty, from the foam of the sea.

152 *A double light.* The radiance of her person reflected from the water.

154 *Mine.* Worship.

155 *Thee.* My Princess. The Prince has told his story thus far lingeringly, reviewingly, as expatiating on the felicity of those moments after a considerable interval; but here his kindled enthusiasm reveals itself in an apostrophe. He must bring his Princess into presence, and call her "thou,"—with all the meaning of the German *du*.

167 *Danaë.* A princess of Argos, and mother of Perseus, beloved by Zeus, and shut up in a tower of brass from his approach; but he obtained access to her by taking the form of a shower of gold.

"In the present case the lover makes his appeal by drawing attention to the subtle spiritual magnetism that exists between the restful earth and the palpitating sky."—*Wallace*.

177 *Come down, O maid.* An allegoric reference to the cold intellectual atmosphere in which the Princess had essayed to dwell. "The shepherd is calling his love from the chill and barren, though lofty and beautiful heights, down into the fruitful and smiling valleys of practical life, where she may find happiness by imparting, and by sharing its duties."—*Dawson*. This lyric was undoubtedly in certain features suggested by the Eleventh Idyl of Theocritus.

(ll. 147, 148) between *mood* and *mould*. (*g*) Was Aphrodite stately? (*h*) Why does Ida (l. 155) now go forth? (*i*) Why does she *glide*? (*j*) Why *mute*? (*k*) Why does she not stay to give him, who was so near death, tending? (*l*) Is it too much to pretend that a *man* in such a plight can be, by such means, restored? Are there "cases" on record?

12 (*a*) How long has Ida (l. 158) remained away? (*b*) Did she come back before or after she was sure the Prince was asleep? (*c*) Why, now, is she reading thus aloud?

13 (*a*) What interpretative propriety (l. 161) in *sleeps*? (*b*) What (l. 163) in *winks*? (*c*) Whom does the author wish to signify to us by *thou*?

14 (*a*) Why (l. 165) *droops*? (*b*) And (l. 166) *glimmers*?

15 (*a*) How can the stars be said (l. 167) to make a Danaë of the earth? (*b*) Whose voice (l. 168) seems to be speaking?

16 (*a*) Why should all the associations and imagery here be of the night? (*b*) What is the more exact form of the phrase (l. 170) *thy thoughts*? (*c*) How can such or these leave a *furrow*?

17 (*a*) What is noticeable as to the form of this lyric? (*b*) Can we assume that the Princess (*cf.* IV. 108) has much read such, aloud, before?

18 (*a*) Who has been (l. 177) the maid, and what is the height where she has been? (*b*) Who are the lean-headed eagles? What one has figured in this story? (*c*) Of what sort is the imagery in the first six

186 *Hand in hand with Plenty*. "A rich romantic version of the old proverb found in the Roman poet Terence—'Without Ceres and Bacchus Venus freezes.' The original intention and application of the phrase were of course gross in character, but it is equally true in this spiritualized form."—*Wallace*.

189 *Death and Morning*. 'There is much of brightness to be sure, but there is also absence of all life.'

Silver Horns. The peaks of the mountains, as the snow covering them shines in the early sun. Cf. "Matterhorn," "Wetterhorn," as German names. This idyl was written during the author's visit to Switzerland, in the summer of 1846. Cf. *Memoir I*, p. 252.

192 *Furrow-cloven*. Cloven into furrows. "The 'furrows' are the crevasses which, owing to the splitting of the ice, run obliquely across the surface of the glacier. The outlet at the bottom is called 'dusky' in contrast to the snows all about."—*Wallace*.

201 *Azure pillars of the hearth*. High and symmetric columns of smoke as seen rising, in the serene and pellucid air, from the distant chalets.

205 *Lawn*. Cf., again, *Prol. 2*, and note.

205-207 The climax of these lines is in the suggestion of repose and beauty in domestic nature, which yet seems to come rather by the sound than by the sense.

215, 216 An "illustration from unconsummated sculpture." — *Wallace*.

222 *Something wild*. Not to be controlled or tamed.

223 *A greater than all knowledge*. Thus the *a-priori* assumption (cf. l. 134), on which the whole fabric of her empire was to be builded, has come to naught.

227 *True hearts*. The Princess naïvely joins the Prince's father with the Prince.

230 *Signs*. Of the Zodiac.

235 *Lisp'd*. In the first rustling of the morning breezes. It is the first stir of the dawning also for her.

245 *Lethe*. "Tennyson here, as in *The Two Voices*, follows Virgil (*Æneid* VI. 748-751) and Plato (*Republic*) in postulating 'that the souls

lines? Of what in the next six? Of what the next twelve? Of what the rest? (d) Analyze out the sources of the effect here. (e) Is *azure pillars of the hearth* (l. 201) phrasing?

19 (a) Why does the author make the Princess (l. 121) speak? Is she talking to herself? (b) What indictment and confession (ll. 221, 222) now? (c) What does she mean (l. 226) by ill counsel?

20 (a) What is the real source (ll. 230, 231) of this emotion? (b) Does Ida note (l. 238) that what is going on (ll. 235-237) without is typic of her own mental change? (c) Does she imagine the Prince is listening?

21 (a) To what that the Princess has said does the Prince (l. 239) now reply? (b) How far has woman really effected advancement (l. 243) in

of the dead, after a due course of purification, are made to drink of the water of the river Lethe, that they may return to animate new bodies, in utter forgetfulness of their former existence on earth."—*Cook*:

246 *Shining steps of Nature.* In "the ascent of man."

248 *Fair young planet.* The destinies of it, apparently. Cf. Conclusion, ll. 77, 78. Some critics, however, understand the phrase to mean 'the young generation of the planet's inhabitants.'

251 *Our place.* Not 'of us twain,' but 'of the masculine sex.'

253 *Parasitic forms.* Evidently 'chivalrous, deferential practices,' as giving one's seat to a lady, etc., which, in time accepted as due to inferior physical strength, tend—the Prince thinks—to induce and fasten helplessness upon the sex. "Parasitic" seems used here in an active meaning.

255 *Burgeon.* Burst forth into bloom.

259 *Woman is not undeveloped man.* The main thesis of the poem is now reached.

261 *Sweet Love were slain.* Woman would lose that which calls forth man's affection.

266 *Throw the world.* A visual, but scarcely admirable, degree-figure for 'subdue nature.'

271 *Skirts of Time.* 'Outskirts of future human history.'

272 *Full-summ'd.* Having the sum of their powers, by development of each, complete.

277 *The statelier Eden back.* The Eden of innocence restored, but nobler; with mankind habituated to the knowledge of good and evil, choosing but the best, enacting but the highest.

281 *Type them.* Enact them for a standard.

282 *Proud.* With such pride as the Princess once felt.

288 *Animal.* Used without the lower associations belonging to the word.

293 *Of the world.* Not 'of life as I should find it in the world,' for this is earlier than his recollection. The sense apparently is, 'endowed with ideals belonging to coming time.' This sounds egotistic, but a lover permissibly exalts himself to his beloved.

298 *There was one.* The mother of the Prince; or, presumably, of the author.

spite of, in antagonism to, man? (c) Do you think ll. 263, 264 good theory? (d) Why does the Prince (l. 280) say *may*?

22 (a) Why should the Princess *sigh*? (b) Why *fear* what the Prince has said, which is not a tithe of her own late dreams, will never be?

23 (a) Does each fulfil (l. 285) *defect in each*? (b) What means, practically, *thought in thought, they grow*?

24 (a) When could the Princess have had (l. 290) such a dream? (b) How does she know that the Prince's nurture was a woman's nurture?

25 (a) Do you think the next doctrine (ll. 294-297) Tennyson's, or

303 *Interpreter between the Gods and men.* The true woman and true mother must be chiefly this.

308 *Music.* Of the spheres.

322 *Men's reverence.* Other men's, those of her father's court.

323 *On pranks.* Into the escapade of the disguise, and false entrance of Ida's college.

327 *Lived over.* Cf. "lived down."

329 *Has killed it.* This is 'cute, but scarcely artistic. Cf. l. 36, above, and note. The author should have done away with his device more reasonably.

332 *Approach.* The Prince cannot for weakness draw her to himself; and, from misgivings (cf. ll. 317, 318), she is not leaning,— "approaching," so closely as he thinks meet.

336 *Reels.* "Any object seen through a curtain of hot smoke seems to shiver and waver."—Wallace.

337 *Weeds.* The early editions here read *flowers*. But the past that is burning is only weeds.

342 *Wome.* The Princess, what for distrust of herself, and what for modesty, is reluctant still.

CONCLUSION.

2, 3 Thus the author avoids the absurdity of pretending that the diction of each speaker is preserved. The rest told their parts of the story in plain prose. He, the poet, makes the poem.

11 *Mock-heroic.* As in the introduction of the Princess (II. 28-52), with her two leopard "cats."

17 Cf. VI. 144, and note.

24 *Realists.* Those who wished (l. 18) for something real.

27 *Strange diagonal.* The compromise or resultant between serious and burlesque treatment would have yielded certainly a strange product.

true? (b) What do you say of ll. 306-308? (c) And what of the last line of the paragraph?

26 (a) What now (l. 313) disturbs Ida? (b) Where or how can she (ll. 315, 316) have heard of his *doubts*? What does she really mean by this word? (c) What is this allusion introduced for?

27 (a) Why does the Prince (l. 318) say *thee*? Has the Princess applied this pronoun to him? (b) Do you think the cause sufficient to have produced (l. 327) the effect declared? (c) How far do you find this a lover's poem?

1 (a) Is Walter (l. 5) serious? (b) Where (l. 12) does the bantering occur? (c) Do we find the last canto more solemn than the one preceding?

2 (a) Had the author reason to think Lilia's refraining from the dis-

But the author's figure is not quite correct; the serious and the comedial are not interfused or alternated, but relegated to opposite ends of the poem.

29 *But Lilia pleased me.* Whether the poem at large was satisfactory or not, the effect of it upon Lilia was pleasing to me.

35 Jocular: 'She might have told us something certainly; she had the data.'

42 *Far-shadowing.* Properly 'casting long shadows'; but probably here 'far-shadowed,' 'lying in long shadows.'

43 *Halls.* Like this manor-house of the Vivians, and "Locksley Hall."

49 *There, a garden.* Said as the college friend points to the eastward, over the valleys; in contrast with "there," in the next line, when he points across the Channel.

The present paragraph appears first in the edition of 1850. "The poet's mind was no doubt full of the turmoil in France which broke out shortly after the publication of the first edition."—*Dawson.*

57 *Crowd.* Mob.

58 *Heat.* Political excitement, crisis.

66 *Barring out.* "The term applied when a rebellious class of pupils bolt the door against the entrance of the master."—*Wallace.*

87 *Pine.* Pineapples.

90 *Quarter-sessions.* A quarterly court, in which, in the English shires, petty offenses are tried.

97 *Rookery.* Rooks flying in a long line homeward. Cf. *Locksley Hall*, l. 68.

100 *Of sunset.* Formed of or by the sunset; gen. subjective.

110 *Blackened.* Grew into blackness.

112 *Region of the wind.* The lower air.

pute (ll. 29, 30) remarkable? (b) What in the *sequel* probably has touched her? (c) What mood is indicated (ll. 31, 32) in what she does? (d) What meanings, by way of Lilia, has the author forced upon the reader? (e) What is the evident purpose of the poem as a whole?

3 (a) Why does the author (l. 39) put his first person first? (b) In what part of England (l. 48) is this estate?

4 (a) Why mention that the friend (l. 50) is the *Tory member's son*? (b) This paragraph appears first in the Third Edition, which came out in 1850. What could he have intended by it?

5 (a) What apparently (l. 73) has the poet in mind? (b) What does he mean by, and in (l. 76) *a faith*?

6 (a) What is *lord* (l. 86) in contrast with? (b) Why does the author call the shout (l. 101) *more joyful than the city-roar*? (c) Why does he add (l. 105) *I likewise*?

7 (a) Why should these (l. 106) go back to the Abbey? (b) Why should not (l. 108) at least the Aunt talk? (c) Why does the author add this paragraph to the whole?

113 *Deepening the courts of twilight.* "The darkness, more and more pervading the twilight, at last dispersed it as it were into fragments, which it scattered throughout the universe up and up to the furthest recesses of Heaven."—*Wallace*.

117 *Disrobed the statue.* The Prince has put on the attire of a woman, the Princess has tried to make herself a man. The statue of Sir Ralph, robed (*Prol.* 100-105) by Lilia in red and yellow silks, has been typical of the incongruities and contradictions of the story. Lilia, now sobered from her fantastic mood, is willing to leave to Sir Ralph and his sex (*Cf. Prol.* 127-129) all the warfare of the world.

8 (a) Why mention (l. 116) that Lilia rises *quietly*? (b) Was this the signal to depart? (c) How have our impressions of Lilia changed? (d) Does the author mean to hint here that strong-minded theories of womanhood may affect womanhood itself? How far would such a notion be correct?

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